

# THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1852.

## SCENES ON THE RHINE.



IN the history of the Rhine, says some one, "we have a history of Europe." But we have more; the banks of no river in the world are more noted for beautiful landscapes, antique ruins, and local scenes of poetry and romance. Scarcely any section, however small, of this celebrated stream is destitute of such delightful associations. Our plates represent a short reach of the river; but it would take pages to describe all the beauties and historical and legendary memories which are comprised within this brief space.

Passing the charming little village of Lorehausen, which nestles at the entrance of a gorge, and is protected in the rear by mountain heights, and watched over by a solitary tower, the *voyageur* soon beholds the round tower and decaying walls of Furstsburgh which overlook Rheindiebach. This stronghold was dismantled by the French in 1689, and has ever since been gradually yielding to the ravages of time, until it now stands hoary in its ruins.

The traveler then passes the romantic

and antique town of Lorch, which quietly reposes in the opening of the valley of the Wisperthal. Near by rises the steep and lofty mountain of Kedrich. The guide-book will remind him that "its steepness was no proof against the steps of the Evil One, who rode up its side on horseback one night, and left behind him some marks still pointed out as the Devil's Ladder. The same feat was afterward performed by a young knight, Sir Hilchen von Lorch, who, with the help of a few kind fairy friends, scaled the height to rescue his ladye-love, held in duress upon the summit by some spiteful gnomes."

At Lorch begins the Rheingau, and castles and ruins become increasingly numerous. First appears Fursteneck; then follow, in rapid succession, Heimburch, Sonneck, Falkenburgh, and the



LORCHAUSEN.

massive walls and towers of Rheinstein. The latter stands grandly out on the side of the mountain; it has been quite thoroughly restored, and is provided, in good taste, with the antique furniture which was in use in the Middle Ages. The trav-



RHEINDIERACH.



RHEINSTEIN.

eler is welcomed at its gates by the *Schlossvoght*, and very courteously allowed to inspect the venerable edifice and its curious contents. The view of both transports him, in imagination, to those old days when the pomp and romance of chivalry prevailed all along this glorious river.

Next appears the village of Assmanshausen, "a birth-place of Rhine wine." It stands, as our plate shows, at the base of grand hills which swell away with magnificent amplitude; the curvatures of the stream here give a peculiar beauty and solitude to the scenery.

Not far beyond Assmanshausen is seen Ehrenfels, an antique castle of the Archbishops of Mayence—for in the chivalric ages prelates were militant in more than one sense, and had their strongholds and knightly followers as well as their trains of chanting priests. The marvelous mixture of military, ecclesiastic, and civic traits which made up the life of the Feudal Ages is in fact more fully illustrated along the Rhine than anywhere else. Bishops and archbishops were among the most redoubtable warriors and desperate oppressors of those extraordinary times; and their castles present odd combinations of civic, chivalric, and religious symbols. Mouse Tower, on an islet strip in the midst of the stream, is the *locale* of some notable old legends. Southey has versified the famous one of Bishop Hatto and the rats. We give it not only for the amusement of our readers, but as a narrative of the legend, and a good specimen of the old ballad style:—



ASSMANSHAUSEN.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,  
That in winter the corn was growing yet;  
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,  
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor  
Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door,  
For he had a plentiful last year's store;  
And all the neighborhood could tell  
His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day  
To quiet the poor without delay:  
He bade them to his great barn repair,  
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear,  
The poor folk flock'd from far and near;  
The great barn was full as it could hold  
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold  
no more,

Bishop Hatto he made fast the  
door;

And while for mercy on Christ  
they call,  
He set fire to the barn, and burnt  
them all.

"I' faith 'tis an excellent bon-  
fire!" quoth he,

"And the country is greatly  
obliged to me,

For ridding it, in these times  
forlorn,

Of rats that only consume the  
corn."

So then to his palace returned he,  
And he sat down to supper mer-  
rily,

And he slept that night like an  
innocent man;

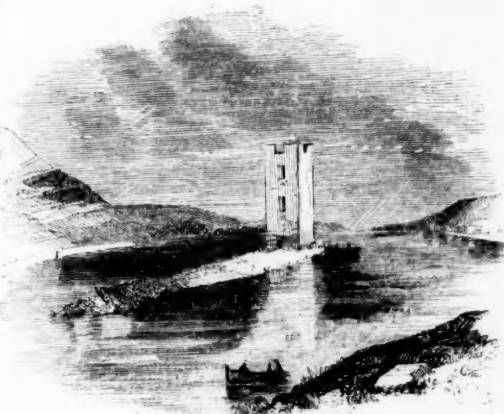
But Bishop Hatto never slept  
again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall  
Where his picture hung against the wall,  
A sweat like death all o'er him came,  
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd there came a man from his farm,  
He had a countenance white with alarm:  
"My lord, I open'd your granaries this morn,  
And the rats had eaten all your corn."

Another came running presently,  
And he was pale as pale could be:  
"Fly! my lord bishop, fly," quoth he;  
"Ten thousand rats are coming this way,  
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tower on the Rhine," replied he,  
"Tis the safest place in Germany;  
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,  
And the stream is strong, and the water deep."



MOUSE TOWER.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away,  
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay,  
And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care  
All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down, and closed his eyes;  
But soon a scream made him arise:  
He started, and saw two eyes of flame  
On his pillow, from whence the screaming  
came.

He listen'd and look'd: it was only the cat;  
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,  
For she sat screaming, mad with fear  
At the army of rats that was drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep,  
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,  
And now by thousands up they crawl  
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,  
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,  
As louder and louder drawing near,  
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,  
And through the walls by thousands they pour,  
And down through the ceiling, and up through  
the floor,

From the right and the left, from behind and  
before,

From within and without, from above and be-  
low;

And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the  
stones,

And now they pick the bishop's bones;  
They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb,  
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

church of St. Rock, the resort of thou-  
sands of pilgrims on the day of the saint.  
Goethe visited it once on that day, and has  
left a description of the scene. He gave to  
the chapel, in memory of his visit, an altar-  
piece which still adorns it.

The name of this lovely village has been  
rendered familiar to English and Ameri-  
can readers by Mrs. Norton's poetic bal-  
lad of "Bingen on the Rhine."

A soldier of the Legion,  
Lay dying at Algiers;  
There was lack of woman's nursing,  
There was dearth of woman's tears;  
But a comrade stood before him,  
While his life-blood ebb'd away,  
And bent with pitying glances  
To hear what he might say.  
The dying soldier falter'd  
As he took that comrade's hand,  
And he said, "I never more shall see  
My own, my native land;  
Take a message and a token  
To some distant friends of mine;  
For I was born at Bingen,  
Fair Bingen, on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions,  
When they meet and crowd around  
To hear my mournful story,  
In the pleasant vineyard ground,  
That we fought the battle bravely,  
And when the day was done,  
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale  
Beneath the setting sun;

And 'midst the dead and dying,  
Were some grown old in wars,  
The death-wound on their gal-  
lant breast,

The last of many scars;  
But some were young, and sud-  
denly

Beheld life's morn decline,  
And one had come from Bingen,  
From Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other  
sons

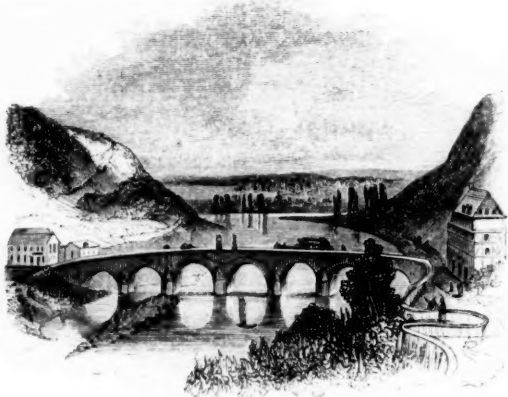
Shall comfort her old age;  
And I was still a truant bird,  
That thought his home a cage:

For my father was a soldier,  
And even as a child  
My heart leap'd forth to hear  
him tell

Of struggles fierce and wild;  
And when he died and left us  
To divide his scanty hoard,  
I let them take whate'er they  
would,

But kept my father's sword;  
And with boyish love I hung it  
Where the bright light used to shine  
On the cottage wall at Bingen,  
At Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me,  
And sob with drooping head  
When the troops are marching home again,  
With glad and gallant tread;



BRIDGE OVER THE NAHE, NEAR BINGEN.

Not far from the Mouse Tower the  
river Nahe enters the Rhine amidst beau-  
tiful landscapes, and immediately the trav-  
eler beholds the pleasant village of Bin-  
gen, "which," the guide-book assures him,  
"is a place to stop at a day or more." Its  
vicinity abounds in exquisite pictures of  
scenery. On a high summit stands the





BINGEN.

But look upon them proudly,  
 With a calm and steadfast eye,  
 For her brother was a soldier,  
 And not afraid to die.  
 And if a comrade seek her love,  
 I ask her in my name,  
 To listen to him kindly,  
 Without regret or shame,  
 And hang the old sword in its place,  
 (My father's sword and mine,)  
 For the honor of old Bingen,  
 Dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another, not a sister—  
 In the happy days gone by  
 You'd have known her by the merriment  
 That sparkled in her eye;  
 Too innocent for coquetry,  
 Too fond for idle scorning—  
 O! friend, I fear the lightest heart  
 Makes sometimes heaviest mourning!  
 Tell her the last night of my life—  
 For ere the morn be risen  
 My body will be out of pain,  
 My soul be out of prison—  
 I dream'd I stood with her,  
 And saw the yellow sunlight shine  
 On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along;  
 I heard or seem'd to hear  
 The German songs we used to sing,  
 In chorus sweet and clear,  
 And down the pleasant river,  
 And up the slanting hill  
 That echoing chorus sounded  
 Through the evening calm and still;  
 And her glad blue eyes were on me,  
 As we pass'd with friendly talk,  
 Down many a path beloved of yore,  
 And well-remember'd walk;  
 And her little hand lay lightly,  
 Confidingly in mine—

But we'll meet no more at Bingen,  
 Loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,  
 His grasp was childish weak,  
 His eyes put on a dying look,  
 He sigh'd and ceased to speak;  
 His comrade bent to lift him,  
 But the spark of life had fled—  
 The soldier of the Legion  
 In a foreign land was dead!  
 And the soft moon rose up slowly,  
 And calmly she look'd down  
 On the red sand of the battle field,  
 With bloody corpses strewn—  
 Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene,  
 Her pale light seem'd to shine  
 As it shone on distant Bingen,  
 Fair Bingen on the Rhine!

But we linger too long among these  
 charming scenes and associations; we  
 close the view here, to return to it again,  
 however, amidst even lovelier landscapes.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived  
 upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant  
 events of life succeed one another.  
 As the snow gathers together, so are our  
 habits formed. No single flake that is  
 added to the pile produces a sensible  
 change; no single action creates, how-  
 ever it may exhibit, a man's character;  
 but as the tempest hurls the avalanche  
 down the mountain, and overwhelms the  
 inhabitant and his habitation, so passion,  
 acting upon the elements of mischief,  
 which pernicious habits have brought to-  
 gether by imperceptible accumulation, may  
 overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.



**T**HE scenery around Trenton Falls, Oneida County, New-York, is unrivaled in beauty by that of any locality of our country. Aware of the unqualified significance of this remark, we nevertheless venture to utter it. It has been our happiness to visit about all

our noted water scenes; the picturesque images of the Passaic Falls, Bellows Falls, Montmorenci, of even the desecrated and half-obliterated beauties of Glens Falls and Rochester, and, above all, the august magnificence of Niagara will abide with us forever; but choicest among them all, not excepting Niagara itself, are the exquisite memory pictures of the *Konata*—the Amber river—as the Indians called it. These cascades are as trans-

endent in their beauty as Niagara is in its sublimity. Mr. Willis has said of this stream, that, "perhaps, in all the scenery of the world, there is no river which, in the same space, presents so many of the various shapes and beauties of running and falling water." The powers of poet and artist have been lavished upon descriptions of its exceeding loveliness. Our periodicals have frequently repeated a few of its aspects; they have, however, been but few. At the risk of multiplying our illustrations beyond what we deem a temperate and seemly indulgence of such pictorial luxuries, we present this scenery in fuller detail than we have thus far seen it given in any periodical work.

The village of Trenton or Kauyahora, "*leaping water*," as the Indians called it, is about fourteen miles north of Utica. The rivulet which forms the cascades is the main branch of the Mohawk. Arriving at the public house of

the Falls, the visitor enters immediately the dense woods, and is but twenty rods distant from the path which declines a hundred feet into the ravine of the stream. Descending it, and "being now on the pavement," says an old, ardent frequenter of the scene, "the river at your feet, perpendicular walls of solid rock on each side, and the narrow zone of ethereal sky far overhead, your



FIRST FALL.

feelings are at once excited. You have passed to a subterranean world. The first impression is astonishment at the change. But recovering instantly, your attention is forthwith attracted to the magnificence, the grandeur, the beauty, and sublimity of the scene. You stand and pause. At this station is a view of the outlet of the chasm, forty-five rods below, and also of what is styled the First Fall, thirty-seven rods up the stream. In freshets, or after heavy rains, it pours over from the one side of the chasm to the other in a proud amber sheet. A pathway to this has been blasted, at a considerable expense, under an overhanging rock, and around an extensive projection, directly beneath which rages and roars a most violent rapid. Here some, unaccustomed to such bold scenery, have been intimidated, and a few have turned back. But the passage is level, with a rocky wall to lean against, and rendered perfectly safe at the turn of the projection by chains well riveted in the side."

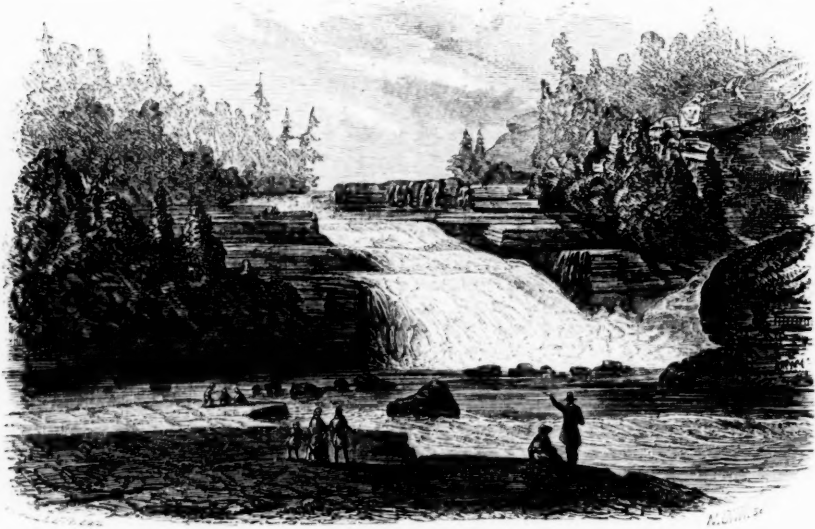
Passing onward amidst entrancing beauties, you suddenly see before you the "Sherman Fall," named after the writer who first described to the world these matchless scenes.\* "It is difficult," he says, "to give a description of the scenery here. A mass of naked rock, extending up one hundred and fifty feet to the summit of the bank, juts forward with threatening aspect. The visitor ascends by natural steps to the throat of its yawning, and, like a son of Hercules, literally shoulders the mountain above. Here he stands free from the spray, in a direct line

\* Rev. Mr. Sherman, who resided at Trenton, and wrote his sketch of its Falls twenty-five years ago; "believing that it must eventually become one of the great features of our continent."



SHERMAN FALL.

of the parapet wall, surveying at leisure the evergreens which cover in contrast the opposite bank with a rich foliage of the deepest verdure, and immediately at his feet the operation of the cataract rushing down into the spacious excavation it has formed. Back of this thick amber sheet, the reaction of the water has worn away the rock to an exact circular curve, eight or ten feet in diameter, which exhibits a furiously boiling caldron of the very whitest foam. In the bosom of the excavation a Fairy makes her appearance at a certain hour of sunshine, and dances through the mist, modestly retiring as the visitor changes his position, and blushing all colors when she finds him gazing at her irised beauties. A few rods beyond this spot a thin shelf puts out from the mountain, under which it never rains, nor snows, nor shines. In front the river hastens smoothly and rapidly to the fall below."

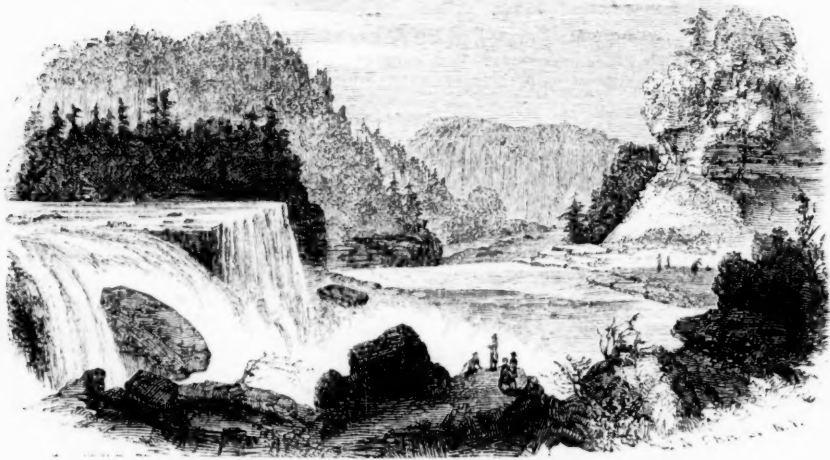


HIGH FALLS—FRONT VIEW.

Reluctantly leaving this lovely picture, you pass under a low cliff to a level rock, where bursts upon the delighted gaze the expanded beauties of the High Falls, of which we give two illustrations.

"The eye," says our author, "elevated at a considerable angle, beholds a perpendicular rock one hundred feet high, extending across the opening in a diagonal

line from the mountainous walls on each side, rising seventy or eighty feet still higher. Over this the whole river descends, first perpendicularly about forty feet, the main body rushing to the left. On the right it pours down in a beautiful white sheet. For a short distance in the middle the rock is left entirely naked, exhibiting a perpendicular and bold breast-



HIGH FALLS—LOOKING DOWN THE RAVINE.

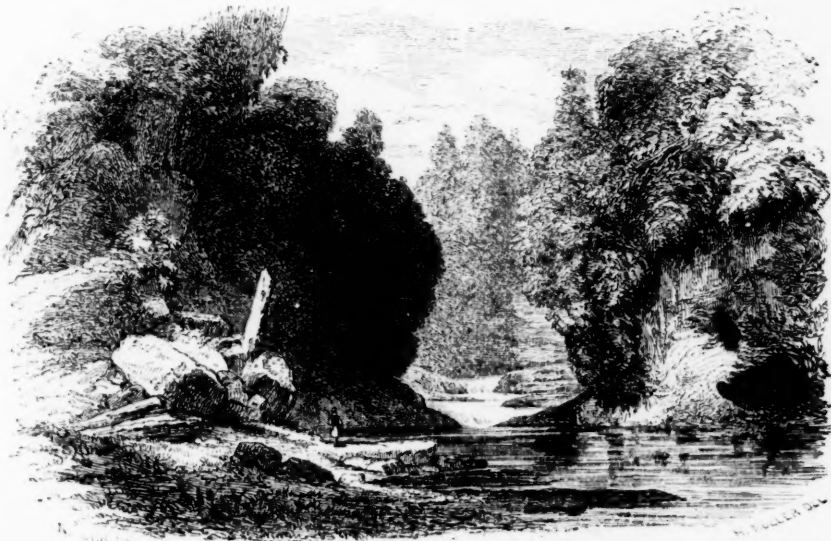
work, as though reared by art to divide the beautiful white sheet on the one side from the overwhelming fury of the waters on the other. They unite on a flat below; then, with a tumultuous foam, veer suddenly down an inclination of rocky steps, whence the whole river is precipitated into a wide, deep, and dark basin, forty feet underneath—mountainous walls rising on each side of the stream nearly two hundred feet—tall hemlocks and bending cedars extending their branches on the very verge above—small shrubbery variegating here and there their stupendous and naked sides. On the right of the basin a charming verdure entirely overspreads a smoothly-rounding and majestic prominence, which reaches half-way up the towering summit, and over the whole sky mingles with retiring evergreens, until verging in perspective to the distant angle of incidence, they are lost in the ethereal expanse beyond."

Ascending to a large table-rock, you climb a stairway to the *Rural Retreat*, represented at the head of our article. Here the character of the scenery changes, and becomes less abrupt. About forty rods beyond the "Retreat," and visible

from it through the evergreen foliage, is the Mill-Dam Fall, fourteen feet high. Ascending and pressing forward, you come to the Cascade of the Alhambra, of which our author speaks in the following poetic, but, as every visitor will say, truthful strains: "At the extremity of it is one of the most interesting scenes imaginable; a scene that no pen can describe to one who is not on the spot, and where every landscape painter always drops his pencil. It is far too much for art to imitate, or for eloquence to represent. It is the prerogative of nature alone to do this; she has done it once, and stands without a rival competitor."



Resuming his course, the visitor passes on through ever-varying and charming



CASCADE OF THE ALHAMBRA.



outlines to the "Rocky Heart." The scenery beyond affords several additional and beautiful pictures; but visitors usually pause here, considering further progress as somewhat perilous. Returning, you ascend the bank in the rear of the Rural Retreat, and catch several delightful glimpses of the scenery. We insert but one of them—the upper part of High Fall with the Mill-Dam Fall in the distance, as seen from Carmichael's Point.

Having thus gazed with emotions which no language can express, on the most charming natural pictures which our continent affords, the visitor returns by a footpath through a shady forest to the hotel whence he started.

The enthusiastic author whom we have relied on as our chief authority in this sketch, makes the following general remarks, which may be of service to



SCENE NEAR THE ROCKY HEART.



CARMICHAEL'S POINT.



visitors. "Although the passage beyond the Rocky Heart is, at present, difficult, and even dangerous, yet both gentlemen and ladies have frequently passed as far as Boon's Bridge, where is a fall of about twenty feet, and where the chasm commences. This is nearly three miles from the Rural Resort. Every one who would explore the whole chasm, should take the full day before him, which will afford him time to rest an hour or two at the village near the bridge, and recruit his strength. Considerable has already been done to render this passage feasible; and, in all probability, it will soon be both easy and safe.

"It will of course be perceived, in view of what has been stated concerning the floods and rains, that the scenery must vary according as the water is high or low. The outlines of the chasm remain indeed the same; but the character and impression of the view are vastly different. When the water is very low, you have a much easier, far more spacious, and more pleasing path. At the ALHAMBRA fifty may walk abreast, and hundreds may pass each other on the beautiful level and dry pavement of its saloon. You see much more of the rock and of the manifest operation of the waters in wearing it away; and the large party enjoy with more zest their association, as they can sit together, make philosophical observations, and communicate their mutual impressions, or range about the shelving declivities from the path to the water's edge. For a party of pleasure, especially those who have often visited the Falls, some think the time of low water is the most eligible season. It undoubtedly has the advantages specified above.

"On the other hand, when the water is so high as barely to allow a passage, Indian file, the majesty and imposing grandeur, the magnificence of the scene, are proportionably heightened. It is quite another view. Hence it is desirable to witness this scenery in all its variations.

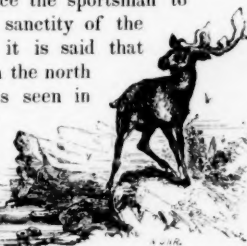
"At high water, which, even in midsummer, two days' heavy rain will effect, the spray at the First, and also at the High Falls, is like an April shower, and requires the visitor to haste through its penetrating mist. The rapids, on such occasions, are proportionably more interesting.

"In winter, these Falls are not easily nor safely approached, the

pathway being slippery, or blocked by snows; which would require pointed steel for the feet in the one case, and much exertion in the other. Some, however, do visit them in the winter, at which time the view is superlatively splendid. From the overhanging cliffs, enormous icicles, reaching down to the pathway, become transparent colonnades. The descending rills, already described, form an inverted tunnel, whose base is eight or ten feet, the apex touching the summit of the cliff sixty feet high, and the water pouring down through the center. At the High Falls, the shrubbery in its environs is distended by the frozen spray, and spangles and glitters in the sunbeam with inexpressible luster. The reader may easily imagine the rest.

"Still different, and far more awfully solemn and sublime, is the scene by moonlight. At the proper season, the moon, between the hours of ten and eleven, appears through the boughs and tops of evergreens on the summit of the opposite bank, and throws her interrupted rays upon the footpath. It is literally the descent of *Aeneas* to *Pluto's* dreary domain. You cannot imagine that you belong to the upper world. You have departed hence. You find yourself in a world of spirits, where everything around is a deep shadow of an evanescent shade. You pause; your feelings are solemnized; you withhold your step. At length the moon towers aloft, and displays her full orb of mild and chastened light, which, while it flickers upon the raging rapids, tinging their surface with burnished silver, produces a mighty contrast, as at the awful moment of creation, when the firmament and the waters of the deep, the light and the darkness, were separated by omnipotent command."

The organic remains which abound at these Falls interest the attention of the naturalist. The fish of the stream attract the angler. There is little temptation to induce the sportsman to desecrate the sanctity of the place, though it is said that the deer from the north are sometimes seen in its beautiful solitudes.



## THE BURIED PALACES OF NINEVEH.

"**F**AR away—a thousand miles from the highways of modern commerce, and the tracks of ordinary travel—lay a city buried in the sandy earth of a half-desert Turkish province, with no certain trace of its place of sepulchre. Vague tradition said it was hidden somewhere near the river Tigris; but for above two thousand years its known existence in the world was a mere name—a word. That name suggested the idea of an ancient capital of fabulous splendor and magnitude, a congregation of palaces and other dwellings, encompassed by walls and ramparts, vast, but scarcely real.

"More than two thousand years had it thus lain in its unknown grave, when a French *savant* and a wandering English scholar, urged by a noble inspiration, sought the seat of the once powerful empire, and, searching till they found the dead city, threw off its shroud of sand and ruin, and revealed once more, to an astonished and anxious world, the temples, the palaces, and the idols; the representations of war and the triumphs of peaceful art of the ancient Assyrians. The Nineveh of Scripture, the Nineveh of the oldest historians; the Nineveh twin sister of Babylon—glorying in a civilization of pomp and power, all traces of which were believed to be gone; the Nineveh in which the captive tribes of Israel had labored and wept, was, after a sleep of twenty centuries, again brought to light. The proofs of ancient splendor were again beheld by living eyes, and, by the skill of the draughtsman, and the pen of antiquarian travelers, made known to the world."

Such are the opening passages of a work of singular value and interest,\* upon which we propose to draw for the materials of the present paper.

The merit of pioneering the way for the series of discoveries recorded in this volume, belongs to Charles Julius Rich, the East India Company's resident at Bagdad, who carefully surveyed, about the year 1818, the presumed sites of Babylon and Nineveh. The immediate results were

but slight, and more than twenty years elapsed ere the investigation was resumed. In 1842, M. Botta was appointed French Consul at Mósul, in the immediate neighborhood. Having previously resided in the East, and possessing energy of character and a love of scientific pursuits strong enough to carry him through every difficulty, he speedily availed himself of the facilities afforded by his position for attempting to solve the great geographical problem. Selecting the mound of Kouyunjik for his first operations, three months of fruitless labor followed; but in the interim a dyer of Khorsabad, who built his ovens of the bricks on which his village was built, brought to Botta a couple of large bricks bearing inscriptions, and offered to procure as many more as he might desire. Acting on this hint, Botta dispatched workmen to the spot; and, in a few days, himself feasted his eyes on the remains of a chamber, the façade of which was covered with bas-reliefs, and had the still higher gratification of finding that he had struck upon the ruins of a very considerable edifice. In May, 1843, full descriptions of all that the excavations had revealed, accompanied by drawings, reached Paris; whereupon 3000 franes were immediately placed at Botta's disposal by the Minister of the Interior, for the further prosecution of the work.

And now a new class of difficulties had to be encountered. The proverbial insalubrity of Khorsabad seriously affected the workmen, and nearly killed their enterprising chief. Added to this, was the cupidity, superstition, and stolid ignorance of the inhabitants, who could not be induced to believe that such persevering researches were for treasures in marble and stone alone, some conceiving that their country formerly belonged to the Europeans, who were now searching for evidence whereon to ground a claim for restitution! Mohammed Pasha, Governor of the Province of Mósul, after subjecting the party to annoyances which would have sickened any one not bent on the achievement of his object, at length prohibited further search, on the Turkish governor-like pretext, that a small house built by Botta was erected as a fortress to command the country! The interference of the French ambassador at Constantinople, and the death of the Pasha, presently removed this formidable obstacle; and in May, 1844, having received

\* "Nineveh and its Palaces. The Discoveries of Botta and Layard applied to the Elucidation of Holy Writ." By Joseph Bonomi, F. R. S. L. Illustrated London Library, 227, Strand. Noticed in our Literary Record for July.

a fresh grant of money, and been joined by an artist dispatched by the French government to take drawings of the sculptures before they had lost their freshness by exposure to the atmosphere, Botta recommenced his labors, having, after some amusing diplomatic manœuvres, succeeded in purchasing the village for the purpose of clearing the houses from the top of the mound. By a fortunate coincidence—fortunate at least for one of the parties—a band of Nestorian Christians were at this time driven by persecution from their mountain homes in Kurdistan to Mósul and the neighboring villages, and Botta, charged with distributing among them the relief expended by his government, was at once furnished with a supply of robust and willing laborers. Nearly three hundred men were now engaged with all the ardor of Californian diggers, their more scientific director following with delight the movements of the pickax, and measuring, and transcribing all that it revealed. M. Flaudin, the artist, returned to Paris at the end of the year, when Botta and his coadjutors received the first reward of their labors in the publication of the result in a series of magnificent folio volumes prepared at the national cost. There now remained the formidable achievement of transporting the sculptures to France—a work in which Botta's patience, energy, and ingenuity, were yet more severely taxed. At length, after the lapse of eight months, and the loss of one life—the only casualty of the kind occurring throughout the excavations—the whole were floated down the Tigris on rafts supported by inflated skins, and at the end of 1816 was landed the first collection of Assyrian antiquities that had ever reached Europe—a collection which now presents one of the greatest of the many attractions of the Louvre.

To the labors of Dr. Layard, as being already widely known, we may refer with greater brevity. He commenced his career of travel in 1839, in the North of Europe, visiting the states of Germany, and acquiring their language; presently making his way to Constantinople, and then, Alexander-like, turning to another continent, and betaking himself to the East, where, learning the languages of Turkey and Arabia, he was soon able to adapt himself to the life of an Arab of the Desert. An excursion in the neighborhood of

Nineveh and the Tigris served to whet an appetite for antiquarian research which no hardship or danger could subdue, and an interview with Botta, then engaged in excavating the mound of Kouyunjik, strengthened his determination to realize his own cherished views. Layard, however, could draw upon no public fund; and but for the generous munificence of Sir Stratford Canning, (recently elevated to the English peerage by the title of Lord Redcliffe,) to whom we are also indebted for the marbles from Halicarnassus, the French Museum would in all probability have received what has so greatly enriched the sculptural department of the British Museum.

The English, like the French excavator, had to face the most wearying difficulties, not the least of which were occasioned by the rapacity and duplicity of the local authorities, who, just when the first of the long-sought-for bas-reliefs was suddenly disclosed, peremptorily stopped the works. Fortunately, a change of Pashas resulted in the removal of the embargo, when, attracted by a ravine occasioned by the winter rains, Layard happily opened a trench in its center, and in two days was rewarded by "the discovery of several additional bas-reliefs, and of a gigantic human head, much to the terror of the Arabs, who hurried to communicate the intelligence that Nimroud himself had been found. The excitement produced by this discovery set the whole of Mósul in commotion; and the result was a message from the governor, to the effect that the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed." Again, however, a timely change of Pashas relieved Layard from his embarrassments, and all official opposition being overcome, new trenches were opened in the great mound of Kouyunjik, and soon "kings, priests, griffins, eunuchs, and the symbolic tree, were among the figures which excited feelings of amazement in the Arabs, and of rapturous delight in their employer."

Seasonable, though inadequate, aid was now afforded by a government grant; but no artist having been sent out, as in Botta's case, Layard had "to superintend the excavations, to draw all the bas-reliefs, to copy, compare, and take casts of the inscriptions, to direct the moving and packing of the sculptures, to be continually present at the works, and frequently to remove the earth with his own hands from the face

of the slabs." The excavations among the ruins at Nimroud now proceeded on a large scale. Chamber after chamber of the palace was explored, and the chiseled records of "battles, sieges, triumphs, banquetings, and sacrifices, were daily discovered." As in Botta's case, the removal of gigantic bulls, lions, and other large sculptures, drew largely on Layard's invention and patience; but by the end of June, 1847, the whole had been transferred from their sandy burial-place to the surface of the deep, the working party had been disbanded, and Layard had taken a farewell glance at the scene of his trials and triumphs.

After devoting several chapters to Ninevite history, biblical and classical, and to a topographical description of the entire district, Mr. Bonomi takes the reader from chamber to chamber of the palaces at Khorsabad and Nimroud, and describes the various scenes pictured in stone upon the walls, vivifying the mute record by his references and deductions, and ingeniously speculating as to cause and purpose, where either imperfect materials or partial knowledge render it impossible to pronounce a certain judgment. Singularly enough, the task of elucidating the architecture and construction of the Assyrian palaces has been greatly facilitated by the circumstance that many of those portions of the ruins of Khorsabad, such as windows, columns, and grand flights of stairs, which have been destroyed, are preserved in those of Persepolis; while, on the other hand, the sculptured and painted walls and chambers wanting there, are to be found at Khorsabad and other ruins; and thus it has been possible to give an almost complete outline of every part of the structures.

It is needless to insist on the importance of the information, direct and inferential, afforded by these remains. In the walls of these chambers, so long lost not merely to the sight but to the knowledge of mankind, we have a highly illustrated historical volume, in which are minutely and effectively, though often most grotesquely, displayed all the leading pursuits and characteristics of an extinct nation; while the incidental details, no less than the prominent features, strikingly and impressively illustrate Scripture statements. Here are to be seen, as is believed, the "mighty hunter," Nimrod himself, strangling a

young lion by pressing it against his chest—the "eunuch in the palace of the King of Babylon"—the "king's cup-bearer, to whom was appointed a daily provision of the king's meat and of the wine which he drank"—the "governors, treasurers, and rulers of provinces," such as surrounded Nebuchadnezzar's image of gold—"the most mighty men" in the army, such as obeyed the behests of the same monarch in casting Shadrach and his heroic companions into "the burning fiery furnace." The sumptuous convivialities of the Assyrian court are delineated in "the banqueting hall," in which the king was wont to entertain "the nobles and princes of the provinces," (Esther i, 3-7.) in celebration of his conquests, when "the harp and the viol were in their feasts;" and here, too, is probably the very recess in which stood the wine-vase, of a size to contain "royal wine in abundance according to the state of the king," while his guests are in the act of drinking his health, or of pledging each other in uplifted cups.\* The culinary department, and the stable also, find a place in the series; while in a slab representing the return of the king from the chase we have "a perfect *tableau de genre de haut ton*, resembling in so many points the present customs of the East," as remarkably to illustrate the tenacity with which Oriental nations cling to the manners and customs of their fathers. As might be expected, in the case of so martial a people, warlike exploits occupy the largest portion of this illustrative gallery. All the incidents of the successful campaign are registered with a circumstantiality indicative of the national vanity. Horsemen "lifting up both the bright sword and the glittering spear," and horses "swifter than the leopards, and more fierce than the evening wolves"—bowmen, shield-bearers, and slingers, for whom were prepared "shields, and spears, and helmets, and habergeons, and bows, and slings to east stones"—chariots and battering-rams, the assault, the charge, the retreat and pursuit, the burning fort, and the sacked city—bearded warriors "furiously driving

\* The seats used are narrow and without backs, indicating that the custom of reclining at meals had not then been introduced. The prophet Eli, it will be recollected, is described as having fallen "from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, so that his neck brake and he died."

their chariot in pursuit of the remnant of the inhabitants, who are flying over a rocky plain, strewn with headless bodies"—the soldier "deliberately plunging his sword into the breast of an adversary, whom he has driven down on his knees"—the king stopping his chariot "to command a register to be made of the number of the heads of the slain piled up in a heap before him," (2 Kings x, 8,) and, hovering over dead and dying, "the ravenous birds of every sort," (Ezek. xxxix, 4.)—these horrid accompaniments of a horrid system are described with surprising vigor and effect. Then follow the treaty of peace, the triumphal march, the manacled prisoners supplicating for mercy, "the captive child and the mother that bare it cast out into another country," (Jeremiah xxii, 26,) and the train of tribute-bearers enriching the imperial treasury with the spoils of enslaved provinces or conquered kingdoms.

The "Hall of Judgment" and the "Chamber of Judgment," furnish scenes presenting in an equally unfavorable light the character of the people and the age. In the bassi-relievi here are to be seen prisoners, some of them supposed to be Jews, probably Samaritans, having rings in their lips, to which is attached a cord held by the king, embodying literally the metaphor in Isaiah's prophetic message sent in reply to the prayer of Hezekiah—"Because thy rage against me and thy tumult is come up into mine ears, therefore will I put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest." Isaiah xxxvii, 29. One prisoner, in addition to having his hands manacled, has on his ankles strong rings fastened by a heavy bar, the condition in which the Assyrian king took Manasseh to Babylon, (2 Chron. xxxiii, 11 :) and, perhaps, resembling that of Zedekiah when bound, at a later period, with fetters of brass, 2 Kings xxv, 7; Jer. xxxix, 7. In another group is a man naked, with limbs outstretched, and wrists and ankles fastened to pegs in the table or floor, while "the chief of the slayers" is, with a curved knife, "beginning to remove the skin from the back of the arm of the prisoner, whose head is turned toward the king imploring pardon, the very words of which petition may possibly be contained in the cuneatic inscription above." In an-

other scene may be recognized the fate of Zedekiah, the king thrusting the point of his spear into the eyes of the supplicating prisoner, while he holds in his left hand a cord attached to rings in the lips of two other captives. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." Yes! Nineveh, "that exceeding great city," was spiritually dark; the remains of its material magnificence giving proof of the superstitions and religious ignorance of its people. The representations of divinities, two-winged and four-winged, symbolic bulls and emblematic figures and inscriptions, occur with frequency in particular portions of these palaces. "The sacred or royal precincts were trebly guarded by divinities, inscriptions and hidden gods, from the approach of any subtle spirit, or more palpable enemy, that might have escaped the vigilance of the king's body-guard." In the floor of the inner court, Botta found secret cavities containing small images of baked clay of horrid hybrid forms; these being, it is suggested, the "Teraphim," or images, such as Rachel took from her father and put "in the camel's furniture, and sat upon them," (Gen. xxxi, 19, 30, 34.) the signification of the original word according with the terrifying aspect of these figures. In "the divine chamber" were found the figures of two magi, with a gazelle in one hand and the other uplifted in prayer; and it is inferred that in this chamber they were wont to be consulted by the king, the blood of the victims being poured into the cavity in a slab in the floor. These magi, it is inferred from their form and features, are one of the four orders of Chaldeans mentioned by Daniel, to whom the Assyrian kings resorted, on occasions the most trivial or important, for the interpretation of dreams or the solution of political problems. They are distinguished by a peculiar species of dress, and it is noted as a remarkable fact that "they retain more of the vermillion and of the black pigment in the hair and eyebrows than any other figures on the walls of Khorsabad and Nimroud, a circumstance which, we think, is not to be attributed to chance, for the prophet Ezekiel, in speaking of the figures of men sculptured on the walls of the Assyrian palaces, makes particular mention of the images of the Chaldeans portrayed with vermillion." Ezek. xxiii, 14. A still more striking



reference is made in another passage, which we quote—"The large group forming the center of the stone shows us the king, twice repeated, for uniformity's sake, performing some religious rite before the symbolic tree, in the presence of the chief divinity, which we consider to typify Baal. The king holds the sceptre in his left hand, his right being upraised and his forefinger pointed, as in conversation with the winged divinity above. Elijah apostrophizes the priests of Baal ironically, telling them to call louder on the divinity, for, he says, 'he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or, peradventure, he sleepeth, and must be awaked.' We may judge now, with these authentic documents of the worshipers of Baal before us, how cuttingly sarcastic was this address of the prophet. Here, he is truly talking; elsewhere, he is pursuing, as we have seen; or on a journey; or, peradventure, sleeping: this is the climax of sarcasm, because sleep, as the priests of Baal well knew, is necessary to the restoration of the faculties of the mortal, and incompatible with divinity. 'Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.'"

The arrogant and boastful character of some of the inscriptions on these palatial walls agree, we are told, in a singular manner, with the gasconading of the messengers sent to Hezekiah, described in 2 Kings xviii. and xix.: "Who are they among all the gods of the countries that have delivered their country out of my hand?" Swift and terrible was the response: for "it came to pass that night, that the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians a hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses!" And more complete and terrible still was the vengeance stored up against the city of this proud and tyrannizing people, the results exactly verifying the predictions of the prophet, "With an overrunning flood he will make an utter end of the place thereof, and darkness shall pursue his enemies. The gates of the rivers shall be opened, and the palace shall be dissolved. Nineveh is of old like a pool of water." Nahum i, 8; ii, 6, 8. The condition of the ruins, says Bonomi, "is highly corroborative of the sudden destruc-

tion that came upon Nineveh by fire and sword." "Then shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off." It is evident from the ruins, that both Khorsabad and Nimroud were sacked and then set on fire. "She is empty, and void, and waste." Neither Botta nor Layard found any of that store of silver, and gold, and "pleasant furniture," which the palaces contained; scarcely anything, even of bronze, escaped the spoiler; but he unconsciously left what is more valuable, for to the falling in of the roofs of the buildings, by his setting fire to the columns and beams that supported them, and his subsequent destruction of the walls, we are indebted for the extraordinary preservation of the sculptures. In them we possess an authentic and cotemporary commentation on the prophecies; in them we read, in unmistakable characters, an evidence of that rapacity and cruelty, of which the Assyrian nation is accused. "For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it. Wo to him that buildeth a town with blood, and establisheth a city by iniquity!" Hab. ii, 11, 12.

#### A LOVELY PICTURE.

MANY of the prejudices in the present day against vital Christianity are traceable to distorted apprehensions of its real excellence. Who can read the following exquisite portrait of its graces and characteristics without being charmed with the original?

Whatever else there be, if there be not love, it profits nothing, it proves nothing. Love to God and our neighbor is the essence of piety. It is the body, the basis, the staple element; and if the great commandment, and the next greatest be absent, whatever else there be, there is not Christianity.

Joy. The essence of love is attachment. Joy is the happiness of love. It is love exulting. It is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a look of its treasure, and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding. "God's promises appear so strong, so solid, so substantial—more so than the rocks and everlasting hills; and his perfections—what shall I say of them? When I think of one, I wish to dwell upon it forever;



but another, and another equally glorious, claims a share of admiration; and when I begin to praise, I wish never to cease, but to find it the commencement of that song which shall never end. Very often have I felt as if I could that moment throw off the body, without first going to bid them farewell that are at home in my house. Let who will be rich, or admired, or prosperous, it is enough for me that there is such a God as Jehovah, such a Saviour as Jesus, and that they are infinitely and unchangeably glorious and happy!" And in a similar frame another felt—"Were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, he is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded by venomous serpents, and devouring beasts, and savage men, in such a frame I should be the subject of perfect peace and exalted joy."

Peace. If joy be love exulting, peace is love reposing. It is love on the green pastures, it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience, when it sees the atonement sufficient, and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass; it is the soul, which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

Long-suffering. This is love enduring. If the trial come direct from God, it is enough. It is correction. It is his heavenly Father's hand, and with Luther the disciple cries, "Strike, Lord, strike. But, O! do not forsake me." If the trial come from Christian brethren, till it be sevenfold seventy times repeated, love to Jesus demands forgiveness. If it come from worldly men, it is the occasion for that magnanimity which recompenses evil with good. And in every case, it is an opportunity for following a Saviour whom sufferings made perfect. That Saviour never loved the Father more intensely, than when the Father's face was hid, and when the bitter cup proclaimed his justice terrible and his truth severe. One apostle denied him, and all the disciples forsook him; but Jesus prayed for Peter, whilst Peter was cursing, and his love followed the rest, even when they were running away. Jerusalem killed him: but in foresight of the guilty deed, it was over Jerusalem that Jesus wept; and when the deed was done, in publishing pardon and

the peace of God, it was at Jerusalem that evangelists were directed to begin.

Gentleness, or affectionateness. This is love in society. It is love holding intercourse with those around it. It is that cordiality of aspect, and that soul of speech, which assure us that kind and earnest hearts may still be met with here below. It is that quiet influence which, like the scented flame of an alabaster lamp, fills many a home with light, and warmth, and fragrance, all together. It is the carpet, soft and deep, which, whilst it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery, and to which death comes in a balmy dream. It is considerateness. It is tenderness of feeling. It is warmth of affection. It is promptitude of sympathy. It is love in all its depth and all its delicacy. It is every melting thing included in that matchless grace, "the GENTLENESS of Christ."

Goodness or beneficence. Love in action—love with its hand at the plow, love with the burden on its back. It is love carrying medicine to the sick, and food to the famished. It is love reading the Bible to the blind, and explaining the gospel to the felon in his cell. It is love at the Sunday class, or in the ragged-school. It is love at the hovel-door, or sailing far away in the missionary ship. But whatever task it undertakes, it is still the same—love following His footsteps "who went about continually doing good."

Faith. Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God, when the world drags downward, and the flesh cries, "Halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervor is costly and sound words are obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the Sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames. O, no! It is Jesus in the desert. It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whosoever, pursuing the path or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great forerunner, does not fear to die.

Meekness is love at school—love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowliness. It is the disciple learning to know himself—learning to fear, and distrust, and abhor himself. It is the disciple practicing the sweet and self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple praying and watching for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the amelioration of his character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of him who is meek and lowly, and finding rest for his own soul.

Temperance. Love taking exercise, love enduring hardness, love seeking to become healthful and athletic, love striving for the mastery in all things, and bringing the body under. It is superiority to sensual delights, and it is the power of applying resolutely to the irksome duties for the Master's sake. It is self-denial and self-control. Fearful lest it should subside to gross carnality, or waste away into shadowy and hectic sentiment, temperance is love alert and timeously astir; sometimes rising before day for prayer, sometimes spending that day on tasks which laziness or daintiness declines. It is love with girt loins, and dusty feet, and blistered hands. It is love with the empty scrip, but the glowing cheek; love subsisting on pulse and water, but grown so healthful and so hardy, that it "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."<sup>\*</sup>

#### NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SILK-WORM.

WE have often wondered that the interesting study of natural history is not more generally pursued, as we think that there is not a single branch of science which would better reward the time and labor bestowed on it. Besides this, it possesses another great advantage, that of being easily attained by all, young and old, rich and poor, and that, not by making expensive experiments, or studying books

filled with tiresome technicalities, but by the study of living, moving specimens. All we require is the habit of attentive observation; if we possess this, the spider, which spins its web on our walls, the butterfly, sporting gayly from flower to flower, determined to enjoy as much as possible its short life, and the faithful dog, which we learn to look on as a companion and a friend, will furnish us with instruction and amusement for many an hour which might otherwise have passed wearily along. And, added to all this, we think there is no study more eminently calculated to lead our thoughts to the contemplation of Him who made them all, and without whose knowledge "not one sparrow falleth to the ground;" and we shall indeed, for this reason especially, rejoice if the papers which we have in contemplation shall be the means of inducing any of our readers to follow up the study of natural history for themselves.

Entomology is that branch of natural history which treats of insects. It is derived from two Greek words, signifying "an insect," and "a discourse;" and the meaning of the word insect is "cut into," a very proper name, too, as all insects appear with divisions, just as if *cuts* had been made in their bodies, dividing them into three parts, which are severally called the head, the corselet, and the abdomen; therefore any animal not possessing these three parts distinct is *not* an insect.

Insects are distinguished from animals by their not having bones, brains, veins, or branched arteries, and, consequently, no circulating blood; as also by their breathing through air-holes in the sides, instead of through the mouth. They all have six legs; and caterpillars have, in addition to these, from ten to sixteen members, somewhat similar to legs, for the purpose of clinging and climbing. The human skin is composed of three parts, but in insects only two are generally to be seen; the inner one somewhat resembling the cuticle of the human skin, and, like it, being the membrane of color. The color of insects is very various, but the same color generally prevails in the same class. Thus, black is the usual color of beetles and flies; green, that of caterpillars which feed on leaves; while the gay and beautiful butterfly is adorned with the brightest shades of blue, yellow, white, and red, in every possible variety of tint and marking. Many

<sup>\*</sup> From a charming little production, "The Vine," which bears internal evidence of being from the graceful pen of the Rev. James Hamilton, D. D.

insects, however, are covered with hair or down, inserted, as in animals, in the inner skin.

Having now detailed the principal characteristics of insects, we shall proceed to give a more particular account of some of the most curious and interesting among them; and, for this purpose, will commence with the most useful of all insects, the silk-worm. The silk-worm is a native of China, and is produced from an egg about the size of a grain of mustard-seed, of an ovate shape, and depressed in the center. At first it is of a yellowish color, but, in three or four days, it changes to a bluish shade. When first hatched, it appears like a small black worm, not half an inch in length, very vivacious; and it almost immediately wanders about in search of food, (which, for a few days, consists of young and very tender mulberry-leaves,) being more active at this time than at any other period of its life; for, when fully grown, it is a dull, lifeless insect, rarely moving more than a few feet when in its chrysalis state, which circumstance renders it very easy to be managed by those who take care of it for the sake of its silk. The silk-worm, like other insects, has six legs, set in pairs, and which cannot be altered in their position. They are not, however, left utterly destitute of all means of motion; for they are provided with ten flexible members, furnished with small hooks, which enable them to climb. They have no less than fourteen eyes, seven on each side of the head, near the mouth, which is vertical; and they have eighteen breathing-holes, nine on each side of the body. The spinning apparatus of silk-worms is situated near the mouth, and is connected, by means of long slender vessels, with the silk-bags. The external tube by which the silk is produced is called the spinneret; it is furnished with two orifices for the extrusion of the silk, which, however, unite before reaching the termination of the tube. This orifice is composed of alternate slips of horny and membranous substances; the one for the purpose of compressing it into a small diameter, and the other for enlarging it, at the will of the insect. Its point is truncate, like the nib of a pen, which admirably adapts it for being applied to any object. Perhaps this description may be rendered more easy to be understood by an illustration. Some of our readers may have seen, in a goldsmith's workshop, certain iron

plates, pierced with holes of different dimensions, through which gold and silver wire is drawn to make it finer. Well, the silk-worm has under her mouth just such a kind of instrument, with two holes, united at the outside, with which she draws two drops of the gum (of which the silk is made) that fills her two bags. These instruments answer the purpose of distaffs, to enable the insect to spin the gummy substance into silken threads. She fixes the first drop of gum anywhere she likes, and then draws back her head, while the gum, continuing to flow, is drawn out, and lengthened into a single stream. When exposed to the air, it immediately becomes dry, and acquires consistency and strength. It has not been very satisfactorily ascertained how the gum, which composes the silk, is drawn off and separated from the other juices which nourish the body; but some imagine that the gum bags are furnished with a set of minute glands, which, being impregnated with gum, afford a free passage to all the juices of the mulberry which are of a glutinous nature, while they extrude every other.

But it is now high time to return to the worm itself, which we left feasting on young mulberry-leaves. It continues to eat very freely for about eight days; it then begins to suffer for its voraciousness, by being attacked with its first sickness, which consists of a kind of lethargic sleep, continuing for three days, during which time it eats nothing, and changes its skin. After this long fast, its appetite returns with redoubled vigor, and it eats again almost unceasingly for five days, during which it increases its size to half an inch. Then follow three more days of sickness, then five of health, then three of sickness, and, lastly, five more of health, during which it seldom stops eating, apparently desirous of making up for lost time. After this feast it loses its appetite altogether, becomes transparent, and leaves silky traces on the leaves it passes over. This is a sign that it is ready to commence its cocoon, and does not intend to eat any more. But although this is the general way in which silk-worms pass their short lives, the sick and healthy periods vary a little in length, according to the temperature of the weather. When it is warm and dry, the sickly period is shorter, and, when damp and cold, longer, than the time we have specified.

The silk-worm now prepares for its change into the chrysalis condition. It fixes upon some hollow place, whose size agrees with the dimensions of the intended cocoon, and commences its operations by spinning thin and irregular threads for the support of its future abode. Its first day's labor consists in forming a loose structure of an oval shape, which is called *floss-silk*, and *within* which covering, on the three following days, it works a fine and consistent yellow ball—of course always remaining itself within the sphere of the cone which it is forming. Should any of the threads intended for the support of the cocoon be broken, the ball, being unevenly balanced, becomes unsteady, and thereby disturbs and impedes the insect's proceedings. When, therefore, this is the case, the worm pierces a hole in the cocoon, abandons it altogether, and, finding no suitable place where it might prepare for its change, it dies, without effecting it. Under happier circumstances, however, the silk-worm generally completes its habitation (which is, in size and shape, something like a pigeon's egg, but rather smaller) in three or four days. The operation of spinning, and the emission of such a quantity of silk, uncompensated by food, causes the poor worm to grow very small, and quite shriveled in appearance. It now rests from its labors, throws off its caterpillar dress, and changes into the chrysalis state, looking very like a kidney-bean, with a smooth brown skin. In this state it remains for a period of from fifteen to thirty days, according to the state of the weather; it then throws off its shroud, and dons its wings, which are of a pale buff color, with a faint streak across them. It does not, however, long enjoy its liberty: its first object is to seek its mate; it then lays its eggs, generally from five hundred to six hundred in number, and then both male and female die.

These, however, are only what we may call the *natural* habits of the silk-worm; for the Chinese, finding that the silk made by worms in this condition was not nearly so good as that made by those sheltered and protected by the hand of man, have taken the greatest pains to attain perfection in the art of rearing and tending them; and, indeed, we believe that they have succeeded. The grand difficulty against which they have to contend, is the prevention of the extrusion of the caterpillars from the

eggs too early, to which, in consequence of the very dry and warm nature of the atmosphere, they are prone. They generally guard against this misfortune by getting the moths to lay their eggs on large sheets of paper, which, as soon as they are covered with a sufficient number of eggs, are hung up on a beam of one of the rooms in which they are kept, and all the windows are opened, in order to expose them to a free current of air. After a time, they are taken down, rolled up, with the eggs inside, and each separate sheet of paper is hung up for the summer and autumn. At the first approach of winter, they are again removed from their lofty position, and given a cold-water bath, in which a little salt has been dissolved, and in this bath they are allowed to remain for two days, after which they are taken out, dried, rolled up rather more tightly than before, and each sheet is put into a separate earthen pot. All this trouble is taken to prevent the extrusion of the caterpillar until the leaves of the mulberry-tree have expanded, as otherwise the worms would run a great chance of being starved. When, however, they have expanded, all the rolls of paper are taken from the earthen vessels and hung up in the sun. At night the sheets are again rolled up, and carefully deposited in some warm, dry place. On the next day, the same operations are repeated, and the eggs become of a pale grayish color. The third day, they are subjected to the same mode of treatment, but the eggs become nearly black; and when the paper is unrolled on the following morning, the larvæ are found emancipated from their dreary confinement, and enjoying their liberty.

In the higher latitudes of China, where the weather is not so favorable for the rearing of silk-worms, the inhabitants make use of ovens for the simultaneous hatching of the eggs. But this plan does not succeed so well as the other. The greatest attention must be paid to preserving the purity of the atmosphere, while, at the same time, the rooms must be kept perfectly air-tight; and all the doors are obliged to be opened toward the south.

The silk-worms are fed on hurdles, which are placed in frames, arranged in tiers, eight or ten deep, one over the other. In the early stage of their existence, they feed by night as well as by day. When first hatched, they are supplied with *forty*

meals in the twenty-four hours, then with thirty, and afterward this number is gradually reduced to two.

The more rapidly the silk-worms can be brought to maturity the better, as on this circumstance the quantity of silk which they are able to produce depends. If it happen before the twenty-fifth day, one drachm of eggs will produce twenty-five ounces of silk; if not until the twenty-eighth, the same quantity of eggs will only produce twenty-one ounces; and if delayed until the thirtieth or fortieth day, only ten ounces of silk will be procured.

When about to commence their spinning operations, mats are provided, in the center of which a strip of rush, about an inch in diameter, is placed, and extended in concentric circles all over the surface of the mat, leaving a space of about an inch broad between each circle. Here the worms begin to spin; and it is found that this arrangement causes less silk to be wasted than when they are allowed a greater space for spinning the threads on which the cocoons are suspended. Formerly the rooms used, at this period, to be kept perfectly dark; but it is now discovered that the caterpillars are better and stronger when the sun is allowed to shine on the hurdles.

In seven days the cocoons are completed, and the largest and best are laid aside to perpetuate the breed. The remainder are laid in layers in large earthen vessels, with one-fortieth part of their weight in salt placed over each layer. The top is covered with large dry leaves, and the mouths of the vessels are closely covered up, which soon kills the chrysales, which would otherwise eat their way out of the cocoon, and then the silk would be useless. The silk is then rolled off, and prepared for manufacturing. The quantity of silk on each cocoon varies very much, but the average length of the thread is from five hundred to six hundred ells.

The time when the cocoon, which contains the chrysalis of the silk-worm moth, was first converted into an article of dress is unknown. It was, however, known in China twenty-seven hundred years before the Christian era. The discovery was brought from Persia by Alexander the Great, and introduced into England shortly after the Norman Conquest.

## BIRDS.

A PECULIAR charm invests the lives of naturalists. The path of the military conqueror is blood-stained, that of the statesman involved and tortuous, while the pale legions of avarice usually beset the goal of maritime discovery, and associate the names of its heroes with scenes of anarchy and oppression; but the lover of nature, who goes forth to examine her wonders or copy her graces, is impelled by a noble enthusiasm, and works in the spirit both of love and wisdom. We cannot read of the brave wanderings of Michaux in search of his sylvan idols; of Hugh Miller, while at his mason's work, reverently deducing the grandest theories of creation from a fossil of the "old red sand-stone;" or of Wilson, made an ornithologist, in feeling at least, by the sight of a red-headed woodpecker that greeted his eyes on landing in America,—without a warm sympathy with the simple, pure, and earnest natures of men thus drawn into a life-devotion to nature, by admiration of her laws and sensibility to her beauty. If we thoughtfully follow the steps, and analyze the characters of such men, we usually find in them a most attractive combination of the child, the hero, and the poet—with, too often, a shade of the martyr. An inkling of the naturalist is indeed characteristic of poets. Cowper loved hares; Gray, goldfish; Alfieri, horses; and Sir Walter Scott, dogs: but, when pursued as a special vocation, Ornithology seems the most interesting department of natural history.

Birds constitute the poetry of the animal creation: they seem, like flowers, the gratuitous offspring of nature; and although their utility, as the destroyers of baneful insects, is well known, we habitually associate them with the sense of beauty. Indeed, familiarity alone blinds us to the suggestive charm attached to winged creatures; and we can scarcely imagine the hopelessness that would brood over woods and fields, if deprived of the tuneful voices and graceful movements of the feathered tribe. The gift of aerial locomotion they enjoy, is a distinction which robes them with an attractive mystery, and leads us to regard them as creatures of less restrained volition than any other species; freedom of action is thus one of their less obvious charms, but one to which we



instinctively refer a certain exemption from ordinary trials, and capacity of high pleasures: the chartered libertines of the air, ranging its vast expanse as inclination or necessity dictates, they seem to belong to a more highly-endowed order of animal life, and to spiritualize the principle of motion by grace, alacrity, and a power to counteract natural forces. The flight of a bird, attentively watched, is one of the most inspiring revelations of nature. The ease, rapidity, and grace with which it ranges the "upper deep," and the apparent caprice or unerring instinct that regulates its course, appeal at once to science and poetry, and the minstrel as well as the naturalist is warmed into observant admiration. Delicacy of organization and exquisite plumage add to the interest thus excited; and when we combine with these attractions that of a versatile musical endowment, it is not surprising that birds have created such enthusiasm in the explorers of nature, and such affection in untaught but susceptible minds. Animal spirits seem embodied in the swift, volatile, and gay tribe; and while they approach human nature in this regard, its holier sympathies are illustrated by the domestic habits, the attachments, and individuality of birds; and thus they become naturally linked with the most grateful associations of human life: so that in conversation, literature, and art, they occupy a more distinctive and significant relation than we award to any other order of creatures.

To the natural theologian there are few illustrations more pleasing and available than those derived from the structure of birds: its adaptation to their habits yields the most useful hints toward the invention of a flying machine; the perforated membrane which incloses the lungs, through which air passes into the cavities of the breast, abdomen, and even into the hollows of the bones; the powerful muscles of the wings, the lightness and delicacy of the plumage,—increasing their buoyancy while protecting them from the weather,—the cleaving shape of the head and bill, and the rudder-tail, mark them for inhabitants of the air, of which they consume a larger portion in the ratio of their size than any other creatures; the magnitude of the brain, too, is proportionally greater; and the complexity and perfection of their vocal organs is a problem for science; while instinct asserts itself in their migratory and

domestic habits, in a manner so remarkable, that the history of birds has furnished more inspiration to story-tellers and poets than all the rest of the animal creation. In special adaptation the various modifications of beak and talons is wonderful; how different a feeding-apparatus, for instance, belongs to the woodpecker and the California fruit-eater! In the perfection of the senses, also, birds excel, and share the pleasures of sight and sound with man, indicating their enjoyment with an almost human expression. The minute and exquisite beauties of insects, visible to us only through the microscope, have given rise to the belief that the richest provision exists for the gratification of their sight. The act of singing, and the innumerable cadences and versatility of note they exhibit, suggest that the world of sound has for them an infinite range of significance. In variety of aptitude and vocation they also assimilate with the human species—some being, as it were, minstrels by profession, and others architects or hunters; and not until we enter into the labors of the ornithologist, can we imagine what numerous and modified species exist of birds of prey, and of passage—the climbers, the gallinaceous, the waders, and the web-footed. The wonderful process of ovation is yet another natural mystery revealed by birds, and Audubon used to speak of the rapture with which, when a boy, he hung over the newly-discovered nest, and looked upon the little, shining eggs, so carefully and snugly disposed. Independent of the sense of beauty and the kindliness of feeling to which birds minister, they seem to embody and express pleasure more directly than any other offspring of nature; her benign influence is singularly associated with them; the spontaneous and, as it were, vital joy that seems to animate their song and motions, brings the idea of enjoyment vividly to the heart—they seem to prophesy and proclaim happiness; and, accordingly, the misanthropes repudiate, while the cheerful welcome them. It would require a degree of introspective attention rarely exercised to realize how much the familiar notes of birds act upon our moods; in the balmy stillness of a summer noon, the vernal air of a spring morning, or amid the gorgeous drapery of an autumn wood, the chirp, carol, or cry of birds breaks upon our solitude with an impression or a winsome effect kindling to the



imagination and eloquent to the heart. "Lord," exclaims old Walton, "what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?" There appears to be a meaning in the sound beyond what reaches the ear; it links itself with the aspects of nature, with the spirit of the hour, or blends with the sad reminiscence or the hopeful reverie, like its echo or response.

There is, too, a metaphysical reason for the superior interest birds excite; they have great variety and individuality of character, and we instinctively apply their names to our acquaintances as the best and most available synonyms. Who has not encountered human beings selfish as the cormorant, loquacious and unoriginal as the parrot, vain as the peacock, gentle as the dove, chattering as the jay, volatile as the swallow, solemn as the owl, rapacious as the hawk, noble as the eagle, and so on through all the modifications of character? There are, indeed, two human attributes which birds possess in a striking degree—affection and vanity. There is a bird in Mexico with a most beautiful tail, that builds its nest with two openings, in order to go in and out without ruffling its feathers. The brilliant and varied costume of birds has suggested fabrics and patterns innumerable to more rational beings; and many of them, apparently, take as conscious delight in their array, and the display of it, and in their vocal accomplishments, to win admiration or sympathy, as the most accomplished coquette or gallant. In fact, although they seek prey and build nests, their ways are quite social, and they seem born to leisure like people of fortune; and it is this apparent immunity from care, this life of vagrant enjoyment,—as if mere flying about and singing were their destiny,—that renders birds, like flowers, so grateful to the mind and senses. The blue jay is a practical joker; the snow-bunting delights in a storm, and the white owl in moonlight, quite as much as any poet; the tailor-bird sews leaves together to make itself a nest with the skill of a modiste; the cuckoo is an adept in small imposture—the Yankee peddler of birds; the maternal instinct of the quail induces her to pretend lameness, and lead off urchins in search of her nest on a false track. There is an Indian bird of luxurious tastes, whose domicile is divided into several compartments, each of which it

lights up at night with fire-flies. We cannot see the kingfisher intently gazing down upon the waters from a lofty tree, without realizing the wonderful visual adaptation of its optics. It is attested by many travelers, that when a mule falls dead on the plains of South America, although not a bird is visible to the human eye, in a few moments flocks of vultures appear, having either scented or seen their prey from so vast a distance as to indicate an incalculable power of the visual or olfactory nerves. We cannot see a flight of crows without thinking of the ancient time, when their course was so anxiously watched by the augurs; or hear the first welcome-note of the robin, as he hops about the field before our dwelling, as if on a congratulatory visit at the advent of spring, without having the associations of childhood revived with the thought of that memorable English ballad which consecrates this bird to youthful affections.

Of the rude sculptured figures on Egyptian tombs, the most correctly designed are those of birds; and in that land of sunshine and mystery, the ibis was held sacred; while as effective accessories to the grand and monotonous landscape, most appropriately stands a solitary heron, apparently carved in bold relief against the twilight sky; or floating high above the traveler's head, is seen a symmetrical phalanx of flamingoes, their black wings and snowy bodies gracefully parting the ambient firmament. The hue of a Java sparrow's beak is inexpressibly cheery; the habit of the ostrich of burying her eggs in the sand and leaving them to be hatched by the sun, and the fidelity of the carrier-pigeon, are facts in natural history prolific of comparisons. The antique design of the doves at a fountain, is constantly repeated by mosaic and cameo workers; and on sword, banner, and signet, the king of birds remains the universal emblem of freedom and power, equally significant of American liberty and Roman dominion.

One of the most celebrated jurists in America was missed at dinner by his family, one day in the country; but, after diligent search, he was found in the hayloft, absorbed in watching a pair of swallows, and acknowledged that, accustomed as he was to technical and abstract investigations, the observation of animated nature proved a refreshment he could not have imagined. Few of us, indeed, can fail to have ac-

quired a personal interest in birds, however we may have neglected their biography. A family with which we were domesticated abroad, had a pair of turtle-doves in the house, who flew about at pleasure, and exhibited no fear, except in the presence of strangers; one of them died, and we were surprised at witnessing no indications of the despairing grief ascribed to this bird when thus bereft. The anomaly was explained, however, when we noticed what an attachment the dove manifested toward a beautiful boy of six years; her favorite resting-place was in the profuse golden hair of the child; here she would sit brooding, while the boy was at his sports or his book, swaying to and fro with his movements, or quietly nestling when he assumed a fixed position. Sometimes, when the sunshine fell upon the pair, in a picturesque attitude, the idea of a cupid with one of his mother's doves, or of an infant St. John with this living emblem of beatitude, irresistibly suggested itself. The child was seized with a brain fever, and, after a brief illness, died; and then the dove's plaintive cooing was incessant; she refused sustenance for a long time, and adopted a monastic life, in the high and dark folds of a window-curtain—abjuring her previous habits of sociability, and apparently consecrating her life to sorrow. Who that has watched the yellow-birds swinging on the lithe sprays of an elm in a New-England village, the flight of black-birds, in the autumn, round the shores of Lake Champlain, or the graceful sweep of the curlews on the Atlantic coast, and not thenceforth found them indissolubly associated with these localities? As I crossed the piazza of St. Mark, at Venice, for the first time, I noticed with surprise that the pigeons did not fly at my approach, and recalled the fact that they had been sacredly protected by the ancient government, and enjoyed prescriptive rights, which they obviously considered inviolable. It is a striking thought, when we contemplate it, that the eider down that pillows the head of beauty, or trembles at the breath of her whose fair bosom it covers, was torn from the wild sea-bird; that the graceful plume that waves over the warrior's crest once sustained the poised eagle among the clouds, or winged the ostrich on his desert path. With how many evening reveries and reminiscences of sentiment is the note of the whip-poor-

will associated, and what an appropriate sound for the desolate marsh is the cry of the bittern! It is not surprising that tradition and poetry embalm the names of so many birds; from the superstition of the ignorant mariner to the appreciative love of the educated bard, they, though so often sacrificed, are yet endeared to man. The fables of the roc and the phenix are among their most remote memorials; mythology has wedded them to her deities; on tavern-signs they betoken good cheer, and on banners are national emblems. Burns uttered a natural human sentiment when he asks, in the song, the little birds o' bonnie Doon, how they can chant, and he sae fu o' care! One of the most exquisite metaphors in English poetry is that of Goldsmith, when he compares the good pastor's efforts to lure his charge to the skies to those of a bird tempting its offspring to fly; and next to it is that of Byron, in allusion to Kirke White's early death, comparing him to the dying eagle who sees that his own feather winged the fatal shaft. And another more tender and graphic image still is that of Dante in the episode of Francesca de Rimini:—

Quali colombe, dal disio chiamate,  
Con l'ali aperte e ferme al dolce nido  
Volan per l'aer dal voler portate;  
Cotal uceir della schiera ov'è Dido,  
A noi venendo per l'aer maligno,  
Sì forte fu l'affettuoso grido.

Boccaccio's falcon and Sterne's starling, and the raven in Barnaby Rudge, are classic birds, since rendered by genius the expositors of noble and humorous sentiment. But in this, as in all other departments of nature, the most characteristic and feeling tributes emanate from the poets.

ENERGY OF CHARACTER.—I lately happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.—*Poster.*

## PALM LEAVES.

## SELECT ORIENTAL TALES.

## I. THE PAIR OF SLIPPERS.

THERE once lived in Bagdad a merchant, named Abu-Casem, who was quite notorious for his covetousness. Notwithstanding his great wealth, his clothes were all in rags and tatters. His turban was composed of a large cloth, whose colors were no longer distinguishable; but, above all the other articles of his dress, his slippers attracted everybody's attention. The soles of them were armed with huge nails; the upper leather was composed of as many pieces as a beggar's cloak; for, during the ten years they had been slippers, the cleverest cobblers of Bagdad had used all their skill in fastening the shreds together. Of necessity, therefore, they had become so weighty, that when people wanted to describe anything very heavy, they compared it to Casem's slippers.

As this merchant was one day walking through the great bazaar of the city, a considerable stock of glass was offered to him a great bargain, and he very gladly agreed to purchase it. Some days afterward, he heard that an unfortunate dealer in precious balsams was reduced to sell only rose-water, as a last resource. He turned this poor man's misery to account, bought all his rose-water for half its value, and was consequently in the best of humors.

It is the custom of Oriental merchants, when they have made a successful bargain, to give a feast of rejoicing; but this our niggard would not do. He thought it more profitable to bestow a little extra indulgence upon himself; and therefore he went to the bath—a luxury to which he had not for a long time treated himself. Whilst he was taking off his clothes, one of his friends (so, at least, he called him; but such niggards seldom have a friend) said to him, that it was quite time for him to leave off his slippers, which had made him quite a by-word in the city, and buy a new pair. "I have been thinking of it for some time," answered Casem; "but, when I look well at them, they are not so very bad, but that they may do a little more service." Speaking thus, he undressed, and went into the bath.

Whilst he was there, the Cadi of Bagdad entered; and because Casem was ready before the Judge, he went out first.

He dressed; but sought in vain for his slippers. Another pair stood where his own ought to have been, and our careful man soon persuaded himself that the friend who had given him such good advice while he was undressing, had made him a present of these new ones. He put them on with much satisfaction, and left the baths with the intention of thanking his friend for them.

But, unhappily, the slippers belonged to the Cadi; and when he had finished bathing, his slaves sought in vain for them; they could only find in their stead a miserable pair, which were immediately recognized as Casem's. The porter soon ran after him, and brought him back to the Cadi, as detected in a theft. The Judge, provoked at the unblushing avarice of the old miser, immediately sent him to prison; and, in order to avoid the open shame due to a thief, he had to pay richly: the law condemned him to give the worth of a hundred pair of slippers if he would escape with a whole skin.

As soon as he was safe out of gaol, he revenged himself upon the cause of his trouble. In his rage, he threw the slippers into the Tigris, which flowed beneath his window, so that he might never set eyes upon them again; but it was to be otherwise. A few days afterward, some fishermen, on drawing up their net, found it unusually heavy: they thought they had gained a treasure; but, alas! nothing was there but Casem's slippers, the nails of which had torn the net so much, that it would take whole days to mend it.

Full of indignation against Casem and his slippers, they threw them in at his window, which was just then open; and as, unluckily, all the flasks of beautiful rose-water which he had bought were neatly ranged beneath the window, those heavy iron foes fell upon them, the bottles were broken, and all the rose-water spilt upon the floor.

Casem's horror, when he entered his apartment, may be better imagined than described. "Detestable slippers!" he exclaimed, tearing his beard, "you shall not do me any further mischief." He took a spade, and ran with them into his garden, where he hastily dug a hole to bury his slippers; when, unhappily, one of his neighbors, who had long meditated some mischief against him, happened to look through his window, and saw him hard at

work, digging this hole. Without delay, he ran to the Governor of the city, and told him, as a secret, that Casem had found a great treasure in his garden. This was quite enough to arouse the Governor's cupidity; and it was all in vain that our miser declared he had not found anything, but had only buried his old slippers. In vain he dug them up again, and brought them forth in presence of the Judge; the Governor had made up his mind to have money, and Casem was obliged to purchase his release with a large sum.

In utter despair, he left the Governor's, carrying his expensive slippers in his hand, while in his heart he wished them far away. "Why," said he, "should I thus carry them in my hand to my own disgrace?" So he threw them into an aqueduct not far from the Governor's palace. "Now," said he, "I shall hear no more of you; you have cost me money enough—away with you from my sight!" But, alas! the slippers stuck fast in the mud of the aqueduct. This was enough; in a few hours the stream was stopped, the water overflowed; the watermen ran together, for the Governor's cellars were inundated, and for all this trouble and misfortune Casem's slippers were answerable! The watermen soon discovered the unlucky cause of the mischief, and as quickly made it known. The owner of the slippers was taken into custody, and as this appeared to be a vicious revenge upon the Governor, he was sentenced to atone for it by paying a larger fine than either of the foregoing ones. But the Governor gave the slippers carefully back to him.

"What now shall I do with you, ye accursed slippers?" said poor Casem. "I have given you over to the elements, and they have returned you, to cause me each time a greater loss; there remains but one means—now I will burn you."

"But," continued he, shaking them, "you are so soaked with mud and water, that I must first lay you to dry in the sun; but I will take good care you do not come into my house again." With these words he went up to the flat roof of the house, and laid them under the vertical rays of the sun. Yet had not misfortune tried all her powers against him; indeed, her latest stroke was to be the hardest of all. A neighbor's pet monkey saw the slippers, jumped from his master's roof on to Casem's, seized upon and dragged them

about. While he thus played with them, the unlucky slippers fell down and alighted on the head of a woman who was standing in the street below. Her husband brought his grievance before the Judge, and Casem had to atone for this more heavily than for aught before, for his innocent slippers had nearly killed one of his fellow-creatures. "Just Judge," said Casem, with an earnestness which made even the Cadi smile, "I will endure and pay all and everything to which you have condemned me, only I ask your protection against those implacable enemies, which have been the agents of all my trouble and distress to this hour—I mean these miserable slippers. They have brought me to poverty, disgrace, ay, even to peril of my life; and who knows what else may follow? Be just, O noble Cadi, and make a determination that all misfortunes which can be clearly ascribed to the evil spirit which haunts these slippers, may be visited upon them, and not upon me."

The Judge could not deny Casem's request: he kept those disturbers of public and private peace in his own possession, thinking he could give no better lesson to the miser than this which he had now learned at so much expense, namely, that it is better to buy a new pair of slippers when the old ones are worn out!

#### SYNCHRONISTICS—THE YEAR 1618.

LET fancy transport us back to a period when the earth was two hundred years younger, and blissfully inexperienced in English and French revolutions, (wherein she is by *this* time of day so accomplished a *savant*.) nor had yet learned to spell into memorable combinations the letters which to us have a burning significance in such names as Cromwell and Napoleon, Danton and Washington, Louis Quatorze, the Magnificent, and Louis Seize, the servant of servants. We take our stand at the year 1618. The place is Dort; the occasion is an ecclesiastical synod. Those venerable men disputing so keenly about questions for the discussion of which the Romish controversy has made them cunning masters of fence, are deputies from the leading reformed Churches, including the English. Hot-blooded Arminians and hard-headed Calvinists are reasoning high

"Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—  
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute."

There you hear the metaphysical platitudes of the honest German—his oracular deliverances plenteously spiced with gutturals of profoundest bathos—quoting huge excerpts from Dr. Martin and the erudite Melancthon; not without intervals of dreamy dialectics, typical of the nation to which De Stael, or rather Jean Paul, assigns the empire of the air. There, too, the "swag-bellied Hollander" figures, away in a dense imbroglio of chopping-logic, and goes on refining, and classifying, and analyzing, and systematizing, with the quiet *gusto* of one who has mounted his hobby, and means to keep the animal going as long as wind will let him. There, too, the animated Swiss, jealous for the honor of John Calvin, to whom he assigns chapter the first in his private edition of hero-worship, accounting him to be, among all the worthies of a day in which giants stalked the earth, the *facile princeps*. And there, too, the practical sense and Protestant devotion of England has a representative in the person of good Bishop Hall—famous for witty satirical poems and large tomes of energetic prose. Mark the hush of attention that travels, like electric telegraph, athwart the assessors, when Simon Episcopius rises to speak "to the question." Alas! there is no lack of prejudice and intolerance among the partisans of either side; the flush that lights up many dim and furrowed cheeks is not altogether of holy joy. One would be grateful if, when doctors disagree, they were less fertile in opprobrious scorn, and in the rancorous invention of the *tu quoque* kind of skirmishing. Less scholasticism and more Christian forbearance, less dogmatism and more generous piety, were surely better. Let us away.

Let us away! But an old adage saith, "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Our transit is somewhat in that latitude. The same year invites us from the logomachy of Dort to the opening of no *wordy* war, but one of garments rolled in blood,

"With tens of thousands rent from off the tree  
Of hopeful life,—by battle's whirlwind blown  
Into the deserts of Eternity.  
Unpitied havoc! Victims unlamented!  
But not on high, where madness is resented."

Wordsworth.

This is "Year One" of the Thirty Years' War. The Bohemian insurgents (see Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," book i,

or Menzel's "Germany," book xviii) have just forced their way into the imperial palace at Prague, occupied at present by Ferdinand's plenipotentiary commissioners, Slawata and Martinitz, and demand a statement as to their share in the recent threatening proclamation from the throne, directed against the heretical and disaffected. The commissioners chafe these hot spirits into madness by a cavalier port of supreme contempt and defiance. Slawata and Martinitz cannot tread out a volcano in *that* way. They are seized by the angry deputation, dragged to the open window, and hurled from it down to the castle trench—a fall of some eighty feet. Such is the initiative act of open rebellion. Such is the beginning of sorrows, the opened floodgate of streaming, rushing, ever-swelling woes, which shall deluge Germany for thrice ten years, like

"The simultaneous tide when hid  
Volcanoes heave the ocean, and a long  
Vast wave engulfs an island."

Sydney Yendys.

At this time John Milton is a promising boy in his tenth year, gifted with an eye to mark, as few others can, the events and actors of the years to come—the struggle of the Wallensteins, and Tillys, and Piccolominis abroad, and of Lands and Hampdens and Pymys at home. Edmund Waller is launching on his teens, and already enjoying the honors, substantial and otherwise, of an heir to three thousand a-year, and unconsciously collecting stores of impressions and sensations to be hereafter set down in mellifluous verse. A still finer genius than Waller, Abraham Cowley, is this year ushered into life, destined to die in that year which shall give "Paradise Lost" to the world, (for five pounds sterling.) Samuel Butler has not yet learned to speak plain, nor discarded petticoats, but is playing about his father's Worcestershire farm-yard, and as innocent of the idea of "Hudibras" as that watch-dog careering at his side. Izaak Walton is a fine, healthy young "sempster," zealous for the interests of linen-drapery in business hours, and afterward hurrying with a light heart, rod in hand, to suburban rivers and pools, that he may

"There meditate his time away,  
And angle on; and beg to have  
A quiet passage to a welcome grave;"



or singing "that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow, "Come, live with me, and be my love," and resorting, with sharp appetite enough, to some favorite little alehouse with its "cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the walls," to make such a supper of his gallant trout as it would warm the heart of Christopher North to witness. Thomas Fuller is a quick-witted youngster of the same age as Milton: in this one fact "alike; but O how different" in all besides! Jeremy Taylor is separated from lawn sleeves, and alb, and mitre, by many a summer and winter, being as yet a tiny member of the family of the unbreeched, and inclined to regard the alphabet as the *Ultima Thule* of ripe scholarship; unconsciously hitherto of "Holy Living" other than that of the infancy which comes nearest, perhaps, to the ideal of its innocence, and to whom "Holy Dying" is a mystery which passeth all understanding. Roger l'Estrange is just learning to walk, and Ralph Cudworth is not even in leading strings yet, his highest philosophy mere sensationalism at present. Robert Burton, a Leicestershire rector, is collating illustrations for his forthcoming *magnum opus*, the "Anatomy of Melancholy," the only book that ever took Dr. Johnson out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. Lord Herbert of Cherbury is English Ambassador at Paris, the delight of its *elite*, for his chivalrous demeanor, not without a pungent spice of Quixotism in it, and there he is employing leisure hours in deistic researches, with a view to the speedy publication of his "De Veritate." Sir Walter Raleigh is at this very time terminating on the scaffold his brilliant career, telling the executioner that "so the heart be right, it matters not which way the heart lies," and bidding him "fear not, but strike home." Bacon's star nears its culmination; another year, and he will be Baron Verulam, Lord High Chancellor of England. Ben Jonson, too, in another year, will be poet laureate, (having already produced his choicest works, and for two summers since the bard of Avon fell asleep headed the poets of Britain,) and will pay that visit to William Drummond, of which we hear a doggerel memento whenever we visit the grounds of sweet Hawthornden and romantic Esk. Massinger is winning a

precarious living by his tragedies—a notable subject for the "Calamities of Authors" is this penury-stricken scholar. Corneille is only in his tenth year—the drama of France is in the future tense, (and, no question, the optative mood.) Rembrandt is of the same age. Rubens is at Antwerp, painting himself into renown more lasting than his colors; and his pupil Vandyke is bordering on man's estate, with a reversion of fame if not of immortality for him also.

We have thus listened awhile to the beatings of the great heart of the world two centuries since. But death has bid them all "peace, be still," and lo, a great calm!

#### LORD CHANCELLOR THURLOW.

WITH all his faults and shortcomings, there was that in Thurlow which overawed and daunted his contemporaries, and of which the impression is not wholly lost even on posterity. It was a saying of Mr. Fox, that no man ever yet was so wise as Thurlow looked. His countenance was fraught with sense, his aspect stately and commanding, his brow broad, massy, and armed with terrors, like that of the Olympian Jove, to which, indeed, it was often compared. His voice, loud, sonorous, and as rolling thunder in the distance, augmented the effect of his fierce and terrible invective. Few, indeed, were they who did not quail before his frown—fewer still who would abide his onset in debate. Perhaps no modern English statesman, in the House of Lords at least, was ever so much dreaded. In Parliament, as at the bar, his speeches were home-thrusts, conveying the strongest arguments, or keenest reproofs, in the plainest and clearest words. His enemies might accuse his style of being coarse, and sometimes even ungrammatical, but they could never deny its energy or its effect. In private life Thurlow was remarkable for his thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin writers; and no less for his skill in argument and brilliant powers of conversation. While yet at the bar, Dr. Johnson said of him to Boswell—"I honor Thurlow, sir; Thurlow is a fine fellow: he fairly puts his mind to yours." And after he became Chancellor, the same high authority added—"I would prepare myself for no man in England but Lord Thurlow. When I am to meet



him, I should like to know a day before." Unless with ladies, his manner was always uncouth, and his voice a constant growl. But beneath that rugged rind there appears to have lurked much warmth of affection and kindness of heart. Many acts of generous aid and unsolicited bounty are recorded of him. Men of learning and merit seldom needed any other recommendation to his favor. Thus, on reading Horsley's *Letters to Dr. Priestley*, he at once obtained for the author a stall at Gloucester, saying—what I earnestly wish all other chancellors had borne in mind—that "those who supported the Church should be supported by it." Nevertheless, his temper, even when in some measure sobered down by age, was always liable to violent and unreasonable starts of passion. It is related by a gentleman who dined with him at Brighton only a few months before his death—for I must ever hold that great characters are best portrayed by little circumstances—that a plateful of peaches being brought in, the ex-chancellor, incensed at their ill appearance, ordered the window to be opened, and not only the peaches, but the whole dessert to be thrown out.

#### SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE—REMARKABLE EXAMPLES.

IT will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was, that "whatever might be said about luck, 'tis skill that leads to fortune!" There can be no doubt of this as a general principle. Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any line of life. The skillful, the active, and the steadily persevering, usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time, something is due to circumstances, as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is, that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition. That with a fair share of ambition, prudence, and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, "fortune," though perhaps not without corresponding responsibilities and cares—we present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances.

Readers of Plutarch and other old historians will recollect that Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence, and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were slaves at their outset in life. Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter; Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens. The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most distressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record; but he was finally rewarded with the highest honors. Bandoccin, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked many years at the same business. Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor; and although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures.

The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Wolcott—otherwise Peter Pindar—working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a cloth-worker at Guildford. Akenside, the author of "Pleasures of Imagination," was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse. Ammenius Saccophorus, founder of the Mystic philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat—whence the latter part of his name. Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by fire-light; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly.

George Anderson, the translator of a treatise of Archimedes, and author of a "General View of the East India Company's Affairs," who died in 1796, was originally a day-laborer. Masaniello, who headed a successful revolt against the tyranny of the Austrian government at Naples, was a poor seller of fish. Sir Richard Arkwright, the ingenious inventor of the machinery for spinning cotton, was originally a country barber, or dealer in hair. Arne, an eminent English composer of music, who died in 1778, was the only son of an upholsterer, and was himself brought up as an attorney's clerk. Astle, the archaeologist, and author of a work on the origin and progress of writing, was the son of the keeper of Needwood Forest. Augereau, Marshal of France, and Duke de Castiglione, under Bonaparte, was originally a private soldier in the French and Neapolitan ranks. John Bacon, an eminent sculptor of last century, was originally a painter of porcelain for potters. Sir Humphrey Davy was the son of a carver on wood, and he himself began as an apprentice to an apothecary.

Baillet, a laborious and learned French writer, was born of poor parents at Neuville in Picardy, but he extricated and raised himself by his genius. Ballard, the author of "Memoirs of British Ladies," was originally a stay and habit maker; but being patronized for his acquirements, he was educated at Oxford, and made beadle of that university. Barker, the inventor of pictorial representation by panorama, having failed in business, became a miniature-painter, and settled in Edinburgh; and it was while resident here, and taking a view from the Calton Hill, that the idea of forming a panorama entered his mind. His invention realized him a fortune. Beattie, the author of the "Minstrel," and Professor of Moral Philosophy in Aberdeen University, was originally a parish school-master at Fordun. Belzoni, one of the most eminent travelers in Egypt, at one period, when in pecuniary difficulties, supported himself by exhibiting feats of strength in different towns in Great Britain. The famous Admiral Benbow served at first as a common sailor in a merchant vessel. Miss Benger, the authoress of the "Life of Mary Queen of Scots," and many other productions of merit, was so very poor in early life, that, for the sake

of reading, she used to peruse the pages of books in a bookseller's window in a little town in Wiltshire, where she resided, and returned day after day, in the hope of finding another page turned over. She afterwards obtained friends who assisted her. Sebastian Castalio, the elegant Latin translator of the Bible, was born of poor peasants, who lived among the mountains of Dauphine. The Abbe Hautefeuille, who distinguished himself in the seventeenth century by his inventions in clock and watch making, was the son of a baker.

The eminent Prideaux, who rose to be Bishop of Winchester, was born of such poor parents that they could with difficulty keep him at school, and he acquired the rudiments of his education by acting as an assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, Oxford. Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench in the reign of Charles II., was originally an errand-boy to the young lawyers at the Temple-chambers in London. Linnæus was apprenticed to a shoemaker, with whom he wrought for some time, till rescued by a generous patron, who saw his genius for learning. Lomonosoff, one of the most celebrated Russian poets of last century, began life as a poor fisherboy. The famous Ben Jonson worked for some years as a brick-layer; but while he had a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket. Peter Ramus, a celebrated writer of the sixteenth century, was at first a shepherd-boy, and obtained his education by serving as a lackey to the College of Navarre. Longomontanus, the Danish astronomer, was the son of a laborer. Parens, Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, and an eminent divine, was at first an apprentice to a shoemaker. Hans Sacho, an eminent German poet and scholar, was the son of a tailor, and he himself wrought as a shoemaker for many years. John Folez, an old German poet, was a barber. Lucast Cornelisz, a Dutch painter of the sixteenth century, had occasionally to support his family as a cook in gentlemen's kitchens. The illustrious Kepler spent his life in poverty, but in apparent contentment. Winckelman was so poor while a student, that he sang ballads through the streets at night for his support. Wolfgang Musculus commenced his career in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged from door to door,

in order to obtain a pittance wherewith to put himself to school. Pope Adrian VI., one of the most eminent scholars of his time, began life in great poverty; and as he could not afford candles, often read by the light of street-lamps, or in church-porches where lights are kept burning: his eminent acquirements and unimpeachable character led him successively through different preferments in the Church till he was elected Pope. Claude Lorraine is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastrycook.

Dr. Isaac Maddox, Bishop of Worcester, and known for his writings in defense of the Church, was the son of a pastrycook. The late Dr. Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle, and Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, was at first a weaver. Dr. White, Professor of Arabic at Oxford, was also a weaver in his youth. Thedem, the chief surgeon of Frederick the Great, had in his youth been apprenticed to a tailor. The celebrated John Hunter, the anatomist, was originally apprentice to a cabinet-maker. William Kent and Francis Towne, landscape painters of eminence, began as apprentices to coach-painters. The famous Hogarth raised himself from the condition of a working-engraver on silver. Edmund Stone, the eminent mathematician, was originally a boy who wrought in the garden of the Duke of Argyle at Inverary, and who taught himself to read. Buchanan, the Scottish historian, was born of poor parents, and being sent by an uncle to Paris for his education, he was there so neglected that, in order to get back to his own country, he enlisted as a private soldier in a corps leaving France for Scotland: Buchanan had to undergo many difficulties before his learning was appreciated. Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," commenced life as a soldier, lost his left hand in battle, and was a captive in Algiers for five years, during which period he wrote part of his celebrated work. Giordani, an Italian engineer and mathematician of the seventeenth century, was originally a common soldier on board one of the Pope's galleys. William Hutton, the eminent historian of Birmingham, and the author of some miscellaneous pieces, was the son of a poor woolcomber, and suffered the severest pangs of poverty in his early years. Joly, the French dramatist, was the son of the keeper of a coffee-house. Erasmus

endured great poverty while a student. Blacklock, a Scottish poet, was blind from his infancy, and in early life was in a distressing state of poverty; yet he rose to a respectable station in society, and acquired considerable learning in scientific and theological branches of education.

Bunyan, the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress," was the son of a tinker, and followed that profession himself for some time. Having been imprisoned for preaching, he supported himself and his family by togging laces, and in his leisure hours in his dungeon he composed the work which has immortalized his name. The Scottish poet Burns, as is well known, was born a peasant, and his early life was spent as a plowman; yet what fame did he not acquire? Cæcilius Statius, a celebrated dramatic writer in ancient Rome, was originally a slave, but was emancipated in consequence of his talents. Caslon, an eminent typefounder in London, was originally an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, but being noticed by some printers for the elegance of his lettering, he was induced to become a cutter of types, in which he acquired a handsome fortune. Cavalier, the famous leader and protector of the Camisards or Protestants of Languedoc, when an attempt was made to exterminate them by Louis XIV., was the son of a peasant, and was bred a journeyman baker: he afterward distinguished himself in the English service, in which he died, 1740.

Ephraim Chambers, the compiler of a well-known dictionary of arts and sciences, was the apprentice of a mathematical-instrument maker, and it was while in this occupation he projected his dictionary, some of the articles of which he wrote behind the counter. Captain Cook, the eminent circumnavigator, was born of humble parents in Yorkshire, and began his career as cabin-boy in the merchant-service. Cullen, who rose to such eminence as a physician, was originally apprentice to a surgeon and apothecary in Glasgow, and supported himself in early life by making several voyages, as surgeon, to the West Indies. Curran, the eminent Irish barrister, was born of humble parents, and had to struggle with want of practice and consequent penury, before he became known and rose to such splendid forensic fame. Sir William Davenant, an eminent

dramatic writer, and partisan of Charles I., was the son of an innkeeper at Oxford. Daniel Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and other works, was the son of a London butcher, and had to struggle with many misfortunes. Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators of antiquity, was the son of a sword-blade manufacturer at Athens, and was left an orphan at seven years of age; and it was with incredible perseverance and labor that he brought himself into notice. James Dickson, the author of some eminent works on Botany, and one of the founders of the Linnean Society in London, was originally a working gardener, and rose by his own exertions.

Dodsley, the publisher of the "Annual Register," and the author of the "Economy of Human Life," and other pieces, was originally a stocking-weaver, and afterwards a footman. Having, while in this situation, published a poem entitled the "Muse in Livery," he came into notice, was patronized by Pope, and enabled to commence as a bookseller in London, where he rose to fortune by his industry and merit. Falconer, the author of "The Shipwreck," was the son of a barber in Edinburgh—by others he is said to have been a native of Fife—and entered the merchant-service when young; he underwent many difficulties, and was at last drowned in a voyage to India. James Ferguson, the astronomer and experimental philosopher, was the son of a poor laborer in Banffshire, served at first as a shepherd, and rose to eminence entirely by his force of genius and application. George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, was the son of a weaver, and he himself served an apprenticeship to a grazier, and was employed in keeping sheep; the silence and solitude of which occupation produced a zealous religious feeling, which led to the propagation of his new scheme of human society. Benjamin Franklin, who rose to eminence as a philosopher and statesman, was originally, as is well known, a journeyman printer; and it was only by unremitting industry and the exercise of his genius that he rose to the enviable situation in which he closed his career.

Andrew Fuller, a celebrated Baptist minister, and author of some works of merit, in the last century, wrought as a peasant till he was twenty years of age.

Madam de Genlis, whose maiden name was Duerest de St. Aubin, felt the stings of adversity and poverty in her youth, and depended on her musical abilities for support, till married to the Count de Genlis. Gifford, the late distinguished editor of the "Quarterly Review," was left an orphan at thirteen; was put to sea as a cabin-boy; was afterward bound to be a shoemaker, and was rescued from his humble fate at twenty years of age by the kindness of Mr. Cooksley, a surgeon: Gifford was so utterly poor while a shoemaker, that he could not buy paper, and used to work algebraical questions with a blunted awl on fragments of leather. His ingenuity procured him friends, and by these he was assisted to advance himself in life: for let it be observed, *the well-behaved are never utterly friendless*. Gray the poet, like Gifford, was brought up in great poverty, and supported in his education entirely through the extraordinary exertions of his mother. John Harrison, who received the reward of \$100,000 from Parliament for his famous time-keeper to determine the longitude at sea, was the son of a carpenter, and instructed himself in mechanics.

Hawkesworth, the author of the "Adventure," was the son of a watchmaker, and was at first brought up to that profession. He afterward became a clerk to a stationer, and then rose to distinction as a literary character. Sir John Hawkwood, a distinguished military commander of the fourteenth century, was originally an apprentice to a tailor, but entering as a private soldier he rose to eminence. Haydn, one of the most celebrated music-composers, was the son of a poor cartwright. Herder, a German philosopher and writer, and who has been called the Fœnelon of his country, was born of poor parents, and nurtured in adversity. Sir William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers of modern times, was originally a player in the band of a Hanoverian regiment. General Hoche, who commanded an expedition against Ireland in 1796, began life as a stable-boy. The Joan of Arc, who by her heroism delivered France from the English, was born of poor parents, and supported herself in early life by keeping sheep, and taking care of horses at a country inn. Samuel Johnson was the son of a bookseller at Litchfield, and attempted to support himself by keep-

ing a school: before he became known and was patronized by the crown, he had to endure severe pecuniary difficulties. Henry Jones, a poet and dramatist of last century, was born of poor parents at Drogheda, and was bred a bricklayer. La Harpe, a French dramatist, poet, critic, and miscellaneous writer, was the son of a Swiss officer, who died in poverty, and left him an orphan in such destitute circumstances that he was supported by the Sisters of Charity, and it was by their recommendations that he was gratuitously educated.

The illustrious Shakspeare was the son of a dealer in wool; and such was the poverty of the young dramatist, that he employed himself first as a prompter's call-boy: other accounts represent him as holding gentlemen's horses at the door of the playhouse. Shield, the famous English violinist and musician, was the son of a singing-master, who, in his ninth year, left him fatherless: his early years were spent as an apprentice to a boat-builder, but his genius led him from this occupation to that of music, in which he was eminently successful. Jeremy Taylor, an eminent theologian and prelate of the seventeenth century, was the son of a barber. Toussaint L'Ouverture, who was appointed Governor and President of the free black Republic of St. Domingo, was born a slave, in which condition he remained till the revolution in the island brought forward his abilities and courage. Wallenstein, a celebrated German general, began life as a page of the Margrave of Burgau—a situation almost equivalent to that of a foot-boy to an English country gentleman. Webbe, who has been so celebrated for his musical compositions, especially his glees, was originally a poor destitute boy, who gained a meagre subsistence by copying music; but by dint of incessant study, he became an excellent composer. West, the American painter, had many difficulties to contend with at his outset; but like many eminent artists, he overcame them all by his perseverance. With him skill truly led to fortune.

After perusing this long catalogue, who would despair? With trust in God, and with diligence in his calling, let the young aspirant shun mean indulgences, and aim at success. Then, if he reach not fortune, he will at least have the blessed consciousness of having deserved it.

VOL. I, No. 2.—K

### THE SENSE OF TOUCH.

THE sense of feeling differs from all the other senses, in belonging to every part of the body, external and internal, where nerves are distributed.

The nerves proceeding from the brain and spinal marrow to the skin are the source of its sensibility. The degree of this offers great and remarkable varieties as regards age, sex, temperament, and state of health. A degree of action on the skin, which to some amounts to absolute torture, to others is almost a matter of indifference. To a certain extent this is doubtless influenced by the moral state. The "white man," says Flint, "shivers, and scarcely credits his senses, as he sees the young Indian warrior smoking his pipe, singing his songs, boasting of his victories, and uttering his menaces, when enveloped in a slow fire; apparently as unmoved, as reckless and unconscious of pain, as if sitting at ease in his own cabin. All that has been found necessary . . . to procure this heroism, is, that the children from boyhood should be constantly under a discipline . . . which tends directly to shame and contempt at the least manifestation of cowardice, on view of any danger, or of a shrinking consciousness of pain in the endurance of any suffering. The males so trained never fail to evidence the fruit of their discipline. Nothing is more common than for a friend to propose to suffer for his friend, a parent for a child, or a child for a parent. Such persons endure vastly less physical pain than those who suffer in paroxysms of terror and self-abandonment.

A German writer affirms that "terrestrial magnetism" exerts in some sensitive persons a peculiar influence, whether they are in a state of health or otherwise, affecting both body and mind.

The pleasures of touch are few beyond the variations of warmth and coolness, and even these are limited in their degree. Suffering is a warning voice, intimating that something has been left undone which ought to have been done; or that we have done, or are doing, something we ought not to do. The pains of this sense are therefore more numerous and vivid than those arising from any other sense. Our capacity of physical endurance may, however, be increased to a wonderful extent by practice, and that even at a comparatively advanced age.



In animals there is one characteristic which has a great influence on the ability of those possessed of it. It is the faculty of opposing a thumb to the other fingers: this constitutes the hand; and it is found in the highest degree of perfection in man. He being formed to stand on and walk with his feet, in an erect posture, his hands are left at liberty. All the fingers, except the wedding-ring finger, have separate movements, which is not the case with any other animal: the nails, placed on one side only, form a support, without injuring the delicacy of the touch. From the mandibles of insects to the human hand, all is seen to be in the most harmonious relation, evincing throughout the whole creation the adaptation of means to ends. Galen denominated the hand as "the instrument of instruments," as it imparts incomparable skill. It is wonderfully adapted to the purposes for which it was designed, and thus illustrates the divine wisdom. The hand is remarkable for the flexibility of its parts, and the ease with which the whole is moved: this is owing to the complexity of its structure, consisting of no fewer than twenty-seven separate bones, put in motion by nineteen muscles. No animal has any member comparable with the human hand. The right hand has a preference from natural endowment. (See Sir C. Bell, on the Hand.) The hand is divided into many parts, to enable it to apply itself to objects of various shapes, and to obtain a firm hold on those that are both greater and less than itself; and for bodies of unusual bulk, nature has made each hand assistant to his fellow.

The touch is perhaps the least liable to err of any of the senses; accordingly we rely on its testimony with confidence. Females have a finer skin and more delicate perception of feeling than men. Scarcely anything is more elegant than the management of the hands of a woman of education. The hand is not the principal object of touch solely because the extremities of the fingers are furnished with a great quantity of nervous papillæ, but because it is also divided into several parts. The surface of the hand and fingers is greater in proportion than any other part of the body. The information obtained by the touch is acquired slowly, and the sensations must be frequently repeated. Much depends on the education given to the ends of the fingers; and the left hand is

capable of being more serviceable than is usual.

"The South Australian aborigines," says a recent traveler, "have a power of manipulating with their toes, so as to do many things surprising to men who wear shoes . . . their mode of climbing [trees] depending as much on the toes as the fingers. With the toes they gather fresh-water muscels. . . . In their attempts to steal . . . their feet were much employed: they would tread softly on any article, seize it with the toes, pass it up the back, or between the arm and side, and so conceal it in the arm-pit, or between the beard and throat."

By the touch we originally perceive the temperature of bodies; with the assistance of the eye, their length, breadth, depth, figure and position; also their roughness or smoothness, hardness, softness, or fluidity. Experience teaches us to perceive most of these qualities by the sight. The blind, as they walk about, frequently estimate their approach to large and heavy bodies, by the increasing resistance of the atmosphere.

We have observed that loss or diminution of one sense is followed by increased attention to the indications of other senses. The blind acquire a wonderful delicacy of touch. Saunderson, the blind mathematician, could distinguish true medals from counterfeit ones. A blind organist distinguished different kinds of money. He was a first-rate card-player, and in dealing knew the cards he dealt to others as well as those he kept for himself. When a blind person first commences learning to read elevated characters by the touch it is necessary to use a large type, and every letter must often be felt. Afterward, the combinations of letters into words are recognized without the necessity of forming a separate idea of each letter: line after line may soon be read very rapidly, and the size of the types be gradually diminished. A blind Scotch tailor had the faculty of tracing the stripes, squares, and angles, of tartan cloth by the touch. In making a coat, he could cause the different squares to coalesce, diagonally at the back, and meet angularly with great exactness; a difficult thing even to those that can see. A Scotch lad was blind, deaf, and dumb, from his birth: as he grew up he discovered extraordinary acuteness in the senses of touch and smell. By these, he was enabled

to distinguish his relatives from strangers, and any little article of his own from things that belonged to others. His taste seemed also to be exquisite.

Some animals are destitute of the sense of smell and hearing: others are destitute of eyes. The sense of feeling is never wanting; probably not often something resembling the sense of taste. In the touch man is in some respects greatly superior to the lower world. Animals which have this sense in the greatest perfection are the most knowing; as an example may be mentioned the elephant with its trunk. Those animals which are furnished with hands appear to have much sagacity. Apes imitate the mechanical actions of man. Naturalists tell us that bats, if blinded, will guide themselves through the most winding and complicated passages, without striking the walls or anything which may seem to obstruct their progress. Spermaceti whales are said to "have the power of communicating with each other at great distances. . . . When a straggler is attacked at the distance of several miles from a shoal, a number of its fellows bear down to its assistance in an almost incredibly short space of time."—*Carpenter's Physiology*.

In some insects the antennæ are the organs of touch. Naturalists suppose these to be the chief instruments which enable these insects to communicate intelligence to one another. Huber gives the name of language antennal to this species of intercourse. Thus the signal of danger is propagated throughout the society of ants with astonishing quickness. The sense of touch is peculiarly acute also in other insects. An instance of this is seen in spiders, from the nicety with which they fabricate their webs. The whiskers of animals are subservient to the sense of touch, as in the cat. Even by the hoofs of animals sensations are received. Thus a highland pony ascertains the soundness of a moorland path. The presentiment of a change of weather is common to many, possibly to all, kinds of birds, arising probably from sensibility of touch. The woodpecker, the snow-birds, the swallow, are all busy before a storm, searching eagerly for food. Ducks and geese are tumultuous before falling weather: they wash and arrange their plumage with uncommon activity. The observing farmer remarks these things: he looks on birds as

monitors, who, from a perception superior to his own, prepare him for the coming change. Before a storm the stormy petrels flock under the wake of a ship, and are looked upon by some sailors as foreboding evil. "But," says Wilson the naturalist, "as well might they curse the midnight lighthouse that starlike guides them on their watery way . . . as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm."

#### LIEUTENANT HOLMAN, THE BLIND TRAVELER.

JAMES HOLMAN is a native of Exeter; and was a lieutenant in the Royal Navy when he lost his sight, at the age of twenty-five years, while on service on the coast of Africa, in the year 1811, and was subsequently appointed one of the naval knights of Windsor. In 1820 he traveled through France, Italy, &c., and in 1822 published an account of his journey. In the preface to this work he states that, after his affliction, he in time began to acquire greater facility of locomotion than he could have anticipated; and this was succeeded by an almost irresistible inclination to visit different parts of his native country in quest of knowledge and amusement. Notwithstanding the limited information which it may be supposed he would thus obtain, he assures us that he found the impressions produced afforded him not only present but permanent gratification. "To some," he adds, "this may appear incredible. It must, however, not be forgotten, that the loss of one sense is compensated by superior powers in those that remain unimpaired, in consequence of their being called more frequently into action: and it is well known that the sense of touch, in particular, acquires so great a delicacy as to afford degrees of information which under ordinary states it is incapable of. Besides this advantage, he acquired an indefinite power, almost resembling instinct, which he believes in like manner gives him ideas of whatever may be going forward externally."

Encouraged by the attention which was excited by this work, and stimulated by the craving for change and adventure, he undertook another journey, and traveled through Russia into Siberia. He had formed the extraordinary design of travel-

ing round the world; but having been, as he states, taken by the Russian authorities for a spy—a *blind spy*—he was conducted back to the frontiers of Poland, and found his way home through Austria, Saxony, Prussia, and Hanover. The account of his Journey was published in 1825, with the apt motto (Holman is happy in mottoes)—“The man who is the lord of the country spake roughly unto us, and took us for spies of the country.” In 1827 Lieutenant Holman was temporarily relieved from the obligations of his appointment at Windsor, by receiving permission to go abroad for the benefit of his health. He did not return till 1832, having in the mean time completed a *voyage* round the world—an undertaking sufficiently arduous, but, with the facilities possessed by a naval officer, more pleasant and practicable than the series of land journeys which he had originally contemplated. The account of this voyage was published in four very full octavo volumes, the first of which appeared in 1834. The commencement of this volume supplies a more particular and connected account of the author's condition as a traveler than is to be found in any other portion of his works.

After stating that he had been conscious from his earliest youth of a desire to explore distant regions, Lieutenant Holman proceeds:—“I am bound to believe that this direction of my faculties and energies has been ordained by a wise and benevolent Providence, as a source of consolation under an affliction which closes upon me all the delights and charms of this visible world. The constant occupation of the mind, and the continual excitement of mental and bodily action, contribute to diminish, if not to overcome, the sense of deprivation which must otherwise have pressed upon me; while the gratification of this passion scarcely leaves leisure for despondency, at the same time that it supplies me with inexhaustible means of enjoyment. When I entered the naval service I felt an irresistible impulse to become acquainted with as many parts of the world as my professional avocations would permit, and I was determined not to rest satisfied until I had completed the circumnavigation of the globe. But at the early age of twenty-five, while these resolves were strong, and the enthusiasm of youth was fresh and sanguine, my present affliction came upon me. It is impossible

to describe the state of my mind at the prospect of losing my sight, and of being, as I then supposed, deprived by that misfortune of the power of indulging in my cherished project. Even the suspense which I suffered, during the period when my medical friends were uncertain of the issue, appeared to me a greater misery than the final knowledge of the calamity itself. At last I entreated them to be explicit, and to let me know the worst, as that could be more easily endured than the agonies of doubt. Their answer, instead of increasing my uneasiness, dispelled it. I felt a comparative relief in being no longer deceived by false hopes; and the certainty that my case was beyond remedy determined me to seek, in some pursuit adapted to my new state of existence, a congenial field of employment and consolation. At that time, my health was so delicate, and my nerves so depressed by previous anxiety, that I did not suffer myself to indulge in the expectation that I should ever be able to travel out of my own country alone; but the return of strength and vigor, and the concentration of my views upon one object, gradually brought back my old passion, which at length became as firmly established as it was before. The elasticity of my original feelings being thus restored, I ventured, alone and sightless, upon my dangerous and novel course; and I cannot look back upon the scenes through which I have passed, the great variety of circumstances by which I have been surrounded, and the strange experiences with which I have become familiar, without an intense aspiration of gratitude for the bounteous dispensation of the Almighty, which enabled me to conquer the greatest of human evils by the cultivation of what has been to me the greatest of human enjoyments, and to supply the void of sight with countless objects of intellectual gratification.”

A rival traveler in Siberia had remarked somewhat tartly upon the incompetency of a blind traveler, and had hazarded a conjecture concerning the bulky character of his manuscript if it embraced all sorts of hearsay information. Holman, in an appendix to his Siberian travels, alleges that his antagonist had grievously misconceived his manner of collecting as well as of preserving his materials:—“The latter,” he says, “I effect upon a principle which may not have entered his contemplation—that

of depositing them, in a portable and invisible form, within the cavity of my cranium; a place which, however, did not suggest itself from any sinister motive, but originated from the peculiarity of my situation precluding me from committing them to paper in the ordinary way." But in his later travels we are favored with a more explicit and satisfactory statement on this point: "I keep a rough diary, which I fill up from time to time as opportunities offer, but not from day to day, for I am frequently many days in arrear, sometimes, indeed, a fortnight together; but I always vividly remember the daily occurrences which I wish to retain, so that it is not possible that any circumstances can escape my attention. I also collect distinct notes on various subjects, as well as particular descriptions of interesting objects, and when I cannot meet with a friend to act as my amanuensis, I have still a resource in my own writing apparatus, of which, however, I but seldom avail myself, as the process is much more tedious to me than that of dictation. But these are merely rough notes of the heads of subjects which I wish to reserve to expatiate upon at leisure on my return to old England."

Of this apparatus Holman speaks with much praise and gratitude, as invaluable to those afflicted with blindness. It opens not only an agreeable source of amusement and occupation in the hours of loneliness and retirement, but enables them to communicate their secret thoughts to a friend, without the intervention of a third party. The apparatus to which this applies is the "*Nocto Via Polygraph* of Mr. Wedgwood, by which the blind are enabled to write very clearly and legibly on paper, though of course not with the facility which is afforded by the use of pen and ink to those who can see."

Holman was not ignorant that there were many to whom the desire of a blind man to travel in foreign lands must seem unaccountable, if not absurd. Of such he asks with much force, "Who could endure life without a purpose, without the pursuit of some object in the attainment of which his moral energies should be called into healthful activity? I can confidently assert," he adds, "that the effort of traveling has been beneficial to me in every way; and I know not what might have been the consequence, if the excitement with which I looked forward to it had been disappointed,

or how much my health would have suffered but for its refreshing influence." The answer which he gives to the question, "What is the use of traveling to one who cannot see?" corroborates the remarks which we have hazarded. "Does any traveler," he asks, "see all that he describes?—and is not every traveler obliged to depend upon others for a great proportion of the information he collects? Even Humboldt himself was not exempt from this necessity." This is scarcely a satisfactory analogy; for although travelers are generally obliged to depend in some degree upon the information of others, they are able to form a tolerably fair estimate of the value of the information they derive from others by comparing it with the facts within their own observation. But Holman succeeds better when he goes on to develop the sources of his own enjoyment, and to explain the mode in which he was enabled to realize the information he desired.

"The picturesque in nature, it is true, is shut out from me, and works of art are to me mere outlines of beauty, accessible only to one sense; but perhaps this very circumstance affords a stronger zest to curiosity, which is thus impelled to a more close and searching examination of details than would be considered necessary to a traveler who might satisfy himself by the superficial view, and rest content with the first impressions conveyed through the eye. Deprived of that organ of information, I am compelled to adopt a more rigid and less suspicious course of inquiry, and to investigate analytically, by a train of patient examination, suggestions and deductions which other travelers dismiss at first sight; so that, freed from the hazard of being misled by appearances, I am the less likely to adopt hasty and erroneous conclusions. I believe that, notwithstanding my want of vision, I do not fail to visit as many interesting points in the course of my travels as the majority of my cotemporaries; and by having things described to me *on the spot*, I think it as possible for me to form as correct a judgment as my own sight would enable me to do; and, to confirm my accuracy, I could bring many living witnesses to bear testimony to my endless inquiries and insatiable thirst for collecting information. Indeed, this is the secret of the delight I derive from traveling, affording me as it does a constant source of

mental occupation, and stimulating me so powerfully to physical exertion, that I can bear a greater degree of bodily fatigue than any one could suppose my frame to be capable of supporting."

During his journey in Russia most of the difficulties of Holman seem to have arisen from the inability of the persons he met with to comprehend his position, or to form any notion of the pleasure he was able to derive from travel. Hence his design was much opposed, even by those interested in his welfare; and the consciousness of what he was to expect in this way, caused him to maintain a certain degree of reserve as to the direction and final intention of his journey, to which, together with a desire to prevent what must have seemed to the government an unreasonable and foolhardy enterprise, we attribute the interference which eventually put a stop to his progress. Unless he had avowed his design at Petersburg, and had thus obtained permission to accomplish it, there was no chance of his being able to do so; and the doubts which prevented him from declaring such intention when at the seat of government, ought to have prevented the surprise which he experienced when his progress was arrested. The wonder is, that he was, under the circumstances, allowed to proceed so far as Irkoutsk, without having made known his intention at Petersburg; and the opposition he met with from his own friends at Moscow, when his intention to proceed to the point which he did reach became known, illustrates the feeling of the government in its final interference to arrest his progress. That he was taken for a spy cannot be seriously imagined. He had infringed a rule of the passport-office by the neglect now indicated; and this, coupled with an anxiety to prevent a blind man from running willfully into the dangers to which he seemed so much exposed by his condition, explains sufficiently, to those who are acquainted with Russia, the arbitrary interference of the government.

The publication of this work, however, enabled the persons whom Holman encountered in his next pilgrimage to understand him better, and disposed them to advance his objects, and to render him all possible assistance: and after the experiences gathered in his last great journey, and the fuller information concerning him afforded to others in the volumes wherein

that journey is described, he might again travel with still greater advantage; but so it is, to blind men as to others, that by the time one establishes his footing, and, by the experiences which he has gained or imparted, finds the path of life more open before him, and he gets well up in years, he dies—leaving many sources of enjoyment untried, and many engaging tasks unaccomplished. Lieutenant Holman is not dead; and we trust there are many years of life before him: but one who was twenty-five years old in 1811, must by this time have lost some of those capacities for physical exertion which might, upon the basis of all his past experience, enable him to do even greater things than any he has yet accomplished. We rather make this remark, because there has been a most perceptible improvement in the real value of Holman's successive publications; and the last volume of his last work need not fear a comparison with the best books of travel in our language.

We shall now state some points of information respecting our blind traveler's own condition and modes of action, which engaged our attention in passing through his volumes.

In his first journey the traveler gives an instance of the mode in which he was wont to obtain exercise, to prevent his health from suffering by carriage-traveling in France. He got out, and finding the back part of the coach, there secured his hold by means of a piece of cord, which he always carried in his pocket, and which in this case served him as a leading-string. He thus followed the carriage for several miles, to the great astonishment of the villagers, who laughed heartily, and shouted after him as he passed. It would appear that he sometimes exposed himself to misadventures in his anxiety to assure himself that no candle was left burning at night in his bedchamber. At one place he describes himself as taking the *fil-de-chambre* by the hands to ascertain that she was taking the candle away with her; "as, when it has been left behind," he says, "I have occasionally burnt my fingers, and even once made an extinguisher of my chin."

When at Petersburg, as anywhere else, Holman was careful to visit every object of interest: indeed, he appears to have been as persevering a *sight-seer* as any traveler on record. On visiting the Mint



at that city, he remarks—"It may be expected that I should explain the nature of the interest I take in a visit to such a place as the present; for it will scarcely be admitted that the loss of sight can on such an occasion be compensated by the mental powers. Few who have the blessing of sight give themselves time to consider what ideas they would entertain of external objects if they were deprived of this sense, or how much pains they would take to compensate such deprivation. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for any one to have a right conception of the confidence which a person who has been long afflicted with blindness acquires with respect to his various intercourses with the world: time and experience must produce it, but reflection and judgment alone can bring it to perfection. There are, however, some points, particularly those which relate to personal intercourse, which may be more instantaneously acquired, as if by a principle of perceptive instinct; this at least my experience indicates: for instance, when any one is conversing with me I conceive myself to see the expression of countenance as the words are pronounced, almost as if I actually saw it, and in ordinary cases receive a similar kind of satisfaction. This may be accounted for from a combination of causes—as the tone of voice, the manner of speaking, and other circumstances, which excite in my mind an ideal picture of the features, personal qualities, manners, nay, even the character of the person conversing with me, particularly when aided by associations derived from my own experience. I thus satisfy myself, at least, with a representation according to my own conception, although my ideas, connected as they are with remembrances of what I have formerly seen, cannot have the same originality as would be the case with persons who have been blind from their birth.

"I am only actuated by an intense desire to see, when I meet with some one who excites more than ordinary interest in my feelings, or with any extraordinary productions of nature or art: it is then the imagination takes fire, and my desire to see increases with the difficulty, nay impossibility, of gratifying it; then my feelings are worked up to such a pitch, that I become truly restless and impatient, when nothing but a change of place, or the introduction of a new subject sufficiently power-

ful to constitute a counteracting influence, can restore me to calm reflection.

"If it be inquired how I can understand the structure and action of machinery, I would ask how the machinery in question came to be originally invented; doubtless, it would be replied, "By man's imagination." If so, how much easier may it be for my imagination to comprehend what has been reduced to practical demonstration, so evident that a mere operative mechanic can execute it from description only!"

While Holman was at St. Petersburg, a notice of him appeared in one of the journals of that place. He is described as inquiring into everything, and examining most objects by the touch, by which he was able very readily to recognize a bust of the Emperor Alexander, and to distinguish the points in which it differed from another bust of the same monarch which he had previously examined.

On the morning of his quitting Moscow he had to pack his baggage, which had been neglected the previous night. This brings out the information that this was a matter requiring very deliberate attention on his part: seemingly that he might in the act of packing impress upon his memory the exact place of every article, or rather, perhaps, that he might recollect the places which the articles previously occupied. In this operation his friends deemed him so helpless, that he had many offers of assistance, which he declined. Instead of needing help, he assures us, that his best course was to lock himself up in his room, like a school-boy who has a difficult task to perform; for, were he once to get confused, the presence and help of a second person would only serve to distract him further. By observing this principle, he had acquired such methods of arrangement that he not only knew precisely where everything lay that was contained in his personal baggage, but even to direct his friends at home where to find any article that he might have left behind him.

The reader who has favored the previous pages of this little work with his attention, will have no difficulty in understanding the burst of feeling in which our blind traveler indulges on crossing the Ural Mountains, which separate Europe from Asia. "My heart bounded with joy that I had accomplished so considerable a part of my journey, and was entering, as it were, upon a new world, a world of strangers, with

Providence only as my guide. I had now succeeded in what had been, for many years, one of the most ardent objects of my wishes, but which I had little expectation of realizing—a desire of visiting the fourth quarter of the globe. The satisfaction I felt is indescribable, and served to animate me with increased zeal to perseverance in my future projects. I almost imagined that a supernatural power was imparted to me, and that I had only to wave my wand and will it, and every obstacle, every difficulty, would give way before me."

In Ceylon, Holman ascended to the top of Adam's Peak. As common mortals get to the top of mountains in order to see, they will wonder what inducement a blind man could have for the exertion which the ascent involved. Let him answer. "We reached the summit just before the sun began to break, and a splendid scene opened upon us. The insulated mountain, rising up into a peak of seven thousand four hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, flanked on one side by lofty ridges, and on the other by a champagne country stretching to the shore, that formed the margin of one immense expanse of ocean. I could not see this glorious sight with the visual orbs, but I turned toward it with indescribable enthusiasm. I stood upon the summit of the peak, and felt all its beauties rushing into my heart of hearts."

#### THOUGHT-FASHIONS.

THE changes in costume, furniture, and manners, which have made one generation differ from another, are curiously interesting to most minds, though seen (as the uniform preface of old nursery tales used to say) "but in cards and pictures," or known at best only by their scanty and scattered relics. The wedding-gown of anybody's grandmother, a great-uncle's peruke, or other such light antiquity, recalls, at least by association, a people who looked marvelously unlike us, though they lived in the same towns, prayed perhaps in the same churches, and spoke much the same English tongue. Few, indeed, have arrived, we will say, at discreet years (because that innocent term is of private interpretation) who can not remember wearing cuts of coats, or shapes of the bonnet kind in which they would now

scarcely recognize themselves. It is not alone in the domestic and social requisites of the visible public that change and variety are thus apparent. Mind has also its modes, which vary and disappear, and are no less entirely superseded.

Age after age, as time and civilization marched onward, the fashions of popular thought have changed: the million of our fathers did not think as our million do; not that their minds were really dissimilar, but they wore, so to speak, a different costume, and looked through a differently-colored veil. The subjects of interest or alarm which roused the guilds of England, shook the old towns through all their narrow streets and dingy dwellings, or filled to overflowing the great Gothic churches, are long gone out of hearing. Other agitators have replaced them by workshop, and hearth, and pulpit; for, though some themes seem everlasting, no age fully responds to the keynote of another. Now and then the spirits of departed times appear to return, and walk again among the living. The ruling and regal ideas of far-off centuries cast their shadows at times upon younger generations, because nothing from the world within can die away or be forgotten so soon as the external. The materials of outward fashion are almost as perishable as the users; hence her trophies or wrecks, however wonder-worthy, rarely hold out long against the hostilities of chance and time. Few museums can now boast of a specimen of the horned head-dress, or the boots with peaked toes eighteen inches in length, which curved upward, and were fastened by chains to the girdle. Yet the beliefs and controversies in full vogue with those same peaks and horns are familiar to every scholar. The world's thought-fashions can be traced backward through a thousand memorials, almost to the dawn of letters; remnants of some that have been long extinct are still found in statute-books, in the laws and learning of sundry universities, and in what the speakers of old Saxon English were wont to call folk-lore. History has garnered them up, and genius has embalmed them. It would puzzle a skillful antiquary to say just at present how the people of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries actually looked and lived at home—the pencil or chisel having done little in those days, and that little for royalty alone,—but Chaucer, Gower, and Wiclif have

daguerreotyped the mental lineaments of their ages, and every subsequent writer has told us something of what was thought and talked of in his time.

It is curious, if not edifying, to mark how these master topics rose and fell, for the most part, like kings who left no heirs, though some came in dynasties, one of the same family regularly following another, like those that prevailed with so much sound and fury from early in the sixteenth till the close of the seventeenth century. Since then many subjects have had dominion over its people. The public has changed the fashion of its thoughts as often as that of its garments; but, as in the old slow-going times, cuts and shapes were apt to remain long in honor even with the ladies—the kirtles of crammass and gowns of cut velvet doing gala duty for two or three generations at least—so their thought fashions lasted our ancestors long, and the rapidity of modern change seems to have advanced equally in dress and in topics of interest.

Some subjects seem to retain a sort of evergreen interest. A theological dispute, a worker of wonders, whether false or true, or a new and extraordinary mode of getting rich has the same attraction for the masses of our day which its like had for those of two centuries ago. Physicians have remarked that the current themes of their times and people are peculiarly indicated by prevalent forms of insanity: for instance, it has been found that most of the patients received into French asylums of late years have imagined themselves either political leaders, or grievously compromised in the eyes of government; while in Britain and America, the most frequent delusions had something to do with divinity, mesmerism, or California. Doubtless the unhinged mind of every age was equally impressible by its uppermost ideas, and this fact must have largely contributed to the force of popular delusions in times of less research into mental phenomena. How far witchcraft, possession, and all manner of supernatural experiences, may have been its debtors, no looker-back can guess; but the mention of these antiquated ills takes one back to old thought fashions, and reminds us how many judgments have been reversed within the limits of what is called authentic history. To go no further from our own vocation, O readers, and writers too, has not the tide of opinion

turned strikingly since Lady Wardlaw found it convenient to escape the charge of bluestockingism by saying her grand ballad of Sir Patrick Spence had been discovered in that which knitters know as the heart of a clew?—thus leaving its authorship an unrivaled bone of contention to poetical antiquaries.

More distant times present still wider contrasts. About the days of the great Alfred, all that was pious, prudent, and honorable, seemed indissolubly connected with the single life, but, under the present system of things, one is scarcely respectable out of the pale of matrimony; nevertheless, let the nonjurors take comfort on “the darker the night the nearer the morning” principle. Some few but zealous disciples of Malthus have predicted that a great revolution in this department of social policy is at hand, by which that ill-requited class, vulgarly known as old maids and bachelors, will resume their ancient level in public esteem, and be regarded once more as the most select and meritorious part of the community. Our own wisdom is not sufficiently far-sighted to enable us to subscribe to this peculiar prophecy; but we believe, and beg to assure the dissatisfied in general, that in the onward march of things changes almost as great, and improvements perhaps greater, are likely to be effected on even modern Thought Fashions.

#### RESIDENCE OF ADAM SMITH.

MANY who hear of the great economical work of Dr. Adam Smith know little of its history, or of the character and circumstances of its author.

Very unlike the literary productions of modern days, it was the result of *ten years' labor*. It was not merely written during ten years of a man's life, the product of occasional application or of leisure hours. Smith, who was a quiet bachelor, living with an aged mother, and wholly a being of study, retired from the busy haunts of men to write this book, and was *completely occupied by it* for ten years. Such, we suspect, is the true way to make great books, and consequently great and enduring reputations.

The retreat of Smith during these ten years was his mother's house, in the seaport town of Kirkcaldy, on the north shore of the Frith of Forth, opposite to Edin-

burgh. He could here see the busy capital, where lived his friends Hume, Blair, Robertson, and others; but he seldom went thither. Having been born in Kirkaldy and brought up at its grammar-school, he had some old friends of youthful days there, and with them he maintained a little intercourse. Beyond this he was almost a hermit. The space occupied by his remarkable labors was from the year 1766 to 1776, when the work was published, at which time the author was fifty-three years of age.

A stranger, passing through the long rambling town of Kirkaldy, will very probably observe, inscribed over an entry or alley, "DR. ADAM SMITH'S CLOSE." He may here see the house, and even the room, where this great work was concocted. About twenty years ago, the following account of the residence of Smith was written by a gentleman of Kirkaldy in obedience to an inquiry which had been addressed to him:—

"The house in Kirkaldy which was inhabited by Dr. Smith, his mother, and Miss Douglas, a cousin, is a house of three stories, situated on the south side of the street, (nearly opposite the shop of Mr. Cumming, bookseller,) now the property of the heirs of Michael Beveridge, haberdasher. About the center of the front is a close or entry by which you pass in ascending to the second and third stories. At the extremity of the close is a large court or open area in rear of the house. On the east or left side of this court is a building at right angles to the front building, locally denominated a *back jamb*. This back jamb contains the staircase by which you ascend to the second and third stories, and also several apartments. Dr. Smith occupied the third story of the house, and his study was the southernmost room of the back jamb, a room, I estimate (I visited it to-day) about fourteen feet by ten, having one window looking into the back court, and another in the gable or south wall of the back jamb looking toward the sea. The fireplace is in the gable. Between the fireplace and the side of the window is a space of about three feet: there stood the doctor's chair; and here he sat by the fire, the one knee over the other, reclining his right shoulder against the wall, dictating his immortal work to his amanuensis, Rob Reid, who sat on the opposite side of the fireplace,

at a small table fronting the doctor. Dr. Smith wore a tie-wig, and when sitting in the position I have described, in deep meditation, he frequently leaned his head against the wall, by which, in process of time, the paper of the wall became stained by the pomatum on his wig. This stain or mark remained on the wall for many years after Dr. Smith left Kirkaldy, but is now no longer visible. The house became the property of Andrew Cowan, merchant in Kirkaldy, who carefully preserved the greasy mark upon the wall during his life. After his death the property passed into the possession of one who, though he knew sufficiently well the practice of amassing wealth, knew little of the principles developed in the 'Wealth of Nations,' and cared as little for this curious relic of its celebrated author. The room has been divested of its antique papering, and along with it the greasy mark of the philosopher's wig. The curious old mantle-piece has been replaced by one of more recent fashion, and the room itself is disjoined from the third story by a partition; the entrance to it is now by a stair from the second story.

"I cannot say I ever saw this mark myself; but several gentlemen who knew Dr. Smith and who were well acquainted with the position of the mark, have pointed it out to me, as I have now described it. I have some doubt that Mr. Fleming has been deceived by his memory in stating that he has *seen* the mark. I have a distinct recollection of having visited the room a number of years ago along with the late James Sibbald, M. D., and some others, of whom, perhaps Mr. Fleming was one, when we attempted a subscription for a bust of Dr. Smith, which, to the disgrace of Kirkaldy, could not be effected; and at that time I know the mark was obliterated.

"I presume you are aware that Dr. Smith's father was comptroller of customs in Kirkaldy. His mother was of the family of Douglas of Stratherny in Fife, and the doctor stood in the relation of grand-uncle to the present Robert Douglas, Esq., of Stratherny. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar-school of Kirkaldy, under the tuition of David Millar, a celebrated teacher of that period. A gentleman now in Kirkaldy, whose father was a class-fellow of Smith's at Kirkaldy school, states to me,

on the authority of his father, that when at school he displayed no superiority of intellect to his contemporaries, but his mind always kept hold of whatever it acquired; that he never cordially joined in any of the pastimes or youthful frolics of his school-fellows, but after school hours went his way quietly home. Whether this proceeded from a natural disinclination to school-boy amusements, or whether his delicate constitution prevented him from taking part in the games of his more robust school-fellows, my informant cannot say. It was during the time that he was Professor of Moral Philosophy in Glasgow that he composed his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. He left his chair in Glasgow to travel with the Duke of Buccleuch, (grandfather of the present duke,) who settled an annuity on the doctor. It was after his return from the continent with the duke, and before his appointment in the customs, that he composed his *'Wealth of Nations.'* It is generally understood that he contemplated this work some years before this period, and had digested an outline of his subject; but when he came to prepare the work for the press, he found it would be more convenient to have an amanuensis to transcribe for him. For this purpose he engaged Robert Reid, a weaver in Linktown, to attend him in the evening, after he had finished his daily labor at the loom. In pursuance of this plan, Rob, who wrote a fair hand, attended the doctor in the evening, and wrote out the cogitations of the day. To give you some idea of the care and attention bestowed by the author upon his subject, I am informed by a gentleman here, that Rob Reid has assured him that he (Reid) 'is certain that he wrote the "*Wealth of Nations*" *fifty times over* before it was printed.' Making even a large allowance for exaggeration in this assertion, sufficient remains to prove that the author had been at very great pains to render the work complete; and the character of the work justifies the pains he had taken."

Dugald Stewart, in his memoir of Smith, relates a curious anecdote of his infancy. "An accident which happened to him when he was about three years old, is of too interesting a nature to be omitted in the account of so valuable a life. He had been carried by his mother to Stratherry, on a visit to his uncle, Mr. Douglas, and was one day amusing himself alone at the

door of the house, when he was stolen by a party of that set of vagrants who are known in Scotland by the name of tinkers. Luckily he was soon missed by his uncle, who, hearing that some vagrants had passed, pursued them with what assistance he could find, till he overtook them in Leslie Wood, and was the happy instrument of preserving to the world a genius which was destined not only to extend the boundaries of science, but to enlighten and reform the commercial policy of Europe."

It is not unworthy of remark, that Smith was one of the many instances which could be brought forward against the too gallant theory that men possessing extraordinary genius are chiefly indebted for it to their mothers. While the mother of Smith was an ordinary woman, the talents of his father had been evinced by his being raised from the duties of an ordinary writer to the signet to be private secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland. The father, however, having died before the son was born, Smith was indebted to his mother for the care which brought him through a sickly infancy, and for much domestic happiness during the long period of sixty-one years that she was spared to him.

Adam Smith enjoyed the dignified situation of a Commissioner of the Customs in Scotland for the last fifteen years of his life, and during this time he lived in Edinburgh. The house he occupied still exists in the Canongate, but is much altered. It used to be called Panmure House, having been originally the town mansion of the Earl of Panmure, which was forfeited for his concern in the rebellion of 1715.

It is interesting to know respecting Adam Smith, that he was an artless, unworldly man, of great purity of life, and of extraordinary benevolence. As a consequence of his so exclusive devotion to study, he was remarkable for absence of mind, and for a habit of speaking to himself. It is a veritable anecdote told of him in Edinburgh, that a fishwoman was impressed by his uncouth manner and his loud mutterings as he passed along the street, with the idea that he was a lunatic, remarking pathetically to a companion, "And he's weel put on too;" that is, well-dressed,—her sense of the calamity being greatly increased by its contrast with his obviously good circumstances. He lived very inexpensively—being, as he himself



remarked, "a beau only in his books." It therefore gave surprise that at his death he did not leave much money. The explanation at length appeared, in various cases which came to light, making it certain that he had been in the practice of giving large sums in charity, though with such modesty that the fact was not suspected in his lifetime.

So kind, gentle, self-devoting, and inoffensive was the philosopher to whom was vouchsafed the first clear insight into the principles which rule the greatest material interests of man in society.

### THE ROSICRUCIANS.

THE influence which this secret fraternity exercised upon opinion during their short career, and the permanent impression which they have left upon European literature, invest their history with a peculiar interest. Wild and visionary though they were, they were not without their uses. Before their time, the superstitions of Europe had been peopled only by the dark and disgusting creations of monkish imaginations; of these the Rosicrucians purged them, and substituted in their stead a race of mild, graceful, and beneficent beings.

This remarkable society, whose doctrines formed so singular a compound of religious mysticism and fanciful romance, though it only became known to the public in the seventeenth century, is said to have originated in Germany three centuries earlier. Their reputed founder, from whom they took their name, was Christian Rosenkreuz, or "Rose-cross," a German nobleman and philosopher, who traveled in the Holy Land, toward the close of the fourteenth century. The story of his life, which is given in a German work, published at Frankfort in 1617, and called *Fama Fraternitatis des löblichen Orden des Rosenkreuzes*, (Report of the Laudable Fraternity of the Rosicrucians,) says, that while on his travels, Rosenkreuz fell sick at Damascus, where he was visited by some learned Arabs, who claimed him as their brother in science, and unfolded to him, by inspiration, all the secrets of his past life, both of thought and action. They then restored him to health by means of the philosopher's stone, and afterward instructed him in all their mysteries. In 1401, he returned to Germany, says the

same authority, and drawing a chosen number of friends around him, he initiated them into the mysteries of the new science, having previously bound them by oath to keep it secret for one hundred years. The adepts lived together in a building, which they called *Sancti Spiritus*, (sacred spirits,) where their founder died, in 1484, at the age of one hundred and six years. The place of his burial was kept a profound secret, and the society renewed itself by the successive admission of new members, in silence and obscurity, according to the last injunction of their master, who directed the following inscription to be placed on a door of their building: *Post CXX. annos patebo*—"after one hundred and twenty years I will open."

Such is the probably half-mythical account of their origin, which is contained in the work we have mentioned. Many have disputed this remote antiquity, and affirmed that the first dawning of the Rosicrucian doctrine is to be found in the theories of Paracelsus, (a German alchemist and physician, who died in 1541.) and the dreams of Dr. Dee, (a famous English philosopher of the sixteenth century,) who, without intending it, became the actual, though never the recognized, founders of the Rosicrucian philosophy. Whatever may have been the true origin of the sect, one thing is certain, that its existence only became publicly known in the year 1605. At that time it created a great stir among the mystical Germans. No sooner were its doctrines promulgated, than all the visionaries, Paracelsists, and alchemists, flocked around its standard, and vaunted Rosenkreuz as the new regenerator of the human race. Michael Maier, the physician of the Emperor Rudolph, became initiated into its mysteries, and having traveled over all Germany seeking confidential instruction from its members, published a report of the laws and customs of the new fraternity in 1615. An abstract of these published ordinances of the society will be the best and most concise explanation of its doctrines. They asserted, in the first place, "That the meditations of their founders surpassed everything that had ever been imagined since the creation of the world, without even excepting the revelations of the Deity; that they were destined to accomplish the general peace and regeneration of man

before the end of the world arrived ; that they possessed all wisdom and piety in a supreme degree ; that they possessed all the graces of nature, and could distribute them among the rest of mankind, according to their pleasure ; that they were subject to neither hunger, nor thirst, nor disease, nor old age, nor to any other inconvenience of nature ; that they knew by inspiration, and at the first glance, every one who was worthy to be admitted into their society ; that they had the same knowledge then which they would have possessed if they had lived from the beginning of the world, and had been always acquiring it ; that they had a volume, in which they could read all that ever was or ever would be written in other books till the end of time ; that they could force to, and retain in, their service the most powerful spirits and demons ; that, by virtue of their songs, they could attract pearls and precious stones from the depths of the sea or the bowels of the earth ; that God had covered them with a thick cloud, by means of which they could shelter themselves from the malignity of their enemies, and that they could thus render themselves invisible from all eyes ; that the first eight brethren of the 'Rose-cross' had power to cure all maladies ; that, by means of the fraternity, the triple crown of the Pope would be reduced into dust ; that they only admitted two sacraments, with the ceremonies of the primitive Church, renewed by them ; that they recognized the fourth monarchy and the Emperor of the Romans as their chief, and the chief of all Christians ; that they would provide him with more gold, their treasures being inexhaustible, than the King of Spain had ever drawn from the golden regions of eastern and western Ind." Such was the Rosicrucian confession of faith. They had six rules of conduct, which prescribed,

First, That, in their travels, they should gratuitously cure all diseases.

Secondly, That they should always dress in conformity to the fashions of the country in which they resided.

Thirdly, That they should, once in every year, meet together in the place appointed by the fraternity, or send in writing an available excuse.

Fourthly, That every brother, whenever he felt inclined to die, should choose a person worthy to succeed him.

Fifthly, That the words "Rose-cross"

should be the marks by which they should recognize each other.

Sixthly, That their fraternity should be kept a secret for six times twenty years.

These laws, they asserted, had been found in a golden book in the tomb of Rosenkreuz, and as the prescribed time from his death had expired in the year 1604, the doctrines were accordingly promulgated, for the benefit and enlightenment of mankind. For some years these enthusiasts made numerous converts to their doctrines in Germany ; but they excited little attention in other parts of Europe. In 1623, however, they made their appearance in Paris, and threw all the learned and the credulous into commotion. One morning the walls of the city were found covered with placards, to the following effect:—"We, the deputies of the principal College of the Brethren of the Rose-cross have taken up our abode, visible and invisible, in this city, by the grace of the Most High, toward whom are turned the hearts of the just. We show and teach without books or signs, and speak all sorts of languages in the countries where we dwell, to draw mankind, our fellows, from error and from death." At this strange announcement, some wondered, but more laughed. Two books, however, were shortly afterward published, which excited real alarm and curiosity among all parties, about this dreadful and secret brotherhood. The first of these works was called, a history of "The frightful Compacts entered into between the Devil and the pretended 'Invisibles ;' with their damnable Instructions, the deplorable Ruin of their Disciples, and their miserable end." The other book was entitled an "Examination of the new and unknown Cabala of the brethren of the Rose-cross, who have lately inhabited the City of Paris ; with the History of their Manners, the Wonders worked by them, and many other Particulars." In these books, which, as we have said, caused great alarm, it was stated that the Rosicrucian society consisted of thirty-six persons in all, who had renounced their baptism and hope of salvation ; that it was directly from Satan that they received the power which they possessed of transporting themselves from one end of the world to the other with the rapidity of thought ; that they could speak all languages ; that they had unlimited supplies of money ; that they could render themselves invisible and

penetrate into the most secret places, in spite of bolts and bars; and that they could infallibly tell the future and the past. Such were a few, and not the most heinous, of the attributes ascribed to this mysterious society by the two books which we have mentioned. In the midst of the commotion raised by these generally-believed disclosures, a second placard appeared on the walls of Paris, containing the following announcement:—"If any one desires to see the Brethren of the Rose-cross from curiosity only, he will never communicate with us. But if his *will* really induces him to inscribe his name in the register of our brotherhood, we, who can judge of the thoughts of all men, will convince him of the truth of our promises. For this reason we do not publish to the world the place of our abode. Thought alone, in unison with the sincere *will* of those who desire to know us, is sufficient to make us known to them, and them to us."

In vain did the Parisian police endeavor to find out the publishers of these strange manifestos; the Church, however, soon took up the matter, and denounced them as heretics and sorcerers of the blackest dye. Their very name, it was affirmed, was derived from the garland of roses, in the form of a cross, hung over the tavern tables in Germany as the emblem of secrecy, and from whence has come the common saying, *sub rosa*, (under the rose.) To these and other aspersions the attacked brotherhood replied by a lengthened exposition of their real doctrines. In this defense they denied that they used magic of any kind, or that they had any intercourse whatever with his Satanic majesty. They declared that they had already lived for more than a century, and expected to live for many centuries to come; and that the knowledge of all things which they possessed had been communicated to them by the Almighty himself, as a reward for their great piety. They reiterated the assertion that their society had been founded by, and derived its name from, Christian Rosenkreuz, and consequently denied the derivation of their name which had been put forth by their enemies. They disclaimed all interference with the peculiar politics or religious opinions of any set of men; while, however, they denied the rightful supremacy of the Pope, and denounced him as a tyrant. They likewise affirmed their innocence of the charges of immo-

rality which had been brought against them; and declared, on the contrary, that the first vow taken on entering the society was one of chastity, the smallest infringement of which at once and forever deprived the transgressor of all the advantages and powers which he had previously enjoyed. In contradiction of the old monkish superstitions of sorcery and demonology, they denied the existence of all such malevolent spirits, and asserted that, instead of being beset by such beings as these, man was surrounded by myriads of beautiful and beneficent beings, all anxious to promote his happiness. The air, they said, was peopled with sylphs, the water with undines or naiads, the inner parts of the earth with gnomes, and fire with salamanders. These half-angelic beings, who possessed great power, and were unrestrained by the barriers of space or the obstructions of matter, were the friends of men, and desired nothing so much as that men should purge themselves of all uncleanness, and thus be enabled to see and converse with them. They watched constantly over mankind by night and day, and sought to win for themselves human love, that they might thus share the immortality of human souls, and at last enter with them into the regions of eternal bliss.

The excitement produced by these attacks and replies, though violent, was short-lived. One Gabriel Naudé, a publisher, dealt the finishing blow in France to the fantastic doctrines of the brotherhood, in a work entitled "Advice to France upon the Brethren of the Rose-cross." The invisible fraternity and their marvelous powers soon ceased to be spoken of, and the stir which they had raised gradually died away. But though thus unsuccessful in France, their doctrines still flourished in Germany and in England, where they had made many converts. At the head of these latter was Robert Fludd, a learned physician, distinguished for his science and his mysticism. The father of English Rosicrucianism was the son of Sir Thomas Fludd, Treasurer of War to Queen Elizabeth in France and the Low Countries. He received his education at St. John's College, Oxford, and afterward spent some years in traveling through France, Spain, Italy and Germany. It was in this latter country that he first adopted the Rosicrucian philosophy. On his return to England he graduated as

Doctor of Medicine, and practiced as a physician in London with considerable success. His earnest advocacy of the cabalistic doctrines soon caused him to be looked upon as one of the high-priests of the sect. His works in defense of the new philosophy were considered worthy of replies and refutations by Kepler, the celebrated German astronomer and mathematician, and Gassendi, a distinguished French philosopher. After his death, in 1637, the Rosicrucian theory lost much of its ground in England. He had left behind him no one equally zealous in the cause with himself; and consequently the efforts of the English Brethren were confined to the publication at considerable intervals of obscure and unimportant works, which only served to show that the folly had not entirely died out. One of these books was published in London in 1652, and was called "The Fame and Confession of the Brethren of the Rosie-cross," by an alchemist, who called himself *Eugenius Philalethes*. A few years afterward, another enthusiast, named John Hayden, who styled himself "the servant of God and the secretary of Nature," put forth his "New Method of Rosicrucian Physic, for the Cure of all Diseases, freely given to Inspired Christians." In his preface to this medley of nonsense and mysticism, he says, "I shall here tell you what Rosicrucians are, and that Moses was their father, and he was the child of God. Some say they were of the order of Elias, some of Ezechiel, others define them to be the officers of the generalissimo of the world, that are as the eyes and ears of the great king, seeing and hearing all things, for they are seraphically illuminated as Moses was, according to this order of the elements, earth refined to water, water to air, air to fire." Such is the jargon that could find not only readers, but dupes, in England less than two centuries ago.

While Fludd in England was propagating his vagaries,

"All strange and reason,  
Devoid of sense and ordinary reason,"

the cabalistic philosophy had an equally zealous apostle and head in Germany, in the person of Jacob Böhmen. This enthusiast, of whom it will be sufficient to say that his opinions were of the most orthodox absurdity, was born at Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575, and followed, till

his thirtieth year, the occupation of a shoemaker. At the age mentioned, he heard of the Rosicrucian doctrines, and embraced them with the greatest zeal. He abandoned his trade, and took to book-writing on his adopted vagaries, which he explained and defended in language as sublimely ridiculous as any that has been employed in the same cause. His death, in 1624, affected Rosicrucianism in Germany much as Fludd's had done in England. He left behind him many disciples, but none equal in energy or zeal to himself. As the seventeenth century wore on, believers in the cabalistic doctrines gradually became fewer and less clever in their defense, till at length the cherished fancies of Maier, Böhmen, Fludd, and the other high-priests of the sect, whose names we have left unmentioned, died away. Feeble and partial adherents occasionally were heard of; but the Rosicrucians, as a society, had passed away before the light of a more advanced philosophy and a truer science. Though we have spoken of the sect only in connection with England, France, and Germany, it had some disciples in the other nations of the continent; they were greatly inferior, however, both in numbers and enthusiasm to those of the three countries mentioned.

Such, then, is a brief sketch of the history and doctrines of the Rosicrucians. Out of their romantic theories, the reader need hardly be told, legends and tales innumerable have sprung, all full of mystery and wonder—the wild, the fantastic, and the marvelous. With these graceful and exciting creations the literature of England, France, and Germany is largely stored. Among them Shakspeare's "Ariel" stands pre-eminent. To the same source are we to trace the airy tenants of Belinda's dressing-room, in Pope's charming "Rape of the Lock," and Fouque's exquisite "Undine."

THE PRESENT MOMENT.—There is no moment like the present; not only so, but, moreover, there is no moment at all, that is, no instant force and energy, but in the present. The man who will not execute his resolutions when they are fresh up n him, can have no hope from them afterward; they will be dissipated, lost, and perish in the hurry and skurry of the world, or sunk in the slough of indulgence.—*Self-Culture.*

## THE SHOEMAKER OF ST. AUSTELL:

OR,  
INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A METAPHYSICIAN.

SAMUEL DREW was born in the parish of St. Austell, Cornwall, on the 3d of March, 1765. His parents were extremely poor. His father's occupation fluctuated between tillage and "streaming for tin." When not turning up the soil of the farm, he was examining the deposits of mountain streams, and selecting, by the process of washing and pulverizing, such parts as were valuable for the ore they contained. Diligence and care, even in this toilsome occupation, yielded him such success, that, in the course of a few years he was able to take a better residence, and engage in the business of a common carrier for a brewery in his neighborhood.

Poor as were the parents, they were pious, and were not only sensible of the importance of education to their children, but solicitous to impart it, to the limited extent their circumstances would allow. For a while the two sons were sent daily to a school, in which the charge for reading was only a *penny a week*. But Samuel seemed careless of this opportunity of learning to read. Books were disagreeable things. He had a talent for doing nothing, and he gratified it by playing truant. He loved the smiling fields and the lonely woods, with their murmuring rivulets and singing-birds; and he carried his heart *there* to find "sermons in trees and books in *brooks*." Whatever his disregard of book-learning, he was shrewd enough in other things, and his shrewdness had a bent of mischief, that was generally more successful in getting him into scrapes than in getting him out of them. But it sometimes left him "unwhipt of justice."

Tin ore is commonly lodged in masses of stone. These are gathered and pulverized in the stamping mill, from whence the material is carried by a small stream of water into shallow pits prepared for its reception, where the gravity of the metal causes it to sink, while the sandy particles pass off with the stream. These pits are called *buddles*. Children are employed to stir up these deposits, and keep them in agitation until the process of separation is complete. These children are called *buddle-boys*. At eight years of age Samuel Drew became a *buddle-boy*, his father

receiving three halfpence a day for his service.

He was rapidly descending into vicious habits. To augment his danger and accelerate his ruin, the only being on earth who understood his disposition and knew how to restrain it from ill, and guide it "in the good and right way," had been removed from her place in the family. His mother had gone down to the grave, and there was now scarcely a heart to love him, or a hand stretched out to sustain and encourage him. She had early discovered that the levity of his feelings unfitted him to receive instruction through the ordinary channels. He was therefore taken under her own charge. She taught him to read and write—at least, all he learned of either during his youth. But his moral nature was the field she cultivated with most avidity. The good seed of religious truth was deposited in his heart; and it never lost its vitality. In latter years the harvest of that sowing was abundant.

At the age of ten years he was apprenticed to a shoemaker at St. Blazey, about three miles from St. Austell. His master, to the trade of shoemaker added that of farmer; and when there was no work in the shop, there was always plenty of it in the field. Alternating between these two employments, the apprentice was not slow in discovering that he stood a fine chance of being either a very indigent shoemaker, or a very poor farmer. Beside this, his personal discomforts were numerous. To the comforts and conveniences of life he was an entire stranger; and, passing his days in rags and wretchedness, he became almost as reckless of his life as he was careless of his own character, and of the rights of others. One of his chief troubles was with his mistress. She was disposed to add to his other offices in the family that of a servant. He knew remonstrance would avail nothing. Under these circumstances, he absconded, in his seventeenth year, with the intention of entering a man-of-war. He was led to this selection of his future, by occurrences that, as little as he thought of it in its conception and frustration, had no small share in determining his subsequent career and his ultimate eminence.

During his apprenticeship, a few numbers of the "Weekly Entertainer" were brought into his master's family. It contained many tales and anecdotes, which he



read with great avidity. He was especially interested with the narratives of adventures connected with the American War. Paul Jones, the *Serapis*, and the *Bon Homme Richard*, excited his mind with a profound attraction. They mingled with his thoughts by day, and his dreams by night. He longed to be in a pirate ship—a thought natural to his perverted tastes and vicious habits. There was also in the house an odd volume of the history of England during the commonwealth. These were read again and again, until, having nothing else to read, they palled on his taste, and he turned aside to low and corrupting pleasures. It is true, there was a Bible in the house; but the command to read it on the Sabbath, apart from a natural distaste for such reading, was an effectual bar to obedience. With books, his life might have taken an earlier turn to rectitude. But he had them not; and in the absence of means to gratify a disposition to read, he almost lost the ability. Still his reading gave direction to thought and supplied the material. It was under the influence of thoughts thus born in his mind, that he abridged his apprenticeship by flight, and steered his course to Plymouth. When he set out on this adventure, he had but thirty-three cents, and went by his home to increase his store. His father was absent, and his mother, at a loss what to do, declined, but persuaded him to stay all night, hoping his father might get home, and detain him, or transfer the matter of supplying his wants from herself. The next morning, to the dismay of his family, he was gone. But the "Providence that shapes the ends" of life hindered the consummation of his plans, checked his downward course, and turned his feet to the paths of virtue, usefulness, and honor. His first night from home was spent in a hay-field. The next morning, a ferry and his breakfast took four cents of his stock of cash, and filled him with dismay at its probable early consumption. Passing through Liskeare, with a view of replenishing his purse, he sought employment at his trade; but to provide the necessary implements nearly exhausted his means. He was soon reduced to an extremity of hunger truly pitiable. His fellow-workmen, seeing he did not quit his work for dinner, as they were accustomed to do, made some inquiry as to where he dined, when one of them facetiously replied, "At

VOL. I, No. 2.—L

the sign of the mouth, to be sure." He endured the gibe, but to appease the urgent cravings of hunger, drew his apron-strings, and compressed his stomach into a smaller circle, and stitched away with the best heart he could summon to his aid. The next day, his employer, discovering he was a runaway apprentice, dismissed him from the shop, advising him to return to his master. Ere he left the door, his elder brother came in pursuit of him. His father, having accidentally heard where he was, sent for him. The message came at the time of need. He only consented to return, on condition that he was not to be sent back to St. Blazey. His indentures were subsequently canceled.

Mr. Drew ever after considered this as the turning-point of his destiny. In later periods of life, when fame, fortune, and family were his, he was accustomed to refer to these circumstances as occasions when his future destiny trembled on the beam, and a hair might have turned it down with a force that would have depressed and ruined him forever.

For some months after leaving Liskeare, he remained with his father. He then went to the neighborhood of Plymouth, where for two years or more he pursued his trade with increasing profit to himself, but with very little improvement to his moral character. During this period, he came very near losing his life in a smuggling adventure. But it is said, on the authority of one familiar with him at the time, there was a surprising mental development, especially in his readiness at repartee, and his powers of reasoning; so striking, indeed, that few were bold enough to provoke the one, or engage the other. It made him prominent among his craftsmen, and gave great importance to his opinions. It was not from books, for he was still careless of them, but the friction of intercourse with men, the collision of mind with mind, that elicited thought, and awakened a faculty hitherto slumbering in the repose of a profound ignorance. We shall see how, following this thread, he was led out of the labyrinth of his vicious propensities, into the straight path of intelligent rectitude and virtuous activity.

In January, 1785, he removed to St. Austell, and became foreman in his branch of trade, to a young man who carried on

the business of a shoemaker, a saddler, and a bookbinder. It was here and under these circumstances, that he renewed his acquaintance with books, and prosecuted the advantage under every conceivable discouragement. Speaking of his ignorance at this time, in after life, he said, "I was scarcely able to read, and almost totally unable to write. Literature was a term to which I could annex no idea. Grammar I knew not the meaning of. I was expert at follies, acute in trifles, and ingenious about nonsense." His writing was compared to the "traces of a spider dipped in ink, and set to crawl on paper." On this foundation he began to build, and the finished superstructure was of magnificent proportions and glorious in its adornments.

The desire to know was born in his mind, and he set himself to seek knowledge. He examined dictionaries, added words to his small stock, and treasured them with a miser's care. Books came to be bound: he read their titles, and gleaned ideas from their pages; and truth began to dawn on the darkness of his mind. "The more I read," he says, "the more I felt my own ignorance; and the more I felt my ignorance, the more invincible became my energy to surmount it. Every leisure moment was now employed in reading one thing or other." He could command but very little leisure. Lank poverty and clamorous want, cried out against every pause in his employment. "From early chime to vesper bell," and deep in the night, he was doomed to hammer heel-taps, and stitch on soles, while his own soul was alive with the desire to know. "Where there's a will there's a way." He had "the will," and he found "the way." He was obliged to eat; and he would make it a meal for soul and body. He took a book to his repast; and crammed ideas in his mind and food in his stomach, at the same time. Digestion in both departments was not incompatible with stitching. In this way, five or six pages were mastered at a meal.

At an early stage of his new intellectual life, a gentleman brought "Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding" to be bound. It was a new conception to his mind. He had never heard of it before. He pored over its pages with a fascination as profound as a philosopher's joy at a new discovery, a sensation as new and thrilling as

a child's over his first toy-book, and drank in his reasonings with a zest as transporting and heart-felt. It was as when a new star blazes in the telescope of the astronomer. But its magnitude was greater than a star. It was a new world with its suns and systems, that filled his soul from horizon to zenith with brilliant images and gorgeous hopes. The continent of mind was spread out before him. What would he not have given to own that world of thought! "I would willingly have labored a fortnight to have the books." Could his desire be more forcibly expressed? Again he says, "I had then no conception that they could be obtained for money." How priceless did he consider them! But they were soon carried away; and his mind felt as if the sun had gone down in the early morning. Yet they left a luminous track behind them, rich and glorious as a western sky when the sun has gone to waken the song of gladness in other climes. Years passed before he saw the Essay again; yet the impression was never lost from his mind. "This book set all my soul to think, to feel, and to reason, from all without, and from all within. It gave the first metaphysical turn to my mind; and I cultivated the little knowledge of writing which I had acquired, in order to put down my reflections. It awakened me from my stupor, and induced me to form a resolution to abandon the groveling views which I had been accustomed to entertain." Heretofore no specific object, beside the general one of improvement, had guided his efforts. Locke awakened his inquiries, and concentrated his mental energies. Its influence was powerful upon every period and on every undertaking of his subsequent career.

It was about the same time that another and a sublimer change was wrought in the moral nature of Mr. Drew. A mother's hand had scattered the seeds of life over the soil of his young heart. In childhood and youth it seemed to have fallen on stony ground. It had brought forth no fruit unto righteousness. But now the seed had germinated long after the hand of the sower was still in the grave. The apparent instrumental cause of his religious quickening was the remarkably triumphant death of his brother. This awakened reflection on the folly and wickedness of his own life, and the aimless nature of his pursuits. These impressions were

strengthened under the ministry of the then youthful, but now world-known and honored, Adam Clarke. Coincident with these things, the deathless work of that

"Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale Sweet fiction and plain truth alike prevail,"—

The Pilgrim's Progress,—gave shape to his thoughts, and direction to his life. The infusion of the religious element into his nature was a most important epoch in his existence. It gave tone to his feelings, sprightliness and vigor to his mind, purity and decision to his character. It brought him into a new atmosphere of being, placed new and vaster objects before his mind, and stirred the profound depths of his intellectual and moral nature with higher aspirations, and a more ennobling ambition. Old things were passed away; and a new life, stretching outward and upward, blending usefulness and happiness, the rewards of virtue with the conquests of duty, was mapped on his soul in lines of fire traced by the finger of God. Henceforth, in the contemplation of his life, we perceive not only a new direction, but a fuller development of mental energy; and trace the application of his powers to subjects, respecting truth, duty and God, that religious conviction alone could suggest or support. He is no longer ambitious to tread the deck of a pirate-ship. The past is forgotten, or exists as a mournful remembrance. A purer principle is implanted in his nature. It has taken root in his heart; its foliage and its fruits distinguish and adorn his subsequent career.

It is not to be supposed that his difficulties either in getting bread or books had ceased. He was still "inured to poverty and toil." He had entered into business for himself, but on a scale exceedingly limited. Dr. Franklin's "Way to Wealth," of which he possessed a copy, was his chart. "Poor Richard" gave pithy but very excellent advice to poor Samuel Drew. Eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, "the sound of his hammer" might be heard. He had borrowed five pounds to begin business; and it was only at the expiration of a year that he was able to return it. But his business, and his own character for industry and integrity, were established. He was in the way to wealth. His desire, however, was not inordinate. He only wished to be able to spare some

moments from constant toil to the purpose of reading and study. In a few years, this object was accomplished, and he found himself at liberty to pursue his long-cherished schemes of mental improvement. But the best-concerted schemes sometimes fail. His was nearly wrecked by politics. He was saved by an incident as singular as it was effectual. During the American War everybody was a politician; he took sides with the Colonies; there was danger of political discussion engaging his attention, to the exclusion or detriment of his more important mental occupations. From this hazard he was preserved by the following incident.

A friend one day remarked to him, "Mr. Drew, more than once I have heard you quote that expression,—

'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'

You quote it as being true; but how are we to understand it?"

"I can give you," he replied, "an instance from my own experience. When I began business I was a great politician. My master's shop had been a chosen place for political discussion, and there, I suppose, I acquired my fondness for such debates. For the first year, I had too much to do and to think about, to indulge my propensity for politics; but after getting a little ahead in the world, I began to dip into these matters again. Very soon I entered as deeply into newspaper argument as if my livelihood depended on it. My shop was often filled with loungers, who came to canvass public measures; and now and then I went into my neighbors' houses on a similar errand. This encroached on my time; and I found it necessary sometimes to work till midnight, to make up for the hours I had lost. One night, after my shutters were closed, and I was busily employed, some little urchin who was passing the street, put his mouth to the key-hole of the door, and, with a shrill pipe, cried out, 'Shoemaker! shoemaker! work by night and run about by day!'"

"And did you," inquired his friend, "pursue the boy with your stirrup, to chastise him for his insolence?"

"No, no! Had a pistol been fired off at my ear, I could not have been more dismayed or confounded. I dropped my work, saying to myself 'True, true! but you shall never have that to say of me

again.' I have never forgotten it; and while I recollect anything, I never shall. To me it was the voice of God; and it has been a word in season throughout my life. I learned from it not to leave till to-morrow the work of to-day, or to idle when I ought to be working. From that time I turned over a new leaf. I ceased to venture on the restless sea of politics, or trouble myself about matters which did not concern me. The bliss of ignorance on political topics I often experienced in after life; the folly of being wise my early history shows."

Industry and economy had "broken the neck of his difficulties," and left him with some degree of leisure to pursue his ruling passion—the acquisition of knowledge. Possessed of the opportunity of improvement, he increased his efforts, and enlarged his plans of acquiring information. Fugitive thoughts—those first and best teachings of truth—were preserved with an avaricious care. Even while at work, he kept writing-materials at his side, to note the processes of his mind, and fix, beyond the possibility of forgetfulness, the outlines of arguments on such subjects as engaged his attention for the time. But he had not as yet fixed upon any plan of study. We shall see what determined his choice:—

"The sciences lay before me. I discovered charms in each, but was unable to embrace them all, and hesitated in making a selection. I had learned that

'One science only will one genius fit—  
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.'

At first I felt such an attachment to astronomy, that I resolved to confine my views to the study of that science; but I soon found myself too defective in arithmetic to make any proficiency. Modern history was my next object; but I quickly discovered that more books and time were necessary than I could either purchase or spare, and on this account history was abandoned. In the region of metaphysics I saw neither of the above impediments. It nevertheless appeared to be a thorny path; but I determined to enter, and accordingly began to tread it.

Poverty selected the field on which he was to win his triumphs. It was, indeed, a thorny path, hedged with difficulties. He entered it with a giant's energy. The immaterial world, with its empires of being,

its unfathomable entities, endless organizations, mysterious laws, and chainless powers, was the world through which he was to roam with the freedom of a free-born citizen. The map of that world already existed in outline in his own intellectual and moral being.

In such a study the heaviest draft would be on his own mental organism. Reading filled his leisure; reflection occupied him while at work. He possessed, in a remarkable degree, the power of abstracting his mind from surrounding objects, and fixing it, like a leech, upon whatever subject occupied his attention. His profoundest mental investigations were often carried on in the din of domestic affairs. His works, which have given his name to fame, were written, not in the solitude of the study, but amidst the hammering of heel-taps and cries of children. He had no study—no retirement. "I write," he said, "amid the cries and cradles of my children; and frequently, when I review what I have written, endeavor to cultivate 'the art to blot.'" During the day, he wrote down "the shreds and patches" of thought and argument; at night, he elaborated them into form and unity. "His usual seat, after closing the business of the day, was a low nursing chair beside the kitchen fire. Here, with the bellows on his knees for a desk, and the usual culinary and domestic matters in progress around him, his works, prior to 1805, were chiefly written."

The first production of Mr. Drew's pen was a defense of Christianity, in answer to what a celebrated Irish barrister, with singular felicity and force of language has called "that most abominable abomination of all abominable abominations, 'Tom Paine's Age of Reason.'" It was elicited by circumstances no less attractive in their nature than they proved to be beneficial to the spiritual interests of one of the parties. Amongst the friends drawn to Mr. Drew by his literary pursuits and the attractions of his expanding intellect, was a young gentleman, a surgeon, schooled in the writings of Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, and Hume. Confirmed in infidelity himself, he sought to shake the religious convictions of the pious and strong-minded, but humble shoemaker. They had frequently discussed abstruse questions of ethics; especially the nature of evidence, and the primary sources of moral principles. When

"Paine's Age of Reason" appeared, he procured it, and fortified himself with its objections against revelation; and assuming a bolder tone, commenced an undisguised attack on the Bible. Finding his own arguments ineffectual, he proffered the loan of the book, stipulating that he should read it attentively, and give his opinions with candor, after a careful inspection. During its perusal the various points of its attack on Christianity were brought under discussion. Mr. Drew made note of these conversations. Ere they closed, the surgeon began to waver in his confidence in the "Age of Reason;" and the ultimate result was that he transferred his doubts from the Bible to Paine, and died a humble believer in the truth of Christianity, and in cheerful hope of the immortality it brings to light. The notes of Mr. Drew were subsequently remodeled and offered to the public. Its appearance produced a powerful impression in behalf of religion, then most virulently assailed by the combined forces of French Atheism and English Deism. It placed its author upon commanding ground as a profound thinker and a skillful debater; and attracted to him a larger class of more distinguished and powerful friends. This first-born of his brain was published in 1799. It was followed in rapid succession by several other pamphlets: one a poem of six hundred lines, rich in thought, but too local in subject, and less fanciful than popular taste in "the art of poetry" required; the other was a defense of his Church against the attack of one in whom the qualities of author, magistrate, and clergyman were blended. His defense was as successful in refuting the assault, as it was, in the mildness and manliness of its spirit, in converting the assailant into a personal friend.

In 1802, Mr. Drew issued a larger work, a volume alone sufficient to stamp his fame. It was on the "Immortality and Immateriality of the Human Soul." It is a masterpiece of profound thinking, acute reasoning, and logical accuracy. The English language boasts no superior work on the subject. It made a strong impression on the public mind, and attracted a large number of learned men to the obscure, but profound, metaphysician of St. Austell. The history of the volume furnishes an interesting page in the life of authorship. When finished, it was offered to a Cornish

publisher for the sum of ten pounds. But he could not risk such an amount on the work of one "unknown to fame." It was then published by subscription, and the edition was exhausted long before the demand for it was supplied. Many years after this, Dr. Clarke said Mr. Drew was "a child in money-matters." The occasion before us justifies the remark. Afraid of the risk of a second edition, he sold the copyright to a British bookseller for twenty pounds, and thirty copies of the work. Before the expiration of the copyright, it had passed through four editions in England, two in America, and had been translated and published in France. The author survived the twenty-eight years of the copyright, and it became his property. He then gave it a final revision, and sold it for \$1,250.

His "Essay on the Soul" was followed, in the course of a few years, by another work, not less abstruse: "The Identity and General Resurrection of the Human Body." His former work had surprised the critics of the day. This confounded them. They knew not what to think of the man; and they were afraid to adventure in a review, upon the vast and profound ocean of metaphysics, over which he sailed with the freedom of a rover, bearing a flag that held out a challenge to the world. The editors of several Reviews, as did also the publisher, courted a criticism of the work. But they could find no one able and willing to attempt it. At length one of them ventured to ask the author for a criticism on his own work, as the only person competent to do it justice. The request stirred his indignation. "Such things," was his reply, "may be among the tricks of trade, but I will never soil my fingers with them." But it went not without a notice: it was reviewed in two works.

The improvement of Mr. Drew's circumstances has been spoken of. He had not grown rich. The gain of a *little time* for mental pursuits, was all the wealth his literary labors had secured. His publications gave him fame as an author, and attracted friends, ardent and anxious to assist him, but they contributed very little to his release from the daily avocations of his shop. He was still poor; and, to gain daily bread for himself and his family, he was compelled to "stick to his last." Even at this period of his life, he concluded a letter to a distinguished antiquarian of



London, with the remark, "I am now writing on a piece of leather, and have no time to copy or correct." Yet, in reading his pages, while the mind is stretched to its utmost tension to compass the depth and elevation of his thoughts, it is almost impossible to realize that they were written on a piece of leather in the midst of his workmen, or in the chimney corner, with a bellows on his knee, and with one foot rocking a brawling child to sleep. It is, nevertheless, a fact, and adds new confirmation to the hackneyed remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction." As late as 1809, Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, wrote to him as follows: "When I read your address, I admired your mind, and felt for your family; and from that moment began to revolve how I might profit merit emerging from hardships. I have at length conceived a way which will, in all likelihood, put you and your dear infants in independence." The plan of the professor was to induce Mr. Drew to enter the lists for a prize of twelve hundred pounds for an essay on "The Being and Attributes of God." He entered, but did not win, much to the sorrow of his kind-hearted adviser. But the work, in two volumes, was subsequently published, and augmented the fame of "The Metaphysical Shoemaker."

By the agency of his friend, Dr. Clarke, he was engaged to write for several Reviews, "receiving — guineas for every printed sheet." He also commenced lecturing to classes on grammar, history, geography, and astronomy. Several years were spent in these employments. They paved his way, and prepared him to enter a larger field of labor, on a more elevated platform of life.

In 1819, he was invited to Liverpool, to take the management of the Imperial Magazine, published by the Caxtons. He accepted it, and parted with his awl and ends. This was a new enterprise, both to the editor and the proprietor. But it succeeded to admiration. His own reputation attracted seven thousand patrons at the start. Whatever may have been the tastes of Mr. Drew as to dress, he had never been in circumstances that allowed of much attention to his personal appearance. The family of Dr. Clarke, who now resided near Liverpool, and who were warmly attached to him, set themselves to reform his costume, and polish his manners. An

epigram of the doctor's comprises a full-length likeness of the figure he presented.

"Long was the man, and long was his hair,  
And long was the coat which this long man  
did wear."

He was passive under the management of his young friends; and they did not pause until a manifest change in the outside man was effected. When he next visited St. Austell, he was congratulated upon his juvenile appearance. "These girls of the doctor's," he said, "and their acquaintances, have thus metamorphosed me." His residence at Liverpool was abridged by the burning of the Caxton establishment. The proprietors resolved to transfer their business to London; and they could not leave their able and popular editor behind them. He accordingly repaired to the metropolis. Here all the works issued from the Caxton press passed under his supervision. He augmented his own fame, and multiplied the number of his learned friends. Of his labors he says: "Besides the Magazine, I have, at this time, six different works in hand, either as author, compiler, or corrector. 'Tis plain, therefore, I do not want work; and while I have strength and health, I have no desire to lead a life of idleness; yet I am sometimes oppressed with unremitting exertion, and occasionally sigh for leisure which I cannot command." But leisure came not till the weary wheels of life stood still in 1833.

A Chinese proverb says, "Time and patience will change a mulberry leaf into a silk dress." They have wrought greater wonders than this in the intellectual and moral world. As illustrative of their power in any pursuit of life, how impressive are the incidents in the history of the poor shoemaker of St. Austell. Through their agency, vice, ignorance, and poverty were transmuted into virtue, knowledge, and independence;—a youth of idleness was followed by a manhood of industrious diligence, and an age dignified by success in the noblest aspirations that can swell the human breast.

LET not any one say he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him into action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone, or in the presence of God, if he will.—*Locke*.

## BRUIN AT COLLEGE.

ON a certain memorable day in 18—, a large hamper reached Oxford, per Great Western Railway, and was in due time delivered, according to its direction, at Christ-church, consigned to Francis Buckland, Esq., a gentleman well known in the university for his fondness for natural history. He opened the hamper, and the moment the lid was removed, out jumped a creature about the size of an English sheep-dog, covered with long shaggy hair, of a brownish color. This was a young bear, born on Mount Lebanon, in Syria, a few months before, who had now arrived, to receive his education at our learned university. The moment that he was released from his irksome attitude in the hamper, he made the most of his liberty, and the door of the room being open, he rushed off down the cloisters. Service was going on in the chapel, and, attracted by the pealing organ, or some other motive, he made at once for the chapel. Just as he arrived at the door, the stout verger happened to come thither from within, and the moment he saw the impish-looking creature that was running into his domain, he made a tremendous flourish with his silver wand, and, darting into the chapel, ensconced himself in a tall pew, the door of which he bolted. Tiglath Pileser (as the bear was now called) being scared by the wand, turned from the chapel, and scampered frantically about the large quadrangle, putting to flight the numerous parties of dogs who in those days made that spot their afternoon rendezvous. After a sharp chase, a gown was thrown over Tig, and he was with difficulty secured. During the struggle, he got one of the fingers of his new master into his mouth, and—did he bite it off? no, poor thing! but began vigorously sucking it, with that peculiar mumbling noise for which bears are remarkable. Thus was he led back to Mr. Buckland's rooms, walking all the way on his hind legs, and sucking the finger with all his might. A collar was put round his neck, and Tig became a prisoner. His good nature and amusing tricks soon made him a prime favorite with the under-graduates; a cap and gown were made, attired in which (to the great scandal of the dons) he accompanied his master to breakfasts and parties, where he contributed greatly to the amuse-

ment of the company, and partook of good things—his favorite viands being muffins and ices. He was in general of an amiable disposition, but subject to fits of rage, during which his violence was extreme; but a kind word and a finger to suck soon brought him round. He was most impatient of solitude, and would cry for hours when left alone, particularly if it was dark. It was this unfortunate propensity which brought him into especial disfavor with the Dean of Christ-church, whose Greek quantities and hours of rest were sadly disturbed by Tig's lamentations.

At the commencement of the long vacation, Tig, with the other members of the university, retired into the country; and was daily taken out for a walk round the village, to the great astonishment of the bumpkins. There was a little shop, kept by an old dame, who sold whip-cord, sugar-candy, and other matters; and here, on one occasion, Tig was treated to sugar-candy. Soon afterward he got loose, and at once made off for the shop, into which he burst, to the unutterable terror of the spectacled and high-capped old lady, who was knitting stockings behind the counter. The moment she saw his shaggy head and heard the appalling clatter of his chain, she rushed up stairs in a delirium of terror. When assistance arrived, the offender was discovered seated on the counter, helping himself most liberally to brown sugar; and it was with some difficulty, and after much resistance, that he was dragged away. When term recommenced, Tiglath Pileser returned to the university much altered in appearance, for, being of the family of silver bears of Syria, his coat had become almost white; he was much bigger and stronger, and his teeth had made their appearance, so that he was rather more difficult to manage: the only way to restrain him when in a rage was to hold him by the ears; but on one occasion, having lost his temper, he tore his cap and gown to pieces. About this time the British Association paid a visit to Oxford, and Tig was an object of much interest. The writer was present on several occasions when he was introduced to breakfast-parties of eminent savants, and much amusement was created by his tricks, albeit they were a little rough. In more than one instance, he made sad havoc with book-muslins and other fragile articles of female attire; on the whole, however, he conducted himself

with great propriety, especially at an evening meeting at Dr. Daubeny's, where he was much noticed, to his evident pleasure. However, the authorities at Christ-church, not being zoologists, had peculiar notions respecting bears; and at length, after numerous threats and pecuniary penalties, the fatal day arrived, and Tig's master was informed that either "he or the bear must leave Oxford the next morning." There was no resisting this, and poor dear Tig was accordingly put into a box—a much larger one than that in which he had arrived—and sent off to the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park. Here he was placed in a comfortable den by himself: but, alas! he missed the society to which he had been accustomed, the excitement of a college life, and the numerous charms by which the university was endeared to him; he refused his food; ran perpetually up and down his den in the vain hope to escape, and was one morning found dead, a victim to a broken heart.

### THE LINNET AND HIS NEST.

A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

THERE was once upon a time, a linnet's nest in a quiet green lane—a lane very little frequented by travelers, where the only traffic was that of farmers, hinds, and plowmen, with now and then an old woman in a red cloak with a basket of eggs or butter, or a young lass with laughing eyes and freckled face, bedappled with the shadows of the fluttering leaves, gliding noiselessly along beneath the trees. The grass grew plentifully on the ground and almost concealed the deep ruts made by the passage of the hay-carts and harvest-wains, so that if you did not take heed to your steps you might find yourself let down a good deal lower in the world before you were aware of it. There were whitethorns and blackthorns, brambles, hazels, and alder-trees, thickly clustering together in the hedges on either side, together with young ashes, old pollards, and graceful birches. There was generally a company of donkeys, strolling leisurely about the lane, placid, well-conducted members of society, who, if they ever had any wild oats to sow, had sown them long ago, and were ready to make amends by devouring any quantity of oats, wild or cultivated, they could meet with in the course of their wanderings. There was

a little brook of clear sparkling water which bubbled and babbled perpetually under the left bank, from one end of the lane to the other, and much farther in both directions than I can tell; and made music all night long, and all day too, though it could scarcely be heard then for the singing of the birds, who had it all pretty much their own way in the green lane, there being neither school-boys nor gunners in the neighborhood, to plunder their nests in summer or knock them on the head in winter.

As I said before, there was a linnet's nest in this lane, built in a darkling bush of whitethorn, in the very thickest part of the hedge just over the brook, where it ran rushing by between a couple of great stones, all green with the moss of perhaps a hundred years. The old birds that occupied this nest were a prudent couple, who had brought up several broods, some of which had been taken by the ruthless hand of the spoiler, and consigned to a lingering death through ill treatment; or, worse fate still, as some may think, to perpetual imprisonment within the iron bars of singing cages. Sorrow had taught them foresight, and they were cunning enough now to elude the ravages of the bird-nester by keeping out of his way.

They had now as fine a family around them as ever dwelt peaceably together in one nest. Dick, the eldest, was a forward kind of bird; he was the first to chip the shell and pop his little pate into the world, and before he was half an hour old had gobbled up a grub from his mother's bill half as big as his own head. He was always the first to open his mouth of a morning, kept it open the widest when anything in the eating way was going forward, and was the last to shut it at night. He was the first to get a coat to his back, and a crown to his poll, and the first to testify, to the immense gratification of his hard-working parents, the indisputable indications of a tail in perspective. The pleasant sunny days and weeks of early summer did a vast deal for Dick and his younger brothers and sisters. The whole domestic circle, with the exception of the parents, who lost flesh and feather through anxiety and hard work, thrived and grew amazingly; and one fine morning, to the astonishment of all beholders, the saucy Dick leaped from the nest to a spray just

above it, and giving three chirps in honor of the event, flew to the top of the bush, and in a very loud strain proclaimed to all whom it might concern that he had set up in the world for himself. Neither of his parents was very sorry to get rid of him, for, to say the truth, the whole brood had grown so big of late, and had played such sad havoc with the nest, that repair was almost out of the question, and whether it could be put into a condition to qualify it for future service, was more than they knew.

But we must leave the old birds to bring up and turn forth their expensive family, and repair or rebuild the paternal dwelling as they best can; and follow and see what Master Dick is about, and how he is going to use the world and the world him. He got on bravely during the summer months; before he had left home a fortnight he could fly as well and as high as his own father. He had a natural taste for music too, and as sweet a pipe of his own as one would wish to hear. What with learning new tunes, filling himself to his heart's content with insects and green seeds, he led, for a bird, a merry life. Cold and wet weather he did not like so well: not that he cared for rain, he could shake that off easily enough; but it sent the flies to their hiding-places, and, with the exception of a stray worm or grub, reduced him altogether to a vegetable diet. He learned a very small amount of prudence and patience by slow degrees, and began to think much less of the figure he was born to cut in the world, when he found himself, as winter drew on, in company with sparrows, chaffinches, wagtails, tomtits, and other ignotables of small standing, waiting of a morning on the shiny side of a hedge for the sun to thaw the snow-covered bank that he might begin routing with the rest for the chance of a breakfast. More than once he had a narrow escape of his life, through Charley Fowler raking the aforesaid hedge with his gun—a ceremony which determined him to keep at a respectful distance if possible from any salutations of that sort in future.

The winter wore off, as winters will do, and before March had blown away all his breath, Dick had made acquaintance with another linnet, whom we shall call Dolly. He had tendered his bill, which Dolly had accepted.

"Now," said he to Dolly, "we'll show

the old folks how to manage matters. I'm not going to build my house in a dwarfish bush, where we may sit day after day and see nothing. I like to look at the world, and see what's going on in it."

With that the young couple set off to Dick's native lane, and called upon the old couple, whom they found busy in re-fitting the old nest. While the old matron and the young bride sidled off together, Master Dick announced to his sire his intention of setting an example to the race of linnets by assuming a loftier position in society. "I cannot imagine any reason," said he, "why we linnets should shut ourselves in such dark holes as we all of us do, while the hoarse crow and the hooting owl take possession of the lofty trees, and look around far and wide upon the beauties and riches of nature. I am resolved to assert our equal right with them, and build my first nest in the top of yonder oak; that will be a noble residence—a right royal dwelling."

"Very fine, I dare say," replied the old bird; "but if your mate lays her eggs a-top of that oak, it's my notion they'll never be anything but eggs; but you can try, of course, if you like."

"That I certainly shall," said Dick; and with that, calling Dolly to bear a beak to the work, the couple commenced operations by laying the first stick in the highest fork of the topmost bough. The work went on merrily, both partners laboring incessantly at their airy throne, which was to be a model for their whole tribe. In a few days it was finished, and who so pleased as our young couple with their new house? They took possession with much fuss and ado, and twitted the old folks in the bush below as being without a particle of proper ambition.

The sun went down, and Dick and Dolly went up to roost in their lofty domicile. Dark night came on apace, and with the night a dismal storm of rain and wind and thunder: flash came the lightning! crash came the thunder! up and down, this side and that, rocked the young couple and their new nest, from which they momentarily expected to be pitched out. In spite of the admirable pent-house they made by overlapping the edge of the nest with their wings, the heavy bullets of rain beat through their feeble guard and wet their trembling toes. Already they began to doubt the prudence of the step they had

taken, and to wish their new house could by any possibility be removed to a quieter locality, when—crash! came another tremendous burst of thunder, and down they were borne to the ground, along with the branch upon which they had erected their dwelling, and which the lightning had rent away. They managed to escape without much damage beyond the fright, and fluttering into a dry and tranquil spot under the thickest hedge, got through the rest of the terrible night as well as they could.

Master Dick's consequence had completely departed before the dawn of morning. His ideas on the subject of building had undergone a thorough revolution, and he now professed himself as much alarmed at the presumption of his parents in having their nest six feet above the level of the ground, as he had been before disgusted with their want of spirit in building so low. "No, no," said he, "no more thunder storms about my head for me; self-preservation is the first law of nature; henceforth, like the lark—the lark is a wise bird—I build upon the ground. Come, Dolly, you know we have no time to lose; we have the whole work to do over again, and the sooner we begin the better."

So to work they went again upon the ground in the lane, under the shelving grass upon the brink of the brook. After a few days of industrious labor, another home was ready for their use, and they promised themselves much snug and comfortable enjoyment in a spot secure from the angry blasts of the tempest and the observation of man or beast. No sooner, however, was the work finished, and Dick had got into it to look around and realize his comfortable position, than up tramps old Jubbin, farmer Fallow's donkey, and nosing down to drink at the brook, elaps his "forefoot" plump upon the middle of the nest, and crushes it to pulp in the mud at the bottom. Dick, astonished beyond measure, though narrowly escaping with his life, could not resist scolding the donkey; but the patient look of the ass was too much for Dick's displeasure, and there was nothing left for him but to select a third position, and to set about building a third house, the demand for which was now becoming urgent as the season was far advancing.

By this time Dick's opinion of his own

superior sagacity was very considerably modified, and though more anxious than ever to see himself comfortably settled, he was in no hurry to make any further doubtful experiments. He called a council with Dolly, and they both agreed to go and consult the old couple, and take advice and follow it. Dick did not at first relish eating humble pie, but he liked the loss of his nests still less; so, with a deferential apology, he confessed his fault, and besought the old bird's counsel.

"Dick, Dick, avoid dangerous extremes," was the old bird's reply. "That's a piece of advice I bought myself by experience. I have great faith in the maxim, and I have acted upon it for some years, and though we have had our losses and bereavements, through fowlers' snares and mischievous birds' nesters, I have reason to think we have been safer on the whole than we should have been in any other position. Take the advice that you ask. Make your nest in yonder clustering thorn, right opposite to ours, and I have no doubt you will find yourselves in the long run as comfortable and secure as it is the lot of linnets in general to be."

Dick did as he was advised to do; he set to work a third time with equal energy and perseverance, right in the center of the shady bush, and constructed a substantial nest, secure from the assaults of the storm and tempest, shaded from the heat of the summer sun, and out of all danger from the heedless hoofs of Jubbin or his companions. Here he lived in peace, and happiness, and harmony, sang sweetly to his mate, and took his share of the domestic duties and anxieties, always in a cheerful and melodious spirit; he found life a bounty and a blessing, and acknowledged it so to be in daily and hourly songs of thankfulness and joy. For many years the loving couple made the green lane vocal with their gentle music.

The moral of this little fable would seem to be that a middle station in life promises best for a continuous and tranquil enjoyment of its duties and delights. He who by any means finds himself elevated above the position which Providence and his own qualities fit him to occupy, cannot reasonably expect to retain it long or enjoy it thoroughly while he does retain it. There are storms and tempests, and dreadful thunder-claps, in the social as well as in the natural atmosphere, and



little men in high places, like linnets aloft, are apt to be hurled down, even below their just level, when these storms arise. On the other hand, if we have been born to a lowly lot, we should, while cherishing contentment, not sink tamely down without striving to improve it by every lawful means which God has given us; for too low an estate has its disadvantages as well as too high an one. Let every one find, as soon as possible, his due and proper place; and there, by the exercise of all praiseworthy activities, fit himself to rise in it, to improve it, and to make the path of duty what it is well adapted to be, the part of peaceful pleasure and progress.

#### IVORY AND ITS APPLICATIONS.

THE Chinese, from time immemorial, have been celebrated for their excellence in the fabrication of ornamental articles in ivory; and, strange to say, up to our own time, their productions are still unrivaled. European artists have never succeeded in cutting ivory after the manner of these people, nor, to all appearance, is it likely they ever will. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than the delicate lacework of a Chinese fan, or the elaborate carving of their miniature junks, chess-pieces, and concentric balls: their models of temples, pagodas, and other pieces of architecture are likewise skillfully constructed; and yet three thousand years ago such monuments of art were executed with the very same grace and fidelity.

Ivory was known to the Egyptians as an article both of use and ornament. They manufactured it into combs, rings, and a variety of similar things. The processions on the walls of their palaces and tombs would seem to indicate the fact of its having been obtained from India, and also from Ethiopia or Central Africa. There is every reason to believe also that the harder and more accessible ivory of the hippopotamus was extensively used by them. Colonel Hamilton Smith has seen a specimen of what appeared to be a sword-handle of ancient Egyptian workmanship, which has been recognized by dentists as belonging to this class of ivory.

Ivory was extensively used by the Jews. It is frequently spoken of in Scripture as being obtained from Tarshish—an indiscriminate term for various places in the lands of the Gentiles, but probably

referring in this case to some part of India or Eastern Africa. Wardrobes were made of ivory, or at least inlaid with it; the splendid throne of Solomon was formed of this material, overlaid with gold. Ahab built an ivory palace; and beds or couches of the same material were common among the wealthy Israelites. The Phoenicians of Tyre—those merchant-princes of antiquity—were so profuse of this valuable article of their luxurious commerce as to provide ivory benches for the rowers of their galleys. Assyria—whose records and history are only now beginning to be unfolded—possessed magnificent articles of ivory. Mr. Layard, in his excavations at Nineveh, found “in the rubbish near the bottom of a chamber, several ivory ornaments upon which were traces of gilding: among them was the figure of a man in long robes, carrying in one hand the Egyptian *crux ansata*—part of a crouching sphinx—and flowers designed with great taste and elegance.”

The Greeks—who were acquainted with it at least as early as the time of Homer—gradually introduced ivory as a material for sculpture. In certain forms of combination with gold, it gave origin to the art of *chryselephantine* sculpture, so called from the Greek primitives, gold and ivory. This art, which was perhaps more luxurious than tasteful, was introduced about six hundred years before the Christian era; and it was much admired for its singular beauty. It was not, however, till the days of Phidias that it attained to its full splendor. Two of the master-pieces of this sculptor—the colossal statues of Minerva in the Parthenon at Athens and the Olympian Jove in his temple—were formed of gold and ivory. The Minerva was forty feet high, and the Olympian Jupiter was one of the wonders of the world. In the latter of these, the exposed parts of the figure were of ivory, and the drapery of gold. It was seated on a throne elaborately formed of gold, ivory, and cedar-wood; it was adorned with precious stones; and in his hand the god sustained an emblematic figure of Victory, made of the same costly materials.

The Romans used ivory as a symbol of power; but they applied it practically to an infinite variety of purposes. Their kings and magistrates sat on ivory thrones of rich and elaborate construction—an idea received from the Etruscans. The curule

chairs of ivory and gold that belonged to the office of consul, together with the sceptres and other articles of similar description, were all of Etruscan origin. The *libri elephantis* were tablets of ivory, on which were registered the transactions of the senate and magistrates; the births, marriages, and deaths of the people; their rank, class, and occupation, with other things pertaining to the census. The Romans also applied this material to the manufacture of musical instruments, combs, couches, harnesses of horses, sword-hilts, girdles. They were acquainted with the arts of dyeing and incrusting ivory, and they also possessed some splendid specimens of chryselephantine statuary. Ancient writers, indeed, mention no fewer than one hundred statues of gold and ivory; but they furnish us with no particulars of the mode of executing these colossal monuments of art in a substance which could only be obtained in small pieces. A head, smaller than the usual size, a statue about eight inches in height, and a bas-relief, are the only specimens that exist in the present day.

After the fall of the Roman Empire, the taste for ivory ornament became almost extinct. There were some periods, however, in the early part of mediæval history, when this material was not forgotten: when the caliphs of the East formed of it some of the beautiful ornaments of their palaces; when the Arabian alchemists subjected it to the crucible, and so produced the pigment ivory black; when a Danish knight killed an elephant in the holy wars, and established an order of knighthood which still exists; when Charlemagne, the Emperor of the West, had ivory ornaments of rare and curious carving.\* It is, however, at a period subsequent to the return of the crusaders that we must date the commencement of a general revival of the taste in Europe. It would be interesting to trace the steps by which ivory regained its place in the arts and commerce of nations; but on this point we must not linger. From the Low Countries it spread to the far North. Its relations with art and beauty soon became

widely recognized; the growing luxury of the Roman pontificate encouraged its applications; and toward the end of the fifteenth century it was extensively employed as an article of ornament and decoration in every country and court of Europe. The Portuguese were the first to revive a traffic with Africa which had been dormant for upward of one thousand years. It was originally confined to the immense stores of ivory which the natives had accumulated for the purposes of their superstition; but these soon became exhausted, and the inexorable demands of European commerce once more prompted the destruction of the mighty and docile inhabitant of the wilderness. Elephant-hunting became a trade; and a terrible havoc was commenced, which has been pursued down to the present time.

To attempt even to catalogue the extremely diversified uses to which ivory is applied, would of itself be no easy task. There is not perhaps in the whole commercial list an article possessed of wider relations. It is extensively consumed in the manufacture of handles to knives and forks, and cutlery of every description; combs of all kinds; brushes of every form and use; billiard-balls, chess-men, dice, dice-boxes; bracelets, necklaces, rings, brooches; slabs for miniature portraits, pocket-tablets, card-cases; paper-knives, shoeing-horns, large spoons and forks for salad; ornamental work-boxes, jewel-caskets, small inlaid tables; furniture for doors and cabinets; pianoforte and organ keys; stethoscopes, lancet-cases, and surgical instruments; microscopes, lorgnettes, and philosophical instruments; thermometer scales, hydrometer scales, and mathematical instruments; snuff-boxes, cigar-cases, pipe-tubes; fans, flowers, fancy boxes; crucifixes, crosiers, and symbols of faith; idols, gods, and symbols of superstition; vases, urns, sarcophagi, and emblems of the dead; temples, pagodas; thrones, emblems of mythology; and, in short, there is hardly a purpose in the useful and ornamental arts to which ivory is, or has not been in some way extensively employed. At present, the ivory carvings of Dieppe are the finest in Europe; but the genius of the present age is utilitarian, and so are its applications of ivory. If we desire high art in the fabrication of this material, we must go back a few centuries, or be satisfied with the beautiful

\* In the sacristy of the cathedral at Aix-la-Chapelle is still preserved, among other relics of this great prince, an immense ivory hunting-horn; and "Charlemagne's chess-men," which still exist, form part of the collection of works of art at Cologne.

productions of China or Hindostan. We could scarcely give a more apt illustration of this truth than by pointing to the seat of honor set apart for Prince Albert in the closing scene of the Great Exhibition. Elevated on the crimson platform, and standing forth as an appropriate emblem of the artistic genius of the mighty collection, was observed the magnificent ivory throne presented to Her Majesty by the Rajah of Travancore!

From the great value of the material, the economical cutting of it up is of the last importance. Nothing is lost. The smallest fragments are of some value, have certain uses, and bear a corresponding price. Ivory dust, which is produced in large quantities, is a most valuable gelatine, and as such extensively employed by straw-hat makers. The greatest consumption of ivory is undoubtedly in connection with the cutlery trade. For these purposes alone about two hundred tons are annually used in Sheffield and Birmingham, and the ivory in nearly every instance is from India. The mode of manufacturing knife-handles is very simple and expeditious:—The teeth are first cut into slabs of the requisite thickness—then to the proper cross dimensions, by means of circular saws of different shapes. They are afterwards drilled with great accuracy by a machine; riveted to the blade; and finally smoothed and polished. We believe that this branch of industry alone gives employment to about five hundred persons in Sheffield. Combs are seldom made of any ivory but Indian. A large amount of ivory is consumed in the backs of hair-brushes; and this branch of the trade has recently undergone considerable improvements. The old method of making a tooth-brush, for example, was to face the bristles through the ivory, and then to glue, or otherwise fasten, an outside slab to the brush for the purpose of concealing the holes and wire-thread. This mode of manufacture has been improved on by a method of working the hair into the solid ivory; and brushes of this description are now the best in the market. Their chief excellence consists in their preserving their original white color to the last, which is a great desideratum. Billiard-balls constitute another considerable item of ivory consumption. They cost from 6s. to 12s. each; and the nicety of our ornamental turning produces balls not only of the most

perfect spherical form, but accurately corresponding in size and weight even to a single grain.

The ivory miniature tablets so much in use, and which are so invaluable to the artist from the exquisitely delicate texture of the material, are now produced by means of a very beautiful and highly interesting chemical process. Phosphoric acid of the usual specific gravity renders ivory soft and nearly plastic. The plates are cut from the circumference of the tusk, somewhat after the manner of paring a cucumber, and then softened by means of the acid. When washed with water, pressed, and dried, the ivory regains its former consistency, and even its microscopic structure is not affected by the process. Plates thirty inches square have been formed in this way, and a great reduction in price has thus been effected. Painting on ivory, we may add, was practiced among the ancients.

Mr. McCulloch and other statistical writers predict the speedy extinction of the elephant, from the enormous consumption of its teeth; and curious calculations of the number of these animals annually extirpated to supply the English market alone, are now getting somewhat popular. For example: "In 1827 the customs-duty on ivory (20s. per cwt.—since reduced to 1s.) amounted to £3257. The average weight of the elephant's tusk is sixty pounds; and therefore three thousand and forty elephants have been killed to supply this quantity of ivory." But these calculations are in many respects quite fallacious. In the first place, the average weight of our imported tusks is *not* sixty pounds: we have the authority of one of the first ivory-merchants in London for stating that twenty pounds will be a much closer approximation. This at once involves a threefold ratio of destruction. In place of three thousand and forty, we should have the terrible slaughter of nine thousand one hundred and twenty elephants for one year's consumption of ivory in England! This, however, is not the case. In these calculations the immense masses of fossil ivory are obviously overlooked, and the equally immense quantities of broken teeth which are disinterred from the deserts of Arabia, or the jungles of Central Africa. The truth is, we have good reason to know, that a very large proportion of the commercial supply of Europe is sustained from

the almost inexhaustible store of these descriptions of ivory.

Nevertheless, it is indisputable that the insatiable demands of modern commerce will inevitably lead to the ultimate extermination of this noble animal. His venerable career is ignominiously brought to an end merely for the sake of the two teeth he carries in his mouth; which are very likely destined to be cut into rings to assist the infant Anglo-Saxons in cutting *their* teeth, or partly made into jelly to satisfy the tastes and appetites of a London alderman. We cannot reasonably hope for a new suspension of the traffic: indeed, we can only look for its extension. The luxurious tastes of man are inimical to the existence of the elephant. From time immemorial, the war of extermination has existed. His rightful domain—in the plain or the wilderness, or amid the wild herbage of his native savannas—is at all points ruthlessly invaded. But the result is inevitable—it will come to an end; and some future generation of naturalists—those of them at least who are curious in Palæontology—will regard the remains of our cotemporary races of elephants with the same kind of astonishment with which we investigate the pre-historic evidences of the gigantic tapir or the mammoth.

#### JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

**T**HAT age which gave to Germany Lessing, Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, and Herder, also produced a man who, although not destined to share the popularity of these great writers, will yet occupy an eminent place as a profound thinker. This man is Richter. In him we find represented, so to speak, the German character, full of mysterious fancies and profound conceptions, and striking contrasts of light and shade. To read and understand his works is no easy matter, and requires no small amount of attention and serious study. His writings overflow with the spirit of German life, of the boundless forests and solitary mountains, of sunny meadows and dark, silent streams. His writings are full of a spirit peculiar to himself—a strong and powerful nature, which throws aside the common artificial ornaments and the embellishments of conventionality. Jean Paul has a deep feeling for capricious fancies and daring touches, and few who have studied his

writings will rise from them with any feelings but of pleasure and admiration. Richter was born at Wiensiedel in 1763. His father, a poor clergyman, died early, and his mother strained every energy to place her son in the Leipzig University. Having finished his studies, he returned home, and there, in a single room, while his mother sat at her spinning-wheel, or busied herself with her household duties, the future author of "Titan" sat at his desk, studied the works of antiquity, and collected, with indefatigable ardor, that comprehensive knowledge which he displays in his writings. To assist his mother in providing for their domestic wants, he gave lessons to several neighbors' children in his tender and paternal manner. This task, although severe, brought in but a small remuneration. Money was scarce in their household; and if by accident he was able to put aside some small amount to buy an Easter present for his mother, it was a time of unusual happiness to him.

As a relief from his scholastic duties and his unwearied labor, Jean Paul was accustomed to take long walks into the country, accompanied only by his dog. He observed and studied everything around him. Nature was a book which he was never wearied of perusing; she inspired him with a profound veneration. "Do you," he asks of himself, in one of his works, "enter this vast temple with a pure mind? Do you bring with you any evil passions into this garden, where the flowers blossom and the birds sing—any hatred into this glorious nature? Do you possess the calmness of the brook, where the works of the Creator are reflected as in a mirror? Ah! that my heart were as pure, as peaceful, as nature when just created by the hand of God!"

During the summer, Jean Paul often carried his books and his writings to a neighboring hill, and labored, surrounded by that nature whose images reflected themselves so vividly upon his mind—whose harmonies are so clearly echoed by his words. He contemplated nature as a poet, and described it as a philosopher. A blade of grass or the wing of a butterfly sufficed to awaken in him a spirit of scientific analysis, but at the same time a vein of gentle reveries. In studying nature with deep attention, he also studied the most hidden recesses of his own heart. He kept an exact journal of his feelings,

of the faults he discovered in himself, and wished to correct, and of the virtues he desired to acquire. In this journal we find the following:—"This morning I took out with me a writing-case, and wrote as I walked. I am delighted at having conquered two of my failings—my disposition to lose my temper in conversation, and to lose my cheerfulness when I have been plagued by dust or gnats. Nothing makes me more indifferent to the small annoyances of life than the consciousness of a moral amelioration."

Another time he says: "I picked up a withered rose-leaf, which the children were treading underfoot, on the floor of the church, and on this soiled and dusty leaf my imagination built up a world rejoicing in all the charms of summer. I thought of the day when some child held this flower in its hand, and watched the blue sky and the rolling clouds through the windows of the church, where the cold dome of the temple was inundated with light—where the shadows, here and there obscuring the arches, rivaled those which the fleeting clouds cast upon the meadows in their course. Father of kindness! thou hast everywhere scattered the germs of happiness—all things are endowed by thee with a glorious perfume!"

Although his existence was passed in almost entire solitude, it was not from sombre misanthropy. On the contrary, his heart was filled with charity and universal benevolence. He has been known to shed tears at the sight of a cripple, or a child in distress. Even the care of animals occupied part of his spare time. He usually had several favorite animals in his room; he kept canaries, which were accustomed to descend by a ladder, and hop among his papers.

In 1798 he married a young lady in Berlin, Camille Meyer. This marriage was full of happiness to him, and he mentions it several times with exquisite taste. He had two daughters and a son. At this time he had become generally known by several works, among which are "Levana, or Lessons on Education," and the "Campaner Thal." By his writings, as well as by his marriage, his worldly affairs were much benefited; but he was still the same simple and unassuming being, devoted to study and enjoying every innocent pleasure and recreation of life. Once only did he visit Berlin and Weimar, to see those men

whose writings had so often roused his enthusiasm; but soon returned home, more full than ever of his poetic dreams.

We are indebted to his daughter for many pleasant details of his calm and peaceful domestic life. "In the morning he always came to our mother's room to wish us good morning. His dog gambled around him, and his children clung to him, and when he retired tried to put their little feet into his slippers to retain him, or hanging to the skirts of his coat till he reached the door of his study, where only his dog had the privilege of following him. Occasionally we invaded the upper story, where he worked; we crept along the passage on our hands and feet, and knocked at his door till he let us in. Then he would take an old trumpet and fife from a box, on which we made a horrible noise while he continued his writing.

"In the evening he told us stories, or spoke to us of God, of other worlds, of our grandfather, and of many other subjects. When he commenced his stories we all endeavored to sit close to him. As his table, covered with papers, prevented our approaching him in front, we clambered over a large box to the back of his couch, where he lay full length, with his dog beside him, and when all were seated he began his stories.

"At meals he sat down to table merrily and listened attentively to all we had to tell him; sometimes he would arrange one of our stories in such a manner that the little narrator would be quite surprised at the effect. He never gave us direct lessons, but, notwithstanding, he was constantly instructing us."

Toward the end of his life, Jean Paul was afflicted with a sad infirmity; he became blind, but supported this misfortune with a pious resignation—his gayety even did not appear to be affected. The beauties of nature were treasured in his mind, and he regarded them through the eyes of memory. He still studied by having his favorite authors read aloud, and thought with greater calmness than ever.

On the 14th of November, 1820, he was confined to his bed. His wife brought him a garland of flowers, which had been sent to him. He passed his fingers over these flowers, and they seemed to revive his faculties. "Ah! my beautiful flowers," he said, "my dear flowers!" Then he fell into a tranquil sleep. His wife and



friends regarded him silently. His countenance had a calm expression, his brow seemed unclouded, but his wife's tears fell on his face without arousing him. Gradually his respiration became less regular; a slight spasm passed over his features, and the physician said, "He is dead." Thus passed from this world a man who was able to accord his actions to his thoughts; his life and the works he has left behind are abundant proof.

### DOMESTIC TRAINING.

"Cheerily chirp, my pretty chicken."

A PARTICULARLY intimate friend of ours, who has tenderly reared sons and daughters through infancy and childhood to men's and women's estate, during hours of leisure from more important avocations, takes much pleasure, and finds relaxation, in watching the weeks and months of chickenhood and howtowdhood; and we think that the circumstances which we are about to notice may be found of interest to *lady hen-wives* in general. Our particular friend aforesaid is an admirable manager of young chickens and young ducks. During last season she reared chickens and ducklings, the very sight of which, smoking on a festive board, would make an alderman's mouth water; and, out of upward of fourscore, only five have perished by the way from the egg-shell to the spit. The plan pursued by our friend was this: In spring, she set a clucking hen upon duck-eggs. A month's incubation brought the brood to light. As duckling after duckling made its advent, they were transferred from the hatching seat to a cosie, well-lined-with-flannel basket. By the way, this raises up the old query among naturalists, Is the bird that *lays* the egg, or the bird that *hatches* it, the mother of the offspring? When all the duck-eggs had yielded their increase, they were replaced by those of the hen; and when these had run their incubation period, the chicks, like their predecessors the ducklings, were transferred to a comfortable boarding basket, while the fecundite clucker was turned out of doors, to feed, and lay more eggs as the nucleus of a future generation. We have known our friend to supplement a seat of duck-eggs, thus keeping the zealous hatcher in a sedentary attitude for eleven weeks, at least—one gestative period spun out into three; or, to be plain, *three seds-*

*runts for one.* We often wondered how our particular friend could so far trespass on the simplicity of chuckie. But she did it, reason or none.

We have once and again seen a family of thirty or forty disporting in the sunbeams, while the careful producer of them all was eating "that she might lay," and "laying that we might eat." At this present writing, we have just risen from discussing our share of a pair of as plump howtowdies as ever savored the surface of mahogany. How they were made to thrive, fatten, and arrive at gastronomic perfection, we reserve for a future crack with our fair, chicken-loving readers; meanwhile they may give full credit to all that we have told them, and must survive the flavor for a season.

One member of our friend's *gallican* family fell ill, when about three months old. The poor cheeper had caught a cold—or rather a cold had caught it—which paralyzed its lower extremities, and produced that common, fashionable, and deadly, if real—but only to be laughed at, if fancied—disease, bronchitis. It lay for three weeks in a state of pure "coma;" and its existence was kept up solely by the cramming of delicate nutriment down its throat, seasoned, occasionally, with cayenne pepper, and sometimes with a pinch of snuff, as our box beareth witness. The most revivifying application of all was ginger-wine diluted with water.

The whole of this large family arrived at a surprising degree of tameness. Often have we seen them all jostling one another to secure the snuggest nestling-place in our friend's lap; while the ducklings, who seemed to covet competition for the favored spot, but were winglelessly conscious of their inability to gain it, clung like so many leeches round her feet.

The poor thing which forms the first subject of this notice, and which was named "*Jabez-a*,"—the chicken of sorrow,—although we have given her now the more "joyful" title of "*Naomi*," through persevering attention and care, completely recovered her health; and has become so much attached to her gentle physician, that neither temptation nor force can get her to go out of doors. She is a regular, self-installed, parlor-boarder; and cleanliness, by dint of attention, having become a fixed habit, the most fastidious need feel no apprehension of a

breach of good manners, although she should, as is her custom, perch upon their shoulder. A very good, and, all the better for being an old-fashioned, custom, confers upon us the right and privilege of sharing the dormitory of our particular friend; and, in virtue of this, we can speak to the fact that Jabez-a will, in the morning, perch on the foot-board of our four-poster, and often at daybreak serves us with notice of its being time to get up, by sundry peckings at our hair, or a rather ticklish survey of our proboscis. Our friend, from extreme delicacy of health, is unable to rise before breakfast. When the breakfast-tray is placed upon her bed, Jabez-a invariably comes to take her share of the repast. With lynx-eye, she watches the cutting the top off the egg, pounces upon it like a cat, hops with it out of reach, and comfortably discusses it. Upon other occasions, she will spring upon our friend's lap, and intercept the spoonful of pudding on its passage from the plate to the mouth. She appears to have lost all the sympathies of consanguinity, and utters a half-terrified sort of cry at the sight of her kindred hopping about the doors. We have a very small, high-bred spaniel of King Charles's breed, and it is amusing to see Fanny (so she is named) and Jabez-a chasing one another about the room, and gamboling like a pair of kittens; while Jabez-a's favorite resting-place during the day is in Fanny's bosom, who fondles and protects her incongruous playmate as if it were her own whelp. We might enumerate many curious and striking "traits of character," exhibited by this "pretty chicken," but, as "too much of one thing is good for nothing," our readers must conceive of her that she does everything but speak; and in doing so, they will come but little short of the truth.

It has often struck us forcibly, that many of the lower class of animals possess more than mere instinct; and that, refer it to whatever order in the scale of reason one may, they are endowed with a reasoning power *sui generis*, and with a marvelous faculty of calculation. To illustrate this, we need not go to the menagerie or the dog-kennel, where evidence of it is to be found in abundance, but will return again to the hen-house, and narrate a very singular occurrence. We are possessed of a very diminutive white bantam hen, which, last season, hatched a small brood of chick-

ens, from large fowl's eggs. Only one of the brood survived, and it, although only a child, was fully bigger than its parent. At the back of our dwelling-house, there is a court-yard, from which there is an outlet to the garden by a paved alley. About the center of this alley is the gutter-conduit to the main drain. One very rainy day, during the month of last July, the conduit got choked up with the refuse washed from the court-yard, and the alley was flooded to the depth of about three inches in the center, where the pavement had sunk a little, but was dry at each extremity. Happening to go into the garden, we detected bantie and her child scraping away among our seed-beds, and forthwith showed them out. On opening the door leading into the court-yard, the little lady-mother ran to the margin of the water above-described, and appeared to take a cool survey of it; although we imagine that, to little estimating great, it must have borne, in her eyes, the appearance of an ocean. Two or three seconds, however, sufficed for calculation. She uttered a cluck, different in its tone from any we remember to have heard, upon hearing which, her chicken, as big as herself, at least, leapt upon the mother's back, who, as if consciously proud of her valuable cargo, and with a vast deal of deliberation, cautiously entered the water, and with feeling steps waded through it. Having reached the opposite shore in safety, another cluck, as significant no doubt as the former, although equally novel to us, was taken as the signal for the chicken's springing off bantie's back in perfect security.

Before closing this very domestic sort of notice, and from our having introduced the little spaniel Fanny, as the playmate of Naomi, *quondam* Jabez-a, we must tell an anecdote or two about dogs, which came under our own observation, and which, we think, demonstrates that these friends and companions of man exhibit, like the little *tit* of a bantam, as much of reason and calculation as of instinct. The mother of little Fanny, who is still alive, although arrived at the patriarchal dog age of twelve years, was a valued and favorite attendant upon a dear daughter of ours, whom it pleased God to take from us by death. During her illness, which was a fatally short one, poor old Fanny never quitted the sick chamber; at one moment gazing, with almost speaking intelligence, on the

face of her dying mistress, and anon crouching on the bed, as if keeping watch over the precious child. When death had closed the melancholy scene, it was not without difficulty that Fanny could be removed from the room; and, after the key had been turned upon the chamber of death, she placed herself outside of the door, where she lay until the day of the funeral, refusing any nourishment, and giving indication that she had not wholly broken her heart for our irreparable loss only by an occasional low, melancholy howl. Once, during the few days that intervened between death and burial, we entered the apartment, to find, if possible, assuagement for our grief, by immediate contact with its beloved object. Fanny contrived to steal in after us, and, after leaping upon the bed where her mistress died, and finding it vacant—the remains having been placed on trestles—she espied the coffin, snuffed round about it for a few seconds, then leaped upon it, and coiled herself up on the center of the lid, as if fully aware of what was therein contained; and we, whom she had always hitherto regarded with high-toned brutish affection, got her removed only at the imminent risk of being lacerated in the attempt. When the funeral was over, it was truly pitiable to see the affectionate little animal wandering through the house in a fruitless search after what reason as well as instinct seemed to make her feel conscious was irrecoverably gone.

Few, or perhaps none of our readers may recollect an incident, which was noticed at the time by one of the daily journals, in reference to a terrier dog, the property of a friend of our own, now deceased. The dog, while rambling about the garden, saw a cat pounce upon and seize a sparrow. In an instant he sprang upon pussy, rescued the sparrow from her rapacious maw, and carried it safely home to his kennel. Its rough mouthing had disabled the poor bird from taking wing, but the dog and it became inseparable companions—feeding out of the same dish, and gradually contracting a tender intimacy. But one day the sparrow—luxuriating as we may suppose on its newly-found creature comforts, and getting too independent—strayed from its protector, and fell a prey to its old enemy. Pepper, the terrier, was disconsolate for his loss, and evidently mourned the absence of his strange com-

panion, by refusing food for several days thereafter.

We must bring this rambling article to a close for the present, as we know there are those who abhor theoretical speculation, however much they may give practical demonstration, that there are worse things to be found in the world than reeking turkeys, plump, smothered-in-onions chickens, or, most conclusive of all, ducklings and green peas; and who are hard to be constrained to admit that, to many a man who wants a friend, a dog has proved "a faithful one." Before we conclude, however, we cannot forego mentioning a remarkable incident which may be of interest. A friend of ours had a bull-terrier dog, named Billy, who, for lack of *bulls* to bait, had to content himself with extirpating *rats*. Two years ago, Billy accompanied his master on a visit to a farmhouse. It so chanced, that, during the visit, the honest farmer had occasion to take down, for the threshing-mill, a two-year old stack of barley. Here, among the swarms of rats and mice, which had been carrying free-trade to its utmost limits at John Barleycorn's expense, Billy got an ample field for gratifying his natural predilections. The last sheaf had been forked into the cart, when a huge rat, which had, in all likelihood, been watching an opportunity of revenging upon Billy the slaughter of his brethren, emerged from a large hole at the foundation of the stack, and meeting him half-way, gave Billy "a Roland for his Oliver," by seizing him on the upper lip, and clinging with such pertinacity to that tender part, that Billy was utterly helpless. He, however, took but a very short time to form and execute a well-laid scheme. The rat's hole was distant from him about a yard, and, calculating that such a prospect of escape from retributive retaliation might tempt it to let go his nose, Billy moved to the mouth of the hole. True to Billy's calculations, when the rat got sight of the opening to its retreat, it quitted its hold, and made a sudden bolt for safety. Billy was too cunning and too quick to be so easily, albeit cleverly, done for. On the instant that the rat let go its hold, like lightning he gripped it by the back, and, as much as to say, "Now, haven't I done him?" tossed it triumphantly into the air. Billy was here in better luck than his too eager class-fellows, who each took the wrong

side of the post, and, through the awkwardness of a coupling-chain, let their prey escape, amid snarling growls, and the soothing hope to soften their disappointment, "We'll see you again, and then,"—as so admirably depicted in that graphic painting of Alexander Forbes, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Any one who takes a pleasure in forming, so to speak, an acquaintanceship with domestic animals, in closely studying their habits and propensities, will freely admit, as was beautifully said by a great divine, that they "are not beneath the dignity of legislation; and must, we think, arrive at the conclusion that, while the great Creator has drawn a very wide and most unmistakable line of demarkation betwixt the faculties of his own image-work and all inferior creation, yet that still there are reasoning, calculating, and providing faculties among the brutes, which may well put to the blush many a spiritually-gifted brute among our own species, to apply to whom the lofty title of man were only to give him a nickname."

#### CHRISTIANITY IN POVERTY AND LOWLINESS, AND ON THE SICK BED.

BY NEANDER.

THE working of Christianity is not less seen in small than in great things. It needs no grand or public theater in order to display itself. It is the light that, wherever it may be, cannot remain hidden under the bushel. Indeed, what Christianity is, is best seen in this, that it fills with heavenly glory vessels despised or esteemed as nothing in the eyes of men—a glory which far outshines all earthly splendors; that it pours into them the powers of the world to come, beside which all the powers of the earth are nothing. In all ages, that which the apostle Paul so nobly expresses in 1 Cor. i. 27, 28, is evident in the operations of the gospel. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. And God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things that are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are."

A large portion of these operations of

Christianity remains, indeed, hidden from the eyes of the greater portion of mankind, and cannot, therefore, find a place in the pages of history. So much the more unwise, therefore, is it to judge of the effect of Christianity in any age, by what floats on the surface; and so much the more important is it for the historian to search everywhere in the midst of the darkness for these scattered beams of light, and by the side of a man whom God set on so high a place, and to whom he intrusted so broad and manifold a sphere of activity as Gregory, Bishop of Rome, to introduce one who, in the meanest station of this world, in the neediest and most helpless condition, yet manifested the glory of the divine life.

We should know nothing of the life of this child of God, if the great bishop (Gregory) had, like the world, suffered himself to be so dazzled by appearances, as not to perceive the treasure in the earthen vessel. We will listen to the bishop himself, as he describes to us the life of this man.

"In the vault through which we enter the church of Clermont, lived a certain Servulus, whom many among you know, as I know him, poor in earthly goods, rich in God, worn out by a long illness; for, from his childhood until the end of his life, he lay paralyzed in all his limbs. Did I say he could not stand? He could not even raise himself so as to sit upright on his bed, he was never able to lift his hand to his mouth, nor even to turn from side to side. His mother and his brother were always with him to wait upon him, and what he received in alms he used to distribute to the poor. *He could not read; but he had bought himself a Bible, and used to welcome all pious men, and make them read to him from this Bible.* And thus, without reading, he was, nevertheless, able to become acquainted with the whole Bible. He sought, amidst his sufferings, constantly to thank God, and to spend day and night in praising him. When he felt the approach of death, he begged his visitors to stand up with him, and to sing Psalms with him, in expectation of his approaching end. And, dying as he was, he sang with them, when suddenly he ceased, and cried aloud: 'Hush, hear you not how the praises of God resound in heaven?' And while he turned the ear of his spirit to catch these praises

of God, his holy soul departed from his body."

Gregory appended to this narrative these words of exhortation to his Church: "Behold the end of him, who bore the sufferings of this life with resignation! But I beseech you, my dearest brethren, think what excuse shall we be able to offer at the day of judgment, who, although we have received goods and hands, are slothful in good works, whilst this poor man, who had not the use of his hands, could, nevertheless, fulfill the commandments of the Lord? Even if the Lord should not lead forth against us the Apostles, who drew hosts of believers into the kingdom by their preaching; the martyrs, who, pouring forth their blood, entered the heavenly country; what shall we say when we see this Servulus, whose limbs were paralyzed by sickness, without paralyzing him in the accomplishment of good works?"

Let us compare with this Servulus—whose life in that maimed and helpless body was not spent in vain; who did more for the glory of his God and the good of his brother-men, than others who lived in the splendor of the world, and in great activity—those noble Romans, of whom the younger Pliny speaks, who, in long and desperate sickness, with the stoic composure of the wise of this world, put an end to their lives with their own hands. We will not condemn the noble spirits to whom the grace of knowing the gospel was not vouchsafed. But in which of the two do we find the true dignity of man, that true elevation which is founded in humility, and, on that very account, can never be cast down or robbed of its crown?

#### MRS. FRY AND HER SLANDERER.

THE English Eclectic Review criticises, with merited severity, Mrs. Greer's "Quakerism; or, the Story of My Life,"—a work which has excited much attention, and been republished in this country. We give the following vindication of Mrs. Fry, whose fair fame is the precious property of the Christian world, and not merely of her own sect. We now proceed to investigate the charges against Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney—charges exhibiting the most degraded state of feeling that it has ever been our lot to expose, and to condemn.

Although we contend that no sect is

answerable for the acts of individual members, yet, as society consists of individuals, and a sect of its members, and, more especially, as Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney were eminent and prominent members of the Society of Friends, we are inclined to admit, that the showing these two individuals to be deserving of general reprobation and contempt—the hurling them down from the pedestal on which mankind has placed them—must deeply affect the society to which they belonged, and even make a marked impression on the entire religious world. Our authoress evidently thinks the same. The prolonged preliminary chuckle with which the subject is introduced, shows us, that here, at least, she is making a fatal blow. But let us inquire—Do our readers know of whom we are speaking? If not, let us inform them that the late Mr. Gurney was an eminent banker in Norwich, so extensively known and respected, that ten thousand people are said to have attended his funeral, and that the late Bishop of Norwich preached a funeral sermon on that mournful occasion. In addition to his private virtues and liberality, (the latter was really on a gigantic scale,) he was highly distinguished as a theological writer; his *Evidences of Christianity* being considered, among the members of all creeds, a masterpiece of inductive reasoning. That he was born a Quaker, and remained one throughout his useful life, is a fact none will dispute: but he was no sectarian; his view of Christianity was the most enlarged and liberal that it was possible to take; a fact proved beyond question, by the tribute of respect paid to his memory by the prelate to whom we have just alluded. Such is the portrait of Mr. Gurney, accepted by the world as faithful: but it is entirely ignored by Mrs. Greer: she represents him as gluttonous, fastidious, imperious, dishonest, and altogether one of the most insignificant and contemptible characters that the imagination can picture. He is first introduced upon the stage as wrangling with Irish hostlers, on the subject of horsing his own coach; the cause of dispute being this:—The "real gentry," by which term Mrs. Greer and party are intended, were stopping at an inn, when traveling in one of the grand carriages belonging to the Greer family. Their horses were put to, and they were on the point of starting, when



Mr. Gurney came up in his coach. It seems the landlord had but a pair of horses at command; so Mr. Gurney insisted on the hostler's taking out Mrs. Greer's horses, and putting them as leaders to the pair he had just hired. On this question the dispute arose, and, after raging through many pages, terminates, with poetical justice, in the "real gentry" retaining their own horses. Mr. Gurney was, at the time in question, traveling with Mrs. Fry; but the novelist has written no part for this distinguished lady in the stable farce; however, she soon makes her appearance on the stage. And now let Mrs. Greer speak for herself:—

"A few days after, these same Friends [i. e. Mrs. Fry, Miss Elizabeth Fry, and Mr. Gurney] arrived in our city, and lodged with my uncle. They arrived on the seventh-day afternoon. Their intended visit had been announced, and every preparation made, that the kindest hospitality could devise, to give them a cordial Irish welcome. My uncle was a widower, and, although his housekeeper was a clever young woman, and well skilled in the culinary department, still he felt greatly burdened with the honor which had been conferred upon him, in having to entertain these great Friends. At his request, my mother had been all over his house, to see that the accommodation provided for them was suitable. Beds of the softest down and sheets of the finest Irish linen, were prepared for them; and a double-bedded room for the two young men, whom they were in the habit of taking about to swell their train, and run of their messages. About seven o'clock that evening, we saw my uncle hastening up our lawn; and knowing, from his manner, that something had occurred to ruffle him, my mother went to meet him. 'O!' said he, 'what shall I do? after all, I have not got things right for the Friends, and I am come to thee to help me. They cannot drink anything but London porter, and Elizabeth has called for calf's-foot jelly. I sent to all the confectioners' shops, but there was none to be had; and Debby is kept running about waiting on them, so that she could not make it; and, besides that, the butchers have not got any calves' feet. I sent round to them all to try. Friend John says he is quite distressed on account of his sister, as she requires those things, and that they quite expected to have them

at my house, which makes the disappointment greater to them now.'

"'Could thee get pigs' feet?' said my mother.

"'O, yes, in plenty.'

"'Well, then, send me two sets of them, and I'll make jelly; she will never know the difference. Thee shall have it by ten o'clock to-morrow, and I would advise thee to tell the young men, and they will manage the porter for thee.' . . .

"It was nine o'clock before the pigs' feet came, and then we set to work to manufacture them into jelly. My mother sat up all night, and had her task accomplished by eight o'clock in the morning, when it was sent down in a large cut-glass dish; and she had, soon after, the pleasure of hearing that the English Friends said it was the nicest calf's-foot jelly they had ever tasted.

"This was now first day; the Friends were to dine with us at three o'clock, and to have a meeting at seven, to which the town's people were invited. A dozen of our acquaintances were invited to meet the Friends at dinner; and it fell to my lot to stay from the morning meeting, in order to attend to the needful arrangement of this repast, which was as choice and abundant as could be provided on so short a notice. My sister had brought us word, the night before, of the honor intended for us. The meeting was over at twelve, as usual; and at half-past two, up drove the well-known coach, with its important burden. The ladies were soon seated in the drawing-room, the gentlemen strolled into the garden, and the other guests dropped in one after another. Scarcely had the clock struck three, when Friend John said to my mother, 'Three, I think, is the hour for dinner; shall I ring the bell?' 'O! no,' she replied; 'some of our Friends have not yet arrived.' He sat down for about two minutes, and then began again, 'My sister will, I fear, be annoyed; she quite expected dinner would be ready at three o'clock. We English Friends are accustomed to be punctual to time.' 'Dinner is quite ready to be served,' said my mother; 'but we must wait a few minutes for the guests we invited to meet you.' 'Probably they will arrive,' he said, 'whilst dinner is being placed on the table. With thy permission I will ring for it.' And he rose and walked across the room, and rang the bell. The butler entered. 'Let

dinner be served,' he called out. The man looked amazed, but withdrew. I went down stairs to tell my sister how the matter stood. She countermanded the order; and, fearing that the Friends were hungry and suffering, called one of the 'train-young men,' and told him to hand them a glass of wine and a biscuit, to enable them to fast about ten minutes longer. 'Ah!' said he, 'there is not the slightest occasion; as soon as ever the meeting was over, they went home, and called for beefsteak and porter; they all three eat heartily of that, and jelly besides.' Whilst we were speaking, Friend John himself joined us in the dining-room. 'Really,' said he, 'I am annoyed. This want of punctuality is very trying. My sister's convenience is sadly disregarded.'

"Ellen at that moment saw the gentlemen we were waiting for, entering the gate; and, at a quarter after three, Friend John and his sister were satisfying the desires of the inner man with much apparent enjoyment. As soon as the cloth had been removed, and the wines and fruits laid on the table, the Friends dropped into the well-known ominous silence; and one after another preached a domestic sermon. Then they regaled on the dessert, and, when satisfied, requested to be shown to bedrooms, where they might 'take a lay,' to obviate any tendency to drowsiness in the evening meeting. The ladies were immediately accommodated; but we were somewhat surprised when the gentleman required the same for himself. His wants too were supplied, even to a nightcap, and a shawl to throw over his shoulders; but, ere he composed himself to sleep, he gave orders that tea and coffee should be ready for his sister at half-past five o'clock. It was made ready as he wished; and then the three resumed their seats on the sofas, gracefully arranging the pillows and stools, and the ample folds of their drab dresses and shawls, so as to form a pleasing *tableau vivant*. There they were served with tea and coffee; and again we had the satisfaction of thinking their appetites were not impaired. A plate of bread and butter, cut, as we thought, thin, being handed to the little Elizabeth, she helped herself rather superciliously, and then remarked, 'Ah! this may pass with me; but certainly it will not do with my sister.' One of the young people took the loaf to cut some thinner slices for the important lady;

and, whilst doing so, Friend John, leaning forward, said, 'Dost thou not feel it a privilege to be permitted to cut bread for my sister?' We were all glad when the weary day was over; for though we fully appreciated the honor of having the company under our own roof, of these celebrated Friends, still our feelings had been tried, by the manner in which they had received our attentions."

This is the picture, as drawn by the novelist. The narrative is bald, disjointed, and inelegant; but this is a matter of small moment; the facts, if not positively and intentionally false, are so distorted and burlesqued, the additions and omissions are so important and so numerous, that no idea whatever is conveyed of the real facts of the case. It is the occasional custom of the ministers of the Society of Friends to visit distant parts of the country, or even foreign countries, under a conscientious belief that they are required to preach the gospel in those places. It is scarcely required of us to enter into a criticism on such a custom; its existence is all that we have now to deal with. Mrs. Fry, in company with her brother, the Mr. Gurney of whom we have just spoken, and her sister-in-law, Miss Elizabeth Fry, undertook such a journey, in the beginning of the year 1827, leaving London on the 4th of February. They landed at Dublin, and visited Armagh, Lisburne, Londonderry, Sligo, Galway, Limerick, and Cork, besides a great number of intervening places of less importance; all public institutions, as prisons, schools, and lunatic asylums, were assiduously visited; long and fatiguing interviews took place with all officials connected with such establishments; ladies' committees were formed in every part of the island, and their labors defined, and actually commenced, under the practiced eye of the philanthropic founder, who, from morning till night, labored in her Christian vocation. In addition to all this, she constantly held religious meetings, and frequently preached to the audience for an hour at a time. It seems wonderful, that one of such gentle nurture as Mrs. Fry—one who had enjoyed every luxury and every indulgence that could be devised, even from her very infancy—should have undertaken and accomplished the almost Herculean labors she was now daily engaged in. At last, nature gave way. Let us consult her

biographer, Mrs. Creswell, as to her state at this period. "She was becoming worn and over-fatigued, and every day added to the difficulty with which she accomplished the work allotted to it. Happily, they reached the hospitable dwelling of John Strangman, at Waterford, before her powers completely failed her. It was on Friday, the 12th of April, when she arrived there, and for more than a week she needed all the care and close nursing which she experienced; then she gradually began to rally, and they pursued their onerous work."—*Life of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. ii, p. 40. No one will entertain the slightest doubt of the truth of Mrs. Creswell's narrative. Even the "lady" cannot impute the tortuosities of Quakerism to a member of the Church of England, who has not exhibited a single Quaker sympathy throughout the whole of her two bulky volumes. Mrs. Fry herself, in her private journal, has given the following touching account of herself at this period of her career:—

"The great numbers that followed us, almost wherever we went, was one of those things that I believe was too much for me. No one can tell, but those who have been brought into similar circumstances, what it is to feel as I did at such times; often weak and fagged in body, exhausted in mind, having things of importance to direct my attention to, and not less than a multitude around me, each expecting a word or some mark of attention. . . . I felt completely sinking, hardly able to hold up my head, and by degrees became seriously ill. Fever came on, and ran very high, and I found myself in one of my distressing, faint states; indeed, a few hours were most conflicting; I never remember to have known a more painful time; tried without, distressed within, feeling such fears lest it should try the faith of others, my being thus stopped by illness, and lest my own faith should fail."—*Life of Elizabeth Fry*, vol. ii, p. 41.

We feel perfectly confident, that not one of our readers will hesitate to accept the statements of Mrs. Creswell and Mrs. Fry as plain, unvarnished truth; and how widely are they at variance with Mrs. Greer's gross and unmannerly burlesque of this visit to *her father's house*! Yes; Mr. Strangman, the pious, hospitable, generous, noble-hearted, and gentlemanly Mr. John Strangman, was the father of the

"lady," Mrs. Greer; and, perhaps, no greater contrast could be conceived than the truly affectionate and tender care which the overworked and exhausted philanthropist received on the occasion of her visit to his house, and the rude, distorted caricature drawn of that visit by his degenerate daughter. The high fever, the illness, almost to the point of death, are entirely omitted; their introduction would have explained the requiring of calf's-foot jelly, the nocturnal manufacture of which, by the mistress herself, out of pig's feet, was too clever a fiction, and too excellent a joke, to be omitted. It fully accounts for the additional trouble which her visit was very likely to occasion—trouble of which the hosts were themselves proud; and the dwelling on which, after a lapse of twenty-four years, and when all the actors have long been resting in the silent tomb, is an instance of bad taste, of which we recollect no parallel. It will be of no avail for the authoress to attempt escape, by saying she alludes to some other visit of Mrs. Fry's to Waterford; the party which she has described were at Waterford but once. They were entertained at John Strangman's house; and Mrs. Greer, the authoress of "Quakerism," was then Sarah Strangman, and was residing with her father in that very house. Mrs. Fry came into that house in a state of utter prostration of strength, and was nursed with the utmost kindness, through a dangerous, but brief, illness. Were it needful, we would appeal to her family for the truth of what we are saying; but published documents, of unquestioned authority, like those we have cited, will be amply sufficient to satisfy our readers.

We do, however, take some comfort in the reflection, that it is utterly impossible that such palpably false statements can, for a moment, dim the fair fame of Mrs. Fry, or in any way affect the respectability or worth of the religious society to which she belonged, although the "lady" has the audacity to say that she has invoked a blessing on every page of the calumnious caricature.

THERE is in each man a somewhat that acquaints him with the nature and origin of all things, but will tell him nothing of the nature and origin of itself. He is ever obtaining sibylline leaves, but cannot get sight of the sibyl.

## EVENING.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

Twilight lingers on the mountains,  
Whispers low the evening gale,  
Where the cooling water fountains  
Bless the vale.  
Softly, now, the night-bird, lone,  
Chants her plaintive monotone.

To the broad blue heaven above us  
Stars in myriad legions come,  
Like the sainted ones who love us,  
Beck'ning home:  
And the eye, with rapt delight,  
Takes in all the glorious sight.

Spirit melodies are filling  
All the pure, ethereal air,  
Indistinct, yet gently stilling  
Every care.  
In the silent, silent dell,  
Hear that voiceless music swell.

Visions, dreams of beauty, floating  
Dimly from a purer sphere,  
Earthly splendor all unnoting—  
Ah! how dear,  
When the heart with grief is riven,  
Are those blessed dreams of heaven.

Pleasantly the starlight falleth  
Where the Thames' dark waters glide;  
Hark! the weary boatman calleth  
O'er the tide,  
And the watcher, sad and lone,  
Hails afar the welcome tone.

There are words of sacred greeting  
Softly spoken o'er and o'er,  
Blending with the heart's quick beating  
Evermore.  
Darkness settles on the hill,  
And the wide, wide earth is still.

To the many, God hath given  
Morning and the noontide bright;  
But to me, the shades of even,  
And the night.  
Then my spirit soareth free,  
Then the earth is bright to me.  
CONNECTICUT, July.

## THE FATAL WORD.

A TALE OF HORRORS.

HOOD, in his work entitled "Up the Rhine," gives the following capital "take off" of modern "tales of horror:"—

"Thanks to the merry company at his cousin Rudolph's, it was midnight ere Peter Krauss, the little tailor of Bonn, set out on his road home. Now Peter was a tender-hearted man, who would not hurt a dog, much less a fellow-creature; but he had one master-failing, which at last brought him into a horrible scrape, and that was curiosity. Such was his itch for meddling and prying, that what-

ever business went forward, he was sure to look and listen with all his might. Let a word or two be pronounced in a corner, and you could fancy his ears pricking toward the sound, like the ears of a horse. Perhaps, if he had ever perused the tragical story of Blue Beard, he would have learned more prudence; but, unhappily, he never read fairy tales, nor indeed anything of the kind, except some of the old legends of the saints.

"Thus Peter Krauss, pipe in mouth, was trudging silently homeward, through the pleasant valley between Rettehen and Poppelsdorf, when all at once he heard something that brought him to a full stop. Yes,—there certainly was a talking on the other side of the bushes; so giving loose to his propensity, he drew near, and listened the more eagerly as he recognized one of the voices as that of Ferdinand Wenzel, the wildest and wickedest of all the students at Bonn. The other voice he did not know, nor indeed had he ever heard one at all like it; its tone was deep and metallic, like the tolling of a great bell.

"'Ask, and it shall be granted, if within my compass.'

"Peter, trembling, peeped through the thick foliage at the last speaker, and to his unutterable horror, descried a dreadful figure, which could only belong to one fearful personage—the enemy of mankind. Krauss could nearly see his full face, which was ten thousand times uglier than that of Judas in the old paintings. The fiend was grinning, and dismally the moonlight gleamed on his huge hard cheek-bones, and thence downward to his mouth, where it gleamed awfully on his set teeth, which shone not with the bright bony whiteness of ivory, but with the flash of polished steel. Opposite to the Evil One, and as much at his ease as if he had only been in company with a bosom crony, sat the reckless, daring Ferdinand Wenzel, considering intently what infernal boon he had best demand. At last he seemed to have made up his mind;—Krauss pricked up his ears.

"'Give me,' said the wild student, 'the power of life and death over others.'

"'I can grant thee only the half,' said the fiend. 'I have power to shorten human life, but there is only one who may prolong it.'

"'Be it so,' said the student; 'only let

those whom I may doom die suddenly before my face.'

"All the blessed saints and martyrs forbid!" prayed Krauss in his soul, at the same time crossing himself as fast as he could. 'In that case, I'm a dead man to a certainty! He will make away with all that is Philister—namely, with all that is good, or religious, or sober, or peaceable, or decent—in the whole city of Bonn!'

"In the mean time the Evil One seemed to deliberate, and at length told the wild student that he should have his wish. 'Listen, Ferdinand Wenzel! I will teach thee a mortal word, which if thou pronounce aloud to any human being, man, woman, or child, they shall drop down stone-dead, as by a stroke of apoplexy, at thy very feet.'

"Enough," said the wild student. 'Bravo!' and he waved his arms exultingly above his head. 'I am now one of the Fates. I hold the lives of my enemies in my hand. I am no more Ferdinand Wenzel, but Azrael, the Angel of Death. Come, the word—the mighty word!'

"We have said that the topmost failing of Peter Krauss was curiosity,—it was rather his besetting sin, and was now about to meet with its due punishment. Where other men would have shut their eyes, he opened them; where they would have stopped their ears, he put up a trumpet. O Peter, Peter! better hadst thou been born deaf as the adder, than have heard the three dreadful syllables that made up that tremendous WORD. But Peter was willful, and stretched out his neck like a crane's toward the sound, and as the fiend, at Wenzel's request, repeated the fatal spell nine times over, it was impressed on the listener's memory, never to be forgotten.

"I have got it by heart," said the wild student, 'and I know right well who shall hear it the first.'

"Bravo!" said the voice that sounded like the toll of a death-bell.

"The hair, long as it was, rose erect on Krauss's devoted head; every lock felt alive, and crawling and writhing like a serpent. He considered himself the doomed man. Wenzel owed him money, and debtors are apt to get weary of their creditors. Yes, his days were numbered, like those of the pig at the butcher's door. Full of these terrible thoughts, he got away as hastily as he could, without making an

alarm, and as soon as he dared, set off at a run toward his home. On he scampered, wishing that his very arms were legs, to help him go at a double rate. On, on, on, he galloped through Poppelsdorf, but without seeing it, like a blind horse that knows its way by instinct,—on, on; but at last he was compelled to halt, not for want of breath, for his lungs seemed locked up in his bosom; nor yet from fatigue, for his feet never felt the hard ground they bounded from; but because a party of students, linked arm-in-arm, occupied the whole breadth of the road. As soon as they heard footsteps behind them, they stopped, and recognizing the little tailor, began to jeer and banter him, and at length proceeded to push and hustle him about rather roughly. For some time he bore this rude treatment with patience, but in the end, even his good humor gave way, and turned to bitterness. 'Ay, young and strong as ye be,' thought he, 'I know that, my masters, which could stiffen your limbs and still your saucy tongues in a moment.' 'And why not pronounce the word then?' said something so like a whisper, that Krauss started, expecting to see the Fiend himself at his elbow. But it was only the evil suggestion of his own mind, which, with some difficulty, he subdued, till the Burschen, tired of the present amusement, let go of their victim, and joining in a jovial chorus, allowed the tormented tailor to resume his race. 'St. Remi be with me,' murmured the frightened man, 'and help me to restrain my tongue! O, that awful word, how nearly it slipped from me in my rage! I shall do a murder, I know I shall—I shall be cursed and branded like bloody Cain!' and he groaned and smote his forehead as he ran. In this mood he arrived at his own door, where he let himself in with his private key. It was late: his good wife, Trudchen, had retired to rest, and was in so sound a sleep that he forbore to awaken her. But that very sight, as she lay so still and so calm, only excited the most distressing fancies. 'One word,' thought he, 'three little syllables, would make that sleep eternal!' Shuddering throughout his frame, he undressed and crept into his own bed, which was beside the other—but, alas! not to rest. He dared not close his eyes, even for a wink. 'If I sleep,' thought he, 'I shall dream, and as people always dream of what is uppermost in their minds, and moreover,



as I am apt to talk in my sleep'—the mere idea of what might follow threw him into such an agony, that no opiate short of a fatal dose could have induced him to slumber for an instant. A miserable night he passed, now looking forward with terror, and then backward with self-reproach. A thousand times he cursed his fatal curiosity, that had brought him to such a pass. 'Fool, dolt, idiot, ass, long-eared ass that I was, to listen to what did not concern me, and to turn eaves-dropper to Satan! I am lost, body and soul! O that I had been born deaf and dumb! O that my dear mother, now in heaven,—O that my good nurse, now in Munich, had never taught me to speak! O that I had died in cutting my first teeth! That detestable word—if I could only get rid of it; but it is ever present in my mind, and in my mind's eye! in the dark it seemed written on the wall in letters of fire; and now the daylight comes, they have turned into letters of pitch-black!' Thus he tossed and tumbled all night in his bed, with suppressed moans, and groans, and sighings, and inward prayers, till it was time to rise. Then he got up, and opened his shop, and afterward sat down to breakfast; but he could not eat. If he tried to swallow, the accursed word seemed sticking at the bottom of his throat; sometimes it rose to the very tip of his tongue, and then to taste anything was quite out of the question. Life itself had lost its relish, like food with a diseased palate. Conjugal and parental love, which had been his greatest comforts, were now his uttermost torments. When he looked at his good Trudchen, it was with a shudder; and he dared not play with his own little Peterkin. 'If I open my lips to him,' thought the father, 'my child is dead—in the midst of some nursery nonsense, the word will slip out, for it keeps ringing in my ears like a bell.' In the mean time, his wife did not fail to notice his altered appearance; but it gave her little concern. The good Trudchen was very fat and very philosophic, which some people call phlegmatic, and she took the most violent troubles rather softly and quietly, as feather-beds receive cannon-balls. 'Tush,' said she, in her own bosom, 'he looks as if he had not rested well, but he will sleep all the better to-night; and as for his appetite, *that* will come-to in time.' But the contrast only served to aggravate the sufferings of poor Krauss. To see his

wife, the partner of his fortune, the sharer of his heart, his other self, so calm, so cool, so placid, grated on his very soul. There was something even offensive in it, like a fine sunny day to the mourners, when there is a funeral in the house. His first impulse was to seek for sympathy, which generally implies making somebody else as miserable and unhappy as yourself; in fact, he was on the point of beginning the story to his wife, when one of those second thoughts, which are always the best, clapped a seal upon his lips. 'No, no,' he reflected, 'tell a woman a secret? why, she'll blab it to the very first of her leaky gossips that drops in.' In sheer despair, he resolved to bury himself over head and ears in his business, and accordingly hurried into his shop. But do whatever he would, his trouble still haunted him—he dreaded to see a customer walk in. 'I am liable,' said he, 'as all the world knows, to fits of absence, and if I do not say the awful word to somebody to his face, I shall perchance write it at the head of his bill.' In the midst of this soliloquy, the little door-bell rang, as the door was thrown violently open, and in stalked the abominable Wenzel!

'The devoted tailor turned as pale as marble, his teeth chattered, his knees knocked together till the knee-pans clattered like a pair of castanets, whilst his hair again rose erect, like the corn after the wind has passed over it. But for once his fears were mistaken; his unwelcome patron only came to order some new garments. 'Heaven help me!' thought the afflicted tradesman, 'he is too deep already in my books; and yet if I make the least shadow of an objection, I am a dead man.'

'After turning over all the goods in the shop, the wild student selected a mulberry-colored cloth, and then for the first time addressed himself to the proprietor. 'Hark-ye, Peter Krauss; they tell me thou art a most notable listener.'

'The tailor's blood ran cold in his veins, and he gasped for breath; beyond doubt, his eaves-dropping the night before had been discovered, if not known at the time, by the Evil One himself. He was on the point of dropping on his knees to beg his life, when the next speech re-assured him.

'You will please, therefore, to listen most attentively to my instructions.'

'The trembling Peter breathed again, whilst his customer went into a minute

description of the frogs, and lace, and embroidery, with which the new garment was to be most elaborately and expensively trimmed. To all of which poor Krauss answered submissively, 'Yes,' and 'Yes, certainly,' in the plaintive tone of a well-whipped child. In the midst of this scene, two more students, inferior only to the first in bad repute, came swaggering into the shop, who, on the matter being referred to them, approved so highly of the mulberry-colored cloth, that Wenzel at once bespoke the whole piece. 'And now, Krauss,' said the wild student, drawing his victim a little aside, 'I have *one word* to say in your ear.' At so ominous a speech, the little tailor broke out all over in a cold dew; that 'one word' he guessed was his death-warrant; the ground he stood upon seemed opening under his feet like a grave. By a natural instinct he clapped both his hands to his ears; but they were almost instantly removed by the more vigorous arms of his enemy; he then, as a last resource, set up a sort of bull-like bellowing, in order to drown the dreaded sounds, but the noise was as promptly stifled by the thrusting of his own nightcap into his open mouth. 'Hist, thou listener,' said the wild student, in angry whisper, 'those two gentlemen yonder are my most intimate friends; you will give them credit for whatever they may choose to order, and I, Ferdinand Wenzel, will be answerable for the amount.'

"This was bad enough, but it might have been worse; and the little tailor was glad to assent, though he was now past speaking, and could only bow and bow again, with the tears in his eyes. Accordingly, his two new customers, thus powerfully recommended, began to select such articles as they thought proper, and gave ample directions for their making up. They then departed, Wenzel the last. 'Remember,' said he, significantly, holding up a warning finger, 'remember—or else'—'I know, I know,' murmured the terrified tailor, who felt as if relieved from an incubus, as the back of the wild student disappeared behind the closing door. But his grief soon returned. 'I'm lost,' he cried, in a doleful voice; 'the more I'm patronized, the more I'm undone! They never will, they never can pay me for it all. I'm a bankrupt—I must needs be a bankrupt—I'm a ruined man!' 'Who is ruined?' inquired the comfortable Trudchen, just entering in time to catch the last words. 'It's me,'

said the sorrowful tailor. 'As how, Peter?' 'How? Trudchen!—here has been that dare-devil, Ferdinand Wenzel, and brought two other scape-graces almost as bad as himself; and, besides Heaven knows what else, he has ordered the whole piece of mulberry cloth.' 'He shall as soon have the mulberry-tree out of the garden,' said the quiet Trudchen. 'But he must have it,' said the husband, with great agitation. 'But he shan't,' said the wife, quite collected. 'I tell thee, Trudchen, *he must*,' said the little tailor. 'Well, we shall see,' said the great tailoress, with the composed tone of a woman who felt sure of her own way.

"Here was a new dilemma. Poor Peter Krauss plainly foresaw his own catastrophe; but to be pushed on to it, post haste, by the wife of his bosom, the mother of his sole child, was more than he could bear. 'I tell thee, Trudchen, he *must* have it,' repeated the doomed man. 'You always try,' said the phlegmatic Trudchen, 'to have the last word.' 'And if I chose, I could make sure of it,' retorted the now angry Peter. 'Say the WORD to her at once,' said the old whisper, which the affrighted husband no longer doubted was a suggestion from Satan in person. He was cool—nay, cold—in a moment; and not daring to trust himself in his wife's presence, ran up to the little bed-chamber. The fat Trudchen stared awhile at this manœuvre; but as she reflected that persons who go up stairs, will, some time or other, come down again, she placidly resumed her knitting.

"'Wretch! miserable wretch that I am!' sighed the disconsolate tailor, throwing himself on the bed, with his face downwards. 'I have been within an ace of murdering my own dear wife, the mother of my precious Peterkin! O, St. Mark! St. Remi! what mortal sin have I committed, to draw upon me such a visitation? Me, too, who could never keep a secret in my life! Then, again, if I take a glass extra of good wine, it is sure to set my tongue running. O what hundreds, thousands, of deaths will lie at my door! I shall be a monster,—a vampire! O! I shall run mad—and then my head will wander—and I shall pronounce *it* in my ravings! It is sure to come out! Cursed be the year, and the day, and the hour, and the minute, O Peter Krauss, that thou wast born!'

"Alas!" (thus he continued,) "the misfortune of a strong memory! The harder I try to forget it, the more it comes into my mind. If it had only been a long sentence—but a single word, that drops out like a loose tooth before one is aware. Ah, there is no being on my guard!" Having thus lamented, with many tears, by degrees he became more composed, and resolved to refresh his spirits by a walk in the open air. But the tyrannical idea still pursued him with its diabolical suggestions. For instance, he could not help saying to himself, as a passenger passed by, 'There's a tall swaggering fellow, but I could strike him stone-dead in an instant. One word from me, and that flaunting maiden is a corse.' Moreover, the very demon, curiosity, that first led him to his guilty knowledge, now began to tempt him to its abuse. 'I wonder,' thought he, 'if it be true, or only a juggle. Suppose I were to try it—just one syllable—on that soldier, or that miller, or on his dog!' But remorse soon followed. 'Wo is me! I must fly the faces of my kind! I must turn hermit,—or live like Roland on a bleak rock, beyond speech with man, woman, or child!' As he said this, he was run against by some one, blind with haste, whom he caught by the arm. It was the maid-servant of his old friend and neighbor, Hermann Liederbach. 'Let me go,' cried the breathless female, struggling to get free. 'I am running to fetch the doctor for my poor master, who has dropped down in a fit, if he is not dead.' 'That's very sudden,' said Peter, as if musing. 'O, like a gun!' answered the maiden; 'he was quite well and merry only the minute before, talking and laughing with that wild student, Ferdinand Wenzel.'

"Poor Krauss was ready to drop down himself. However, he contrived to get home, where he threw himself on his knees behind the counter, and hid his face among the bales of cloth. The horrid work was begun—but where would it end? Nor were his fears in vain. On a sudden his attention was excited by the trampling of numerous feet; and going to the shop-door, he saw a crowd following four men, who carried a dead body on a board. 'Hollo! what have you there?' shouted an opposite neighbor from his upper window. 'It's poor Stephen Asbeck,' answered several voices; 'he dropped down dead in the market-place whilst squabbling

with one of the students.' Krauss stood rooted to the spot, till the whole procession passed by. 'It's dreadful work,' said Mrs. Krauss, just entering from the back parlor. 'What is?' asked the startled tailor, with all the tremor of a guilty man. 'To be cut off so suddenly in the prime of youth and beauty.' 'Beauty!' repeated Krauss, with a bewildered look, for in truth neither Liederbach nor Asbeck had any pretense to good looks. 'Yes, beauty,' replied Mrs. Krauss; 'but I forgot that the news came while you were absent. Poor Dorothy has died suddenly—the handsome girl who rejected that good-for-nothing Ferdinand Wenzel.' Krauss dropped into a chair as if shot. His fat wife wondered a little at such excessive emotion, but remembering that her husband was very tender-hearted, went quietly on with her knitting.

"Poor Peter's brain was spinning round. He who would not willingly hurt a dog, to be privy to, if not accomplice in, three such atrocious and deliberate murders! His first impulse was to discover the whole affair to the police; but who would believe so extraordinary a story? Where were his witnesses? Wenzel, of course, would confess nothing. Still his knowledge invested him with a very awful responsibility, and called upon him to put an end to the diabolical system. But how? Perhaps—and he shuddered at the thought—it was his dreadful duty to avert this wholesale assassination by the death of the assassin. As if to sanction the suggestion, even as it passed through the tailor's mind, the detestable Wenzel came into the shop to add some new item to his instructions. 'Have you heard the news?' asked the wild student carelessly; 'Death is wondrous busy in Bonn.' Krauss only answered with a mournful shake of the head. 'Poor dear Dorothy!' sighed Mrs. Krauss; 'so young, and so beautiful.' The wild student burst into a sneering laugh: 'There will be more yet,' said he; 'they will keep drop—drop—dropping, like over-ripe plums from the tree!'

"So fiendish an announcement was too much for even the milky nature of Peter Krauss. His resolution was taken on the spot. 'Wretch! Monster! Were-Wolf!' he said to himself, 'thou wert never of woman born. It can be no more sin to slay thee than the savage tiger! Yes—thou shalt hear the word of doom thyself!'

But the moment he attempted to utter it, his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth; his throat seemed to collapse; and when he had regained the power of speech, the fatal word, that hitherto had never ceased ringing in his inward ear, had vanished completely from his memory! However, such an oblivion was in itself a blessing, as it removed any temptation to actual guilt; but, alas! no sooner had the wild student departed, than back came the hateful syllables, clear and distinct on the tablets of Krauss's mind, like a writing in sympathetic ink.

"As the vile Wenzel had predicted, the number of sudden deaths rapidly increased. One after another, the most respectable of the inhabitants fell down in the street, and were carried home. All Bonn was filled with lamentations and dismay. 'It's the plague,' said one. 'It's the black death,' cried another. Some advised a consultation of physicians; others proposed a penitential procession to the Kreutzberg.

"In the mean time the unfortunate tailor again took refuge in the bed-room, desperately closing his eyes, and stopping his ears, against the melancholy sights and sounds that were constantly occurring in the street. But the mortality had become too frightful for even the apathetic temper of the stout Trudchen, who for once, thrown into a state of violent agitation, felt the necessity of comfort and companionship. Accordingly she sought eagerly for her husband, who sitting, as we have said, with closed eyes and ears, was of course unconscious of her entrance. Besides, he was grieving aloud, and his wife bent over him to catch the words. 'Miserable mortals,' he groaned, 'miserable frail mortals that we are!—wretched candles,—blown out at a breath! Who would have thought that such a cause could produce such a calamity? Who could have dreamed it? To think that such a hearty man as poor Liederbach, or poor Asbeck, could be destroyed by a sound—nay, that half a town should perish through simply saying ——' and the unconscious Peter pronounced the fatal word. It had scarcely passed his lips when something fell so heavily as to shake the whole house, and hastily opening his eyes, he beheld the comely Trudchen, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his darling Peterkin, in the last death-quiver at his feet!

"The horrified Peter Krauss was stunned—stupefied—bewildered! With his eyes fixed on the victim of his fatal curiosity, he sat motionless in his chair. It was the shock of a moral earthquake, that shook his very soul to its foundations. He could neither think nor feel. His brain was burning hot, but his heart seemed turned to solid ice. It was long before he was even sensible of outward impressions; but at last he became aware of a continued tugging at the tail of his coat. A glance sufficed—it was little Peterkin. 'He will be the next!' shrieked the frantic father; and tossing his arms aloft, he threw himself down the stairs and rushed out of the house. At the top of his speed, as if pursued by the unrelenting Fiend, he raced through the streets and out of the gates, into the open country, where he kept running to and fro like a mad creature, tormented by the stings of conscience. Over rocks, among thickets, through water, he leaped and crashed, and struggled; his flesh was torn and bleeding, but he cared not—he wanted to die. At one time his course lay toward the Eifel, as if to end his misery in that scene of volcanic desolation, so similar to his own; but suddenly turning round, he scoured back to his native town, through the gates, along the streets, and dashing into the church of St. Remi, threw himself on his knees beside the confessional. The venerable father Ambrose was in the chair, and with infinite difficulty extracted the horrible story from the distracted man. When it was ended, the priest desired to know the awful word which acted with such tremendous energy. 'But, your reverence,' sobbed Krauss, with a thrill of natural horror, 'it kills those who but hear it pronounced.'

"'True, my son,' replied the aged priest, 'but all unholy spells lose their power within these sacred walls.'

"'But, your reverence—'

"'Peter Krauss!' said the priest, in a loud angry tone, 'I insist on it, if you hope for absolution.'

"'Then, if I must—'

"'Speak, my son, speak.'

"'I will.'

"'Now!'

"'Yes!'

"'Come.'

"'Ah!—'

"'What is it!'

"'Sancta Maria!'

"The word! the word!"

"POTZTAUSEND!" murmured Krauss, in a low tremulous voice, with a shudder throughout his frame, and a terrified look all round him. And lo! the ghostly father was a ghost indeed—the church of St. Remi had tumbled into fragments, and instead of the holy tapers, a few strange lights were gleaming mysteriously in the distance. 'Potztausend!' repeated Peter Krauss, giving himself a shake, and rubbing his eyes; 'but I've certainly been sleeping and dreaming on the wrong side of the town-gate!'"

#### DUFAVEL'S ADVENTURE IN THE WELL.

ONE morning, early in September 1836, as Dufavel, one of the laborers employed in sinking a well at a place near Lyons, in France, was about to descend in order to begin his work, one of his companions called out to him not to go down, as the ground was giving way, and threatened to fall in. Dufavel, however, did not profit by the warning, but exclaiming, "I shall have plenty of time to go down for my basket first," he entered the well, which was sixty-two feet in depth. When about half-way down, he heard some large stones falling; but he nevertheless continued his descent, and reached the bottom in safety. After placing two pieces of plank in his basket, he was preparing to reascend, when he suddenly heard a crashing sound above his head, and, looking up, he saw five of the side-supports of the well breaking at once. Greatly alarmed, he shouted for assistance as loudly as he was able; but the next moment a large mass of the sandy soil fell upon him, precluding the possibility of his escape. By a singular good fortune, the broken supports fell together in such a manner, that they formed a species of arch over his head, and prevented the sand from pouring down, which must have smothered him at once. To all appearances, however, he was separated from the rest of the world, and doomed to perish by suffocation or famine. He had a wife and child, who now came into his mind; and the thought of them made him feel still more bitterly his imprudent obstinacy in descending into the well, after being warned of the danger to which he was exposing himself.

But although Dufavel regretted the past and feared for the future, he did not give

way to despair. Calm and self-possessed, he raised his heart in prayer to God, and adopted every precaution in his power to prolong his life. His basket was fastened to the cord by which he had descended; and when his comrades above began to pull the rope, in the hope of drawing him to the surface, he observed that, in their vain efforts, they were causing his basket to strike against the broken planks above him in such a manner as to bring down stones and other things. He therefore cut the rope with his knife—which he had no sooner done, than it was drawn up by those at the top of the well; and, when his friends saw the rope so cut, they knew that he must be alive, and determined to make every exertion to save him.

The hole made by the passage of this rope through the sand that had fallen in, was of the greatest use to Dufavel: through it he received a supply of fresh air, and, after a while, his friends contrived to convey food to him, and even to speak to him. Of course he was in utter darkness; but he was enabled, in a curious manner, to keep a reckoning of time. A large fly was shut up with him, and kept him company all the time that he remained there. When he heard it buzzing about, he knew that it was day; and when the fly was silent, he knew that it was night. The fly boarded as well as lodged with him; he was as careful as he could be not to interrupt it while taking its share of his meal; when he touched it, it would fly away, buzzing as if offended, but soon return again. He often said afterwards, that the company of this fly had been a great consolation to him.

More skillful persons than the poor laborers of the village of Champvert were soon engaged in the attempt to liberate Dufavel. The municipal authorities of Lyons procured the assistance of a band of military miners, who, under the direction of experienced officers, began to form a subterranean passage for the purpose of relieving him. Prayers for his safety were daily offered up in the churches of Lyons, and the most intense interest prevailed; it was found necessary to erect a barricade, and station a guard of soldiers around the scene of the accident, to keep off the flocking crowd from the neighborhood, all eager to obtain news, and see what was being done.

The cavity at the bottom of the well,



over which the wooden rafters had so providentially formed a sort of roof, was at first about seven feet in height; but owing to the sand constantly running through, and pressing down the roof from above, by the third day the space became so small, that the poor man could no longer stand, or even sit upright, but was crushed upon the ground in a peculiarly painful manner, his legs doubled under him, and his head pressed on one side against his left shoulder. His arms, however, were free, and he used his knife to cut away such parts of the woodwork as particularly incommoded him, and to widen the hole the passage of the rope had made. Through this hole, by means of a small bottle, soup and wine were let down to him, and, after a few days, what was quite as important, a narrow bag to receive and bring to the surface the constantly accumulating sand, which must soon have smothered him, if this means of removing it had not been devised, and he had not had strength and energy for such a painful labor as the constantly filling and refilling the bag soon became. Of course, any pressure from above would have forced in the temporary roof, so that nothing could be attempted in the way of removing the mass of sand, &c., that had fallen in. They dared not to touch the surface above, but they contrived, by means of a tube, to speak to him. A cousin of his, himself a well-digger, was let down for this purpose. This man spoke to Dufavel, and assured him the miners were making progress, and would soon reach him: he inquired after his wife and child, and charged his cousin to tell her from him, to be of good cheer, and not lose heart. At this time he had been a week in the well.

Day succeeded day, and still the expectations of the miners were deceived. They worked night and day; but such was the treacherous nature of the soil, that neither pickaxe nor shovel could be used: the foremost miner worked upon his knees, inserting cautiously a flat piece of wood into the ground, and afterward gathering up with his hands, and passing to those behind him, the sand which he thus disturbed. On the twelfth day of his imprisonment, they calculated they were only twelve inches from him, and yet it took them two days longer before they were able to reach him. Every minute the ground was giving way, and it sometimes

took them many hours to repair the damage that a single moment had produced. Besides, they felt it necessary to proceed with the utmost caution, when they approached Dufavel; for there was great reason to fear, whenever an opening was made, the mass of sand above his head would fall down and suffocate him. At length, about two o'clock in the morning of Friday, 16th September, they made a small opening into the well, just above his shoulders. The poor man shouted for joy, and was able with his knife to assist in extricating himself. He was carefully conveyed along the horizontal gallery, and wrapped in blankets before he was drawn up into the open air. Several medical men were in attendance, and one of them had him conveyed to his house, and put to bed.

We will not attempt to describe Dufavel's happy meeting with his wife, nor the tears of joy which he shed over his infant boy, who did not at first recognize him, muffled up as he was obliged to be to protect him from the cold, and his chin covered with a beard of more than a fortnight's growth. In the evening, he was so well, that Doctor Bienvenu consented to his being conveyed to his own home; and he was accordingly transported thither in a litter, attended by a great concourse of happy and thankful spectators.

#### WAR.

VOLTAIRE thus expresses himself on the subject of war:—"A hundred thousand mad animals, whose heads are covered with hats, advance to kill or be killed by the like number of their fellow-mortals, covered with turbans. By this strange procedure they want, at best, to decide whether a tract of land, to which none of them lays any claim, shall belong to a certain man whom they call sultan, or to another whom they call czar, neither of whom ever saw, or will see, the spot so furiously contended for; and very few of those creatures, who thus mutually butcher each other, ever beheld the animal for whom they cut each other's throats! From time immemorial this has been the way of mankind almost over all the earth. What an excess of madness is this! And how deservedly might a Superior Being crush to atoms this earthly ball, the bloody nest of such ridiculous murderers."



### THE WIDOWER'S GARLAND.

HERE rests a mother. But from her I turn,  
And from her grave,—Behold ! upon that ridge,  
That, stretching boldly from the mountain side,  
Carries into the center of the vale  
Its rocks and woods, the cottage where she dwelt ;  
And where yet dwells her faithful partner, left  
(Full eight years past) the solitary prop  
Of many helpless children. I begin  
With words that might be prelude to a tale  
Of sorrow and dejection ; but I feel  
No sadness, when I think of what my eyes  
See daily in that happy family.

—Bright garland form they for the pensive brow  
Of their undrooping father's widowhood,  
Those six fair daughters, budding yet—not one,  
Not one of all the band, a full-blown flower,  
Deprest, and desolate of soul, as once  
That father was, and fill'd with anxious fear,  
Now, by experience taught, he stands assured,  
That God, who takes away, yet takes not half  
Of what he seems to take ; or gives it back  
Not to our prayer, but far beyond our prayer ;  
He gives it—the boon produce of a soil  
Which our endeavors have refused to till,  
And hope hath never water'd. The abode,  
Whose grateful owner can attest these truths,  
Even were the object nearer to our sight,  
Would seem in no distinction to surpass  
The rudest habitations. Ye might think  
That it had sprung self-raised from earth, or  
grown

Out of the living rock, to be adorn'd  
By nature only ; but, if thither led,  
Ye would discover then a studious work  
Of many fancies, prompting many hands.  
Brought from the woods, the honeysuckle twines  
Around the porch, and seems, in that trim place,

A plant no longer wild ; the cultured rose  
There blossoms, strong in health, and will be soon  
Roof-high ; the wild pink crowns the garden-wall,  
And with the flowers are intermingled stones  
Sparry and bright, rough scatterings of the hills.  
These ornaments, that fade not with the year,  
A hardly girl continues to provide ;  
Who, mounting fearlessly the rocky heights,  
Her father's prompt attendant, does for him  
All that a boy could do, but with delight  
More keen and prouder daring ; yet hath she,  
Within the garden, like the rest, a bed  
For her own flowers and favorite herbs—a space,  
By sacred charter, holden for her use.  
—These, and whatever else the garden bears  
Of fruit or flower, permission asked or not,  
I freely gather ; and my leisure draws  
A not unfrequent pastime from the sight  
Of the bees murmuring round their shelter'd hives  
In that inclosure ; while the mountain rill,  
That sparkling thrills the rocks, attunes his voice  
To the pure course of human life which there  
Flows on in solitude. But, when the gloom  
Of night is falling round my steps, then most  
This dwelling charms me ; often I stop short,  
(Who could refrain ?) and feed by stealth my sight  
With prospect of the company within,  
Laid open through the blazing window :—there  
I see the eldest daughter at her wheel  
Spinning again, as if to overtake  
The never-halting time ; or, in her turn,  
Teaching some novice of the sisterhood  
That skill in this or other household work,  
Which, from her father's honored hand, herself,  
While she was yet a little-one, had learn'd.  
Mild man ! he is not gay, but they are gay ;  
And the whole house seems filled with gaiety.

## Art Intelligence.

*Paganini.*—The London Literary Gazette gives an extended review of the English translation of Fétis's "Biographical Notice" of Paganini, from which we glean some interesting items. He is stated to have received lessons from his father, from Servetto, a musician at Genoa, and from Giacomo Costa, director of music there; and at eight years of age to have written his first sonata; at nine he appeared in public. At twelve he was placed under Alexander Rolla of Parma: he also received lessons in harmony from Ghizetti. During this period, about six months, he is related to have unceasingly "occupied himself in discovering new effects on his instrument." Quitting Parma in 1797, Paganini made his first professional tour with his father to all the principal towns of Lombardy—spreading wonder and admiration as he went. At Parma an eminent painter and violin player of the name of Pasini, to test his powers, brought the lad a manuscript concerto, containing the most difficult passages, and believed to be insurmountable. He placed in Paganini's hands an excellent Straduari violin, adding, "This instrument shall be yours if you can play, in a masterly manner, this concerto at first sight." "If that is the case," said Paganini, "you may bid adieu to it;" and forthwith, by his exquisite performance of the piece, threw Pasini into raptures. In 1804, he, at twenty-one, began a new tour in Italy. At Lucca, he became director of music to the Princess Bacciocchi, the sister of Napoleon. Here, on one occasion, he astonished the court by entering the salon with only two strings to his violin—the first and fourth. On these he played, to the perfect ravishment of his auditory, a duet expressive of jealousy and subsequent reconciliation between two lovers. After it was over, the Princess said to him, "You have performed impossibilities—would not a single string suffice for your talent?" Paganini, who himself narrates the incident, says, "I promised to make the attempt. Some weeks after I composed my military sonata, 'Napoleon,' which I performed on the 25th August, before a brilliant court. Its success far surpassed my expectations; my predilection for the G string dates from this period." Thus are at once disposed of all the received stories of his being compelled to adopt one string, by having worn out the others during an alleged imprisonment. He died at Nice, on the 27th May, 1840, at the age of fifty-six. His last hours are thus affectingly given by an Italian writer:—"On the last night of his existence he appeared unusually tranquil. He had slept little. When he awoke, he requested that the curtains of his bed should be drawn aside, to contemplate the moon, which was advancing calmly in the immensity of the pure heavens. While steadfastly gazing at the luminous orb he became drowsy, but the murmuring of the neighboring trees awakened in his breast that sweet agitation which is the reality of the beautiful. At this solemn hour he seemed desirous to return to nature all the soft sensations which he was then possessed of; stretching forth his hand toward his enchanted violin—to the faithful companion of

his travels—to the magician which had robbed care of its stings—he sent to heaven, with its last sounds, the last sigh of a life which had been all melody." His property was estimated at upward of \$400,000. He was, during the greater part of his life, a sufferer from something like cholera, which constantly reduced him to the lowest point. It was to this that his frequent causes of temporary withdrawal from before the public were owing; and which malevolence converted into "imprisonments" and all sorts of disgraces. Crimes of all kinds, murder not excepted, were attributed to him—all of which his biographer, who traces his whole life, shows to have been the sheerest inventions.

A statue of *Rembrandt* was inaugurated a short time ago with a great deal of pomp at Amsterdam, his native place. It is by M. Royer. The same sculptor is engaged in executing a statue of *Coster*, whom the Dutch assert to have been the real inventor of printing. It is to be erected at Harlem, where Coster was born.

The Stuttgart artists have disported themselves at a festival in honor of their poetical countrymen, *Schiller* and *Schubert*. Among the festivities was a concert, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to a colossal statue of *Schwab*, who is a prodigious favorite with the modern Wurttembergers.

*Crawford*, the American sculptor, has gone to Munich to superintend at the Royal Manufactory, the castings in bronze for Washington's monument at Richmond, in Virginia.

The Paris papers announce the death of *Cumbeorth*, a sculptor of considerable promise. He was one of Pradier's pupils.

A letter, from Leipzig, in Norton's Gazette, says:—"Prof. *Lowell Mason* and his talented son have spent the winter in our musical city, and were very much feted and honored. Some of Mr. M.'s Letters to American Journals, on musical topics, have been given in our papers, with highly complimentary remarks."

The London Literary Gazette states that the *Viennese Artists*, following the example of their brethren in Rome, Dusseldorf, Munich, &c., have, for the last six years, been accustomed to meet together once a year for the double purpose of holding a spring festival (*Fruhjahrsfest*) and paying a tribute of respect to the memory of their great master *Albert Durer*. The "Kunstler Maifahrt" of this year was celebrated on the "Kahlenberg," and was attended by almost all the artists of Vienna, and many of their friends and patrons. After the usual toast to the memory of *Albert Durer*, Herr Redl got up and reminded the assembly that *Raphael Donner*, a sculptor of world-wide celebrity, the *Praxiteles* of Austria, and their own fellow-townsmen, had died on the 17th of February, 1741, in Vienna, from sheer want and starvation; and that a simple cross in the church-wall, with the inscription "Hier ruht Raphael Donner," (Here rests Raphael Donner,) was all the monument which his thankless country had erected to him. Great enthusiasm and

loud cries of "Donner hoch," followed Herr Redl's speech, and a subscription, headed by Count Thun, was immediately set on foot to erect a suitable monument to the Austrian sculptor.

*Bronze Casting.*—Robinson, the English Founder, has made some important improvements in Bronze Casting, by which works of great size and importance are moulded entire, instead of piecemeal as of old. The editor of the London Athenæum, who lately witnessed the process, remarks respecting it that "Every multiplication of the acts by which a work of Art is to be transferred from its original Art-language into another increases, it will be obvious, the risk of some sacrifice of the author's intentions or proportions:—so that Mr. Robinson's new method, by which a single act of translation is made to suffice, is at once a simplification and a most valuable improvement. The first experiment on a large scale was made with Mr. Behnes's Peel statue for the town of Leeds,—and the success was such as to establish the process for future great works. In the present case, the subject was the fine statue, upward of ten feet in height, which Mr. Baily has modeled for Sir Robert's native town, Bury, in Lancashire. Of old, the casting of large pieces, even when such works were divided, took place in pits dug to contain the mould,—and the legs and trunk would have received the burning stream which was to harden to immortality within them in upright posture. On the pres-

ent occasion, a huge iron case, strongly bound and riveted, had been built on the surface of the floor, of dimensions to receive the full-length figure in a horizontal position. Close at hand glowed and roared the huge furnace in which the fusion of metals was, under the compelling power of a heat intensified into almost invisibility, for hours going on. When this process of fusion was accomplished, the mixed metal, to the weight of more than two tons, was received into an iron caldron, and swung by machinery to the case which enshrined the mould. In the black sand that formed the roof of this case and of the mould there was one great vortex for the reception of the flaming material,—and from this, channels running in all directions to convey it horizontally to every part of the figure at once. Here the liquid flame was skimmed:—and after a few minutes of breathless pause—under the influence of strong excitement to ourselves, and of deep anxiety no doubt to those more immediately concerned—the final signal was given. The caldron was turned over at the mouth of the vortex by the machinery from which it swung,—and in thirty seconds by a stop-watch, the Bury 'Peel' was cast! The thing was like the creation of an enchantment. The workmen at once proceeded to the task of knocking away and uncovering; and the result is, a cast of surpassing beauty—almost perfect from the mould itself—and scarcely needing the chaser's hand."

## Literary Record.

### DOMESTIC.

*Libraries at Washington.*—The Washington correspondent of the Tribune complains of the composition of the Libraries in the National Capital. Of the Congressional Library, he speaks in the following significant terms:—"What has already been done toward replenishing the empty shelves of the Congressional Library, has been directed rather by booksellers, eager for lucre, than by a bibliophile, or a bibliophile, or any systematic intellect whatever. It shows clearly before one's eyes that these booksellers wished to get rid of costly works and editions, which for years had found no purchasers, and thus formed a dead capital in their shops. They have succeeded thus far; as we are told a well-known house from Boston, supported by influential men, discharges in this manner, upon the shelves of this Library, all its useless editions, and gets well paid for this bibliographical trash. By-and-by, booksellers from other cities will follow and share the spoils. Next will be the turn of some European houses. And thus very likely a great number of volumes will be scrambled together, but will there be a world of a real, higher intellectual life?" He speaks favorably of the Library of the War Department, which, though small, is systematically arranged. The collection at the Smithsonian Institution he reprobates as follows:—"In what is meant to be a library, one

vainly looks for any idea whatever of system, or logic, or order. It is, or looks to be, a collection of books, made blindly, at random, and thrown in the same manner heedlessly into their places. In one word, this comparatively small collection is pre-eminently distinguished by the absence of any notion of co-ordination, and by utter ignorance of the first rules of bibliography." Perhaps this writer wrote under the influence of a little literary spleen; he was evidently in a grumbling mood; but we fear there is occasion for it. We are glad to add, however, that he compliments justly *Mr. Force's* collection, which comprises many precious historical documents. He says:—"The truly American and very complete collection of *Mr. Peter Force* makes an honorable exception. There at once you feel the breathing of an idea which inspired and directed in its formation. It is an enlightened, patriotic conception, and under its influence these shelves have been logically and systematically filled."

*The New-York State Educational Convention*, held at Syracuse, appointed, as we learn from the Albany Evening Journal, a Committee to draft a Code of School Laws, consisting of Wm. Tracy, of Utica, S. G. Andrews, of Rochester, C. T. Hulburd, of Stockholm, St. Lawrence County, James Jahonnet and C. B. Sedgwick, of Syracuse, J. W. Beckman, of New-York, and O. G. Steele, of Buffalo. Resolutions were adopted in favor

of a State Board of Education, with a State Superintendent, at the head of a department of the government, and Superintendents in Assembly Districts; also, that the towns raise a part of the tax for the support of schools; that the Normal School system be extended; liberal aid be given to Teachers' Institutes; and that the formation of union schools should be encouraged. The Code Committee were requested to publish their report as early as the first of November, and call another convention.

The name of *Geneva College*, at Geneva, N. Y., has been changed to "Hobart Free College," by the Legislature of the State. This change was in consequence of a grant from the Corporation of Trinity Church, New-York City, made to this college on condition that henceforth no charge should be made for tuition, or rent of college-rooms, to any under-graduate student, and that the college should take the name just mentioned, which is expressive at once of its new character, and of its obligation to its original founder.

The trustees of the College of New-Jersey, at their last meeting elected *Professor James C. Moffat*, now of Miami University, Ohio, to the Professorship of the Latin Language, vacated by the resignation of Professor Forsyth.

The funds of the *Smithsonian Institution* have been increased by \$200,000 funded interest of the original capital.

*Prof. C. S. Henry*, of the N. Y. University, has resigned the Chair of Mental Philosophy in that Institution. *Prof. H. P. Tappan*, who preceded Prof. Henry in that position, has been appointed his successor.

*Norton's Literary Gazette* contradicts the statements of the Tribune's correspondent respecting the Congressional Library. It says:—"Having recently had the pleasure of visiting this Library, we are enabled to state, from personal observation, that the attack made through the columns of the Tribune, and by its regular correspondent, upon the selection of books lately added, is entirely undeserved; the books are well selected, of good editions, and, as we were enabled to learn from information afforded us by the gentlemanly Librarian, Mr. Meehan, they have been bought at fair prices, and are not 'the old stock of some bookseller, foisted on Government at a high price.'"

*The American Antiquarian Society*, whose locale is Worcester, Mass., is among the most reputable of American Historical or Archaeological institutions. A pamphlet has recently been issued at Worcester, containing the proceedings of its last three meetings. We learn from the Boston "To-Day," that "the new library-building in Worcester, designed for the use of the Society, has been decided upon and begun,—the necessary funds for its erection being at the disposal of the Society; and it is under contract to be finished on the twenty-third of October next, although it will very probably not be thought advisable to urge forward the completion at so early a date. The cost of the building will be \$15,400. It is to be a simple parallelogram, fifty feet in width, eighty in length, and forty-two feet high from the ground to the eaves. It is to be built in a tasteful and

pleasing style; but the Society have very judiciously resolved not to sacrifice convenience and economy to so-called 'architectural' beauty. The interior will be arranged in such manner as to afford the requisite accommodations in a complete and ample manner; and the ornaments will be simple but graceful, and not wanting in any features that are appropriate to the style of the building. The recent additions to the library of this institution have been more than ordinarily numerous and valuable."

*Rev. Dr. J. A. Alexander* is preparing an exposition of the Pentateuch.

*Professor Tappan* has given us an addition to the numerous list of recent books of travel. Its title is "A Step from the New World to the Old."

*William Ware's Lectures on the Genius and Works of Allston*, are soon to appear from the Boston press.

*Hawthorne*.—The London Literary Gazette notices Hawthorne's Blithedale romance rather ambiguously. It says:—"Vanity of vanities is the moral of the tale, this being inscribed on the Blithedale Arcadia, as on all earthly scenes; but the philosophy of the author at the end of his experience does not reach much above the epicurean level of advocating present enjoyment, in the vain expectation of human amelioration or progress. Mr. Hawthorne is one of the most agreeable of transatlantic writers, both from the freshness of his style and the novelty of his subjects."

*Dr. A. B. Snow*, of Boston, has been appointed Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Genesee College, Lima, N. Y.

A letter from *Prof. Robinson*, in the N. Y. Evangelist, shows him to be actively occupied with his Palestine researches.

Commencement at *Brown University* took place the 14th ult.; there were sixteen graduates. The Phi Beta Oration was delivered by Rev. Dr. Bethune. The discourse before the Society of Missionary Inquiry was delivered by Rev. Mr. Kirk. The additions to the library during the year have been one thousand one hundred and thirty-two volumes, nine hundred and thirty-two by purchase, and two hundred by donation; folios two hundred and eight, quartos one hundred and forty-two, octavos two hundred and sixty-eight, the others 12mos. and 16mos., making the whole number upward of twenty-four thousand volumes. The fund for the increase of the Library and Philosophical Apparatus is \$25,000, and that "for the purpose of Education" is \$181,000. Commencement next year will be on the first Wednesday in September.

The "To-Day" of Boston says:—"The Class which will graduate at *Harvard College* at the approaching Commencement is larger than any which has ever graduated at that institution. It numbers eighty-seven members. The Class of 1818, which has hitherto been the largest, numbered eighty. The Class of 1849 numbered seventy-eight. One hundred and five persons have been members of this Class of 1852, at various times, since its entrance into college four years ago. All of these are now living,—a circumstance, we believe, quite un-



preceded in so large a number. This was the Freshman Class when Mr. Sparks, the present President of the University, was inaugurated, and is consequently the first to graduate of those after being during the whole course under his administration."

*Indiana Asbury University.*—We learn from the *Western Christian Advocate*, that the commencement exercises of this institution were unusually interesting. "The examinations of the classes exhibited, on the part of the professors, scholarship and fidelity, and on the part of the students talent and industry. The Baccalaureate sermon of President Berry on the preceding Sabbath was a masterly effort, and his valedictory to the class, on commencement day, was surpassingly beautiful. The Trustees elected M. J. Fletcher to the new chair of English Language and Literature. They also elected S. A. Lattimore Professor of the Greek Language and Literature, and Charles G. Downey Professor of Mathematics."

Rev. Dr. Charles Collins has been elected President of Dickinson College.

Provisions for education in *California* are being rapidly made. The Rev. Mr. Benson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, lately laid the foundation-stone of an academy at Stockton. At Santa Clara, the "University of the Pacific" was opened in May with good prospects. It begins with fifty-four students. Rev. Mr. Bannister has charge of it. A prosperous academy is under the care of Rev. Mr. Kimberlin, at St. Jose.

The *Western Christian Advocate* reports that Rev. Mr. French, agent, has secured the seventh thousand toward the ten thousand dollars necessary to endow the Biblical Professorship in the Ohio Wesleyan University. Another thousand appears to be on the way.

The Baptists of Connecticut are rousing to fresh zeal in the cause of education. Their literary institution at Suffield is about to be supplied with a third building of increased capacity, to accommodate its extending patronage.

Mr. Lewis Colby, N. Y., is about issuing a volume of poems from the pen of Mrs. Emily Chubbuck Judson, widow of the late Dr. Judson, the Baptist foreign missionary.

At the recent commencement of the *Ipschester Theological Seminary*, July 15th, four young men offered their services as foreign missionaries of the Baptist Church.

The *Journal and Messenger* of the 16th ult., has six columns of the proceedings of the *Convention at Columbus*, respecting the removal of Granville College. The substance of the proceedings is embraced in this resolution: "*Resolved*, That in the judgment of this Convention the Trustees of the College ought to take, immediately, measures to remove said institution to such place within the State as will command the approval and enlist the sympathies and patronage of the churches." The annual expenditures of the College exceed by \$1,000 the receipts. The property of the institution is valued at only \$18,000.

The catalogue of *Harvard University*, for the

year, shows three hundred and four undergraduates and three hundred and twenty-two in the law, medical, and divinity schools. In the regular course, the students are allowed to choose any two studies of the following: Greek, Latin, Mathematics, Spanish, German, Italian, and Hebrew. The other studies, such as Chemistry, Rhetoric, Physics, Philosophy, &c., all must prosecute.

The catalogue of the *Ohio Female College*, for the year closing July 16, has been sent us. It reports two hundred and one pupils. Prof. Wood, author of a text-book on Botany, and distinguished as a lecturer on Natural Science, together with his lady, have been added to the corps of instructors for the next session.

*Monroe & Francis*, printers and publishers, is the oldest firm in Boston. It was formed in 1800. These two gentlemen—one seventy years of age and the other seventy-two—have lately published a volume of upward of three hundred pages, the types for which were all set up with their own hands.

Rev. R. D. Hitchcock, of Exeter, Mass., has been appointed to the Professorship of Theology in Bowdoin College, Maine, vacant by the appointment of Professor Stowe to a professorship in Andover Seminary. Mr. H. has accepted the appointment.

At the late Commencement of the *University of North Carolina*, the honorary degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Lieut. Matthew F. Maury, U. S. N., of the National Observatory, at Washington.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican announces the acceptance on the part of *Hon. Horace Mann*, of the Presidency of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

The degree of D. D. was conferred on *Bishop Baker*, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the late Commencement of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Penn.

The late Bishop Hedding, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, left a legacy of \$1,000 for the Methodist Biblical Institute (Theological Seminary) at Concord, N. H.

*Dickinson College.*—We learn from a letter in the *Herald and Journal*, that the late Commencement of Dickinson College was of great interest:—"According to custom, the Senior Class was examined four weeks ago, graded, and assigned parts for Commencement. Twenty-two were admitted to the Freshman Class from our own grammar-school. These, added to such as shall come on in the fall from other preparatory and classical schools, will give us a good number for the next year. On Sabbath evening President Peck preached a baccalaureate discourse to the graduating class. The theme was "God in Education," from the text, "I commend you to God," &c. It was a production full of strong thought and practical instruction. It is to be published. On Monday night, July 5th, occurred the annual exhibition of the Belles-Lettres Society, and on Tuesday night that of the Union Philosophical. The societies' libraries are large, increasing, tastefully fitted up, and open to all. Fourteen thousand five hundred volumes are accessible to every student. The Board of Trustees met on Wednes-

day morning; Charles Collins, D. D., of Emory and Henry College, Va., was unanimously elected President of Dickinson, to supply the place of Dr. J. T. Peck, whose resignation last year went into effect this. The last year of Dr. Peck's administration has been the most quiet, orderly, and prosperous of any ever enjoyed by the college. The endowment by cheap scholarships, is working well. Two agents in the Baltimore Conference, one in the Philadelphia, and one in the New Jersey Conference, are pushing it with vigor. Stock to be raised, two hundred thousand dollars, and the certificates transferable. The Commencement exercises were characterized by a virtue not usual in such performances, brevity. Bishop Waugh, Pres. Allen, of Girard, Drs. Durbin and McClintock, Dr. Baird, of the Smithsonian, and Prof. Crooks, of Philadelphia, showed by their presence that they had lost none of their original interest in the affairs of the college. A large number of ministers and laymen from each of the three patronizing Conferences, added the weight of their dignity and influence to the occasion. Messrs. H. Anderson, of Va., Thomas Chattle, of N. J., J. T. Carlisle, of Pa., George J. Conner, of Md., T. M. Carson, of Va., R. B. Dietrich, of Pa., C. P. Hunrich, of Pa., U. Hobbs, of Md., W. T. Haller, of Md., T. S. Lyon, of Pa., C. B. Lore, of Del., J. G. Lynch, of Md., T. M. McCeney, of Md., J. McCarty, of Md., S. H. H. Peach, of Md., J. K. Peck, of N. Y., R. Pierce, of N. Y., T. Sherlock, of Pa., W. A. Snively, of Pa., J. B. Wilson, of Md., J. Weller, of Va., and F. Connelly, of last year's class, were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The class of 1849 was advanced to the degree of Master. The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred on Bishop Osmon C. Baker."

*Methodist Biblical Institute.*—From a late report of this institution we learn that the school commenced operations with seven students, April 1st, 1847. Before the end of the year, the number increased to thirty, the next year to forty, the third to forty-eight, the fourth to fifty, and the present year the number has swelled to sixty-three. Since the opening of the school, one hundred and twenty-nine young men have become members of it. The following is the number from each of the Annual Conferences: from East Maine, six; Maine, twelve; New-Hampshire, sixteen; New-England, eighteen; Vermont, twelve; Troy, ten; Black River, nine; New-York East, five; New-York, four; Oneida, eight; East Genesee, two; Genesee, one; New-Jersey, three; Philadelphia, two; Baltimore, two; Erie, three; Ohio, one; Indiana, one; Nova Scotia, two; in all, one hundred and twenty-three. The young men connected with the institution are from nineteen Conferences, and the school, though the youngest, stands numerically among the first in the United States. Thirteen students, the present year, have united with Annual Conferences, five of whom are regular graduates. Three of the former members of the school are now on mission ground on the Pacific coast, viz.: Messrs. Briggs, Doane and Woodward. It is the intention of the Board of Trustees to so reduce the expenses of students as to bring the advantages of the institution within the reach of every enterprising young man, how-

ever limited may be his circumstances. There is no charge made for tuition, use of rooms or furniture, or for use of library. The only necessary expenses, therefore, are for board, books, and incidentals, altogether not amounting to more than *sixty dollars* per annum. Some of our students sustain themselves by supplying new congregations on the Sabbath with preaching, or by teaching during the winter, and a few sustain themselves by manual labor.

The Library has been considerably improved the past year. Some excellent friend, whose name is unknown, has recently paid \$50 for its improvement. It has now about two thousand volumes.

The property of the institution consists, (1.) of the Seminary building and grounds, valued at . . . . .	\$6,000 00
(2.) The new boarding-house, . . . . .	3,000 00
(3.) Furniture of students'-rooms and lecture-rooms, . . . . .	500 00
(4.) Notes paying interest, . . . . .	11,200 00
(5.) Donation by Rev. Bishop Hedding, . . . . .	1,000 00
(6.) Bond and mortgage, executed by D. Drew, Esq., . . . . .	5,586 00
(7.) Bank stock in Providence, R. I., . . . . .	600 00
(8.) Pledge of N. H. Conf., with annual interest, . . . . .	3,500 00
(9.) Pledge of N. E. Conf., with annual interest, . . . . .	6,000 00
(10.) Pledge of Prov. Conf., with annual interest, . . . . .	6,000 00

Whole amount . . \$43,392 00

For the last two years the income of the institution has been nearly sufficient to meet the professors' salaries.

The Literary World reports that among the novelties Mr. Putnam has in preparation for autumn publishing, are, "A New-England Tale, by Miss Sedgwick;" "An American Farmer in England," second series; "Head's Apuleius;" "A new volume by Bayard Taylor;" "The Winter Garden, by Mrs. Kirkland;" "Experiences of a Yankee Stone-Cutter;" "A New Work on Japan;" "Layard's Further Researches;" "Thackeray's Miscellanies;" and "Transactions of the American Geographical Society."

Rev. Moses Crow and Prof. Wells have been elected to Professorships in the *Genesee College* at Lima, N. Y.

According to an abstract of the *Presbyterian Board* of Publication, during the year ending March 31, 1852, the Board have added to their catalogue twenty-seven new books—two of which are in the German language—of which they have printed sixty-seven thousand seven hundred and fifty copies; and thirty-three new tracts—one of which is in the French language—of which they have issued one hundred and fifteen thousand copies. They have also printed thirty thousand copies of the *Family Almanac* for 1852. The whole number of copies of new publications during the year is two hundred and twelve thousand seven hundred and fifty. This is seventy-three thousand copies more than the issues of the preceding year. Total number of copies of books and

tracts published during the year, eight hundred and eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty, being an increase of three hundred and eighty-eight thousand copies over the former year. They have also published from March, 1851, to April, 1852, twelve months, six hundred and seventy-six thousand copies of the Presbyterian Sabbath-School Visitor. Thirty-four thousand copies are now published semi-monthly. For the year the sales have amounted to \$66,513 72, or more than \$6,500 over the amount reported last year. The donations received for colportage and distribution have amounted to \$17,996 89, including a legacy of \$825 23, being an excess of \$7,705 70 over last year. Total excess of receipts of both departments over last year, \$14,219 42, including the legacy just specified. The grants of the year have been as follows: Sabbath-schools, seven hundred and sixty-nine volumes; ships of war, naval and military posts, three hundred and ninety-seven volumes; humane institutions, sixty-eight volumes; literary and theological institutions, two thousand two hundred and ten volumes; indigent ministers, one thousand two hundred and ninety-three volumes; feeble churches, one thousand three hundred and fifty-five volumes; individuals for gratuitous distribution, three hundred and sixty-six volumes; and also one hundred and seventy-five thousand one hundred and ninety pages of tracts, independent of the donations of tracts made by colporteurs.

"Life of Rev. John Wesley Childs, for twenty-three years an itinerant Methodist minister, by Rev. John Ellis Edwards," is the title of a new publication just issued by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

*Southern Baptist Publication Society.*—The Society is engaged in the publication of denominational and other religious works. Its General Book Depository at Charleston is in successful operation, and sales amounting to \$15,000 were made the past year, embracing seventeen thousand volumes of books.

*Western College Society.*—This society, through which the Congregational and Presbyterian denominations at the east aid their colleges in the west, is now rendering help to eight colleges in the Western States. The amount contributed, says the last annual report, by the Eastern and Middle States since the organization of the society, has not been less than \$200,000, which has been given to institutions, collegiate and theological, scattered over the six States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri.

The wife of the late *Bishop Bascom*, in a late number of the Nashville and Louisville Christian Advocate, requests all persons who have anything in their possession relative to the life of the Bishop, to forward it to Dr. Henkle, his biographer, Nashville, Tenn.

*Rev. Dr. Lord*, President of Dartmouth College, has published a letter to the venerable Dr. Dana, in which he dissents from Prof. Park's statement of the New England Theology, and treats his views as wide from the truth, and of dangerous tendency.

*Rev. Dr. Perkins* writes from Persia to the

American Bible Society, that they have translated and printed the Old Testament as far as the One Hundredth Psalm, and are hastening the work as fast as practicable. The Nestorians are exceedingly anxious to get hold of the Old Testament.

*Rev. J. E. Copp* has become associate editor of the Memphis and Arkansas Christian Advocate.

*Newton Theological Seminary.*—The last Senior Class of this seminary included six young men. "A new project has recently been set on foot to raise the sum of \$100,000 to endow the seminary, and of this sum nearly \$50,000 has already been pledged. One gentleman has subscribed \$6,500, two gentlemen \$5,000, and two \$3,000 each."

*Shurtleff College, Ill.*—Commencement, June 24. Graduated, three. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Robert Ryland, President of Richmond College, Va., and that of LL. D. on Hon. Lyman Trumbull, of Alton, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Illinois.

The Northern Christian Advocate says that the friends of education in *Richmondville, New-York*, are erecting a large Boarding Academy, of sufficient capacity to accommodate three hundred students, to commence operations the first of November. The trustees have elected the Rev. J. L. G. McKown, of the Oneida Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, their Principal. The Institution is to be called the Richmondville Union Seminary.

*Cleveland University, Ohio.*—The second Annual Commencement of Cleveland University took place on Wednesday, June 30th. On Tuesday the Hesperian Literary Society had an oration by J. M. Hoyt, Esq., and a poem by Professor W. S. Blanchard. The graduates were eight in number.

*Miami College, Ohio.*—Commencement, June 24th. The number of students is greater than at any time since 1840. Graduates, sixteen. It conferred the degree of D. D. upon Rev. J. C. Lowrie, of New-York; Rev. W. F. Ferguson, President of McDonough College, Illinois; Rev. Wm. H. Gould, of Edinburgh, Scotland; Rev. Patrick M'Menamy, of Edinburgh; and Rev. Samuel W. Fisher, of Cincinnati. Rev. D. A. Wallace, of Fall River, Mass., an accomplished scholar and late President of Muskingum College, was elected Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, in place of Prof. Th. J. Matthews. R. H. Bishop, Jr., was elected Professor of the Latin Language and Literature, in place of Prof. J. C. Moffat. Prof. Moffat will still continue connected with the University in the department of Aesthetics.

*Indiana State University.*—Prof. Lathrop, now of Wisconsin, but formerly of the Missouri University, was chosen to the Presidency in the place of Rev. Dr. Wylie, deceased; and Prof. Millegan, of Washington, Pa., Professor of Mathematics. The Board established a Normal department and an Agricultural department. An unsuccessful effort was made, in the Legislature, to abolish the University, and devote its funds to common-school purposes, as also another effort to convert it into a Normal school exclusively.

*Episcopal Theological Seminary, Va.*—The alumni of this institution have pledged themselves to add \$15,000 to the permanent fund—making it in the whole, \$75,000. This seminary has furnished two hundred and sixty-four ministers, from which all the foreign missionaries of the Church have been taken, besides fourteen domestic missionaries.

*Jefferson College, Pa.*—The college at Cannonsburgh has recently had \$60,000 subscribed to the endowment fund.

*Hamilton College.*—Commencement, July 28th. The address before the Society of Christian Research, delivered by Rev. Dr. Vermilye, of N. Y. city. Rev. Henry Kendall, of East Bloomfield, of the class of 1840, addressed the alumni; an Address before the Literary Societies, by Rev. Dr. Mandeville, of Albany, and a Poem by Wm. Starke, Esq., of Troy.

*Hobart Free College.*—The college at Geneva, now called by this name, held its Commencement July 1st. Literary addresses by R. H. Dana, Esq., of Boston, and John N. Whiting, Esq., of Geneva.

*Madison College, Pa.*—The first Commencement of this institution since its revival under the Protestant Methodists was held June 30th. Graduates, eight; all but one from southern States. Honorary D. D. given to Rev. Robert B. Thomson, of Virginia, and Rev. E. Yeates Reese, of Baltimore.

*William and Mary, Va.*—At the Commencement, the degree of LL. D. was conferred on Judge George P. Scarborough, and Dennis H. Mahan, Professor of Engineering at West Point.

*Genevæ College.*—We learn from the circular of this institution that its faculty consists of Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., President, Intellectual Philosophy and Belles Lettres; James L. Alverton, A. M., Professor of Pure and Mixed Mathematics; Rev. George Whitlock, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; Rev. James Douglas, A. M., Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature; Lockwood Hoyt, A. M., Adjunct Professor of Latin and Greek Languages and Literature; William Wells, Ph. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature; Rev. Moses Crow, Professor of Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity; ——— Professor of Law; Asa B. Snow, M. D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology; ——— Professor of Biblical Literature.

This college is under the patronage of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is projecting its plans with great energy, and promises to become one of the most commanding literary institutions of the denomination.

#### FOREIGN.

*Authors and Politics.*—The London papers seem quite zealous lately for the political promotion of men of genius. They named several of them for the representation of Finsbury in Parliament. Some good remarks on the subject have appeared in the London Sun. The writer says:—"For some time past I have had to notice suggestions from editors in our London papers that Macaulay, or Dickens, or Jerrold should be pressed to stand for Finsbury.

I now find that Macaulay has gracefully declined to do so. The repentant men of Edinburgh should have the brilliant essayist and historian. He is worthy of them, and were it not for his history I should regret that they rejected him. History, however, he would not have written, had he remained in Parliament, for he said that absence from Parliamentary excitement was necessary for a man girding himself for a great literary work. Let the great historian's assertion be pondered by those who would thrust other literary men into Parliament, however inferior their position to his. Macaulay is not to be had. He goes to Edinburgh; and may he represent that place so long as he can wag his eloquent tongue! As to Dickens and Jerrold, it would be a national calamity to distract either of them from the literary labors they both so admirably discharge. They belong to the community, and it is to be hoped that the men of Finsbury have too much sound sense to drag either of them from his proper vocation. Is it supposed that their time is not fully occupied? Would any man make either of them less a writer that he may become a struggling and questionable member of Parliament, to say nothing of the chance of signal defeat at the hustings?"

*Authors in Parliament.*—*Apocryphos* to the subject of the preceding item, the London Athenæum contains an interesting article giving a detailed list of members of Parliament whom it calls "the representatives of the literary interest in the Legislature." It says:—"Mr. Disraeli has hereditary pretensions to lead the literary interest in the lower house, and I do not think that there could be any 'opposition' to his claim of being the first novelist at present in the House of Commons. The only other M. P. whom I can find avowedly contributing to the fiction interest is Mr. Grantley Berkeley, whose novel of 'Berkeley Castle,' and its consequences, might furnish a chapter to 'Curiosities of Literature.' Lord John Russell, as author of 'Don Carlos,' is the only dramatist in the Lower House, and he ranks also amongst essayists, biographers and historians, by his various publications. Lord Mahon and Col. Mure are at the head of the historical and critical M. P.'s; and I perceive the names of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh, and Sir John Walsh, as authors of historical writings. Under the head of poets, I observe Lords Maidstone and John Manners, and Mr. Monkton Milnes. The 'travelers' are more numerous represented in the lower house of Parliament than most other departments of literature; among them are—Lords Jocelyn and Naas, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Urquhart, and Mr. Whiteside; and I think that Sir George Staunton and Mr. George Thompson may be classed with the travelers. In the department of 'political philosophy' I find Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Col. Thompson; Mr. Cornwall Lewis, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. George Smythe, and Mr. Mackinnon, appear amongst the general essayists. Mr. Walter, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. Wakely may be ranked with the editorial interest; and I may add that Mr. Butt, the new M. P. for Harwich, besides being the reputed author of a three-volume novel, was for some years the editor of the

"Dublin University Magazine." The biographers are represented by Mr. Grattan, author of a five-volume work on his celebrated father. The pamphleteer department is represented by "legion;" and I pass it by, with the remark that Lord Overstone in the upper, and Mr. Cobden in the lower house, are at its head by the importance of the publication. Turning to the Lords, the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall) is clearly at the head of the historians in that assembly—Lord Brougham of Political Philosophy and Belles-Lettres—and Lord Campbell of biographers. The novelists are represented by Lords Normanby and Lonsborough. The 'editorial interest' of the peers is of a different kind from that in the lower house, and is represented by the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lords Holland and Braybrooke. Lord St. Leonard's work on 'Powers' shows that he has other than ex-officio rights to be placed at the head of living English writers on law. The Duke of Argyll, by his treatise on the Church History of Scotland, has added to the literary works of the Campbells. The Marquis of Ormonde has published a richly illustrated narrative of a residence in Sicily. In Physical Sciences, the Earl of Rose, not merely as P. R. S., but by his accomplishments, distances all competition in either house. There is only one autobiographer in the legislature—Lord Cloncurry. The acted drama, since the removal of Mr. Sheil, Sir T. N. Talfourd, and Sir Bulwer Lytton from the lower house, has no other representative in the legislature than the Earl of Glengall. Lord Strangford represents the poets of the peers; and of the Belles-Lettres interest in the upper house, the Earls of Carlisle and Ellesmere are efficient supporters.

"In the interest of the Fine Arts we may rank 'Athenian Aberdeen,' and as a musical composer the Lords have Lord Westmoreland. A more original author neither house can boast of than the venerable writer of 'The Wellington Dispatches.' I have not by me, when I write, the means of ascertaining the bench of bishops ranking with the literary interest; but foremost among them, besides the Bishop of St. David's, (named *ante*), are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of London and Oxford. I may add that the number of peers is only about two-thirds that of the lower house; but, on the other hand, the peers enjoy much more leisure."

In a later No. of the *Athenæum* another correspondent suggests some emendations in the list. He says:—"I am a little amused at some omissions in your note of to-day on 'Parliamentary Literature.' For example:—Did your writer not know that Lord John Russell, besides what is ascribed to him in the note, published about thirty years ago a novel? Moreover, Lord John has published various poems besides his tragedy of 'Carlos.' Mr. Monckton Milnes, though most known as a poet, is, I think, most respectfully known for his prose essays—especially his 'One Tract More' on the Pusey controversies. Lord Carlisle has often figured as a poet—his very first distinction having been a prize poem at Oxford. I believe Lord Brougham, besides 'Political Philosophy

and Belles Lettres,' has a fair claim to be numbered among the historians of Parliament. In your correspondent's list of the Episcopal authors how came to be ignored the Bishop of Exeter?—I venture to say the most copious of all existing Episcopal contributors to our controversial literature—and, I don't fear to add, by much the ablest. By some of his performances, indeed, he is entitled to rank with the historians of his bench."

*Rupert and Fairfax Papers.*—We referred in our July No. to the proposed sale at auction of the correspondence of Prince Rupert, &c. The sale has taken place. It lasted seven days, and brought, says the *Athenæum*, £1,159 2s.—exceeding the estimate of the best judges by more than £150. The prices in all instances were very good. Thus, the "Jew's eye" of the collection, the famous letter from Charles the First to Rupert after the surrender of Bristol, brought £32—and the Pass to cross the seas to the Prince, inclosed with it, £3 10s. The next great price given for a Charles the First's letter was for one from Oxford, (lot three hundred and seventy-two,) which sold for £8 10s. A letter of Lord Clarendon's, about the execution of Charles the First and the state of affairs in February, 1648-9, brought £7 10s. The eight letters from the Marquis of Montrose to the Prince brought prices varying from £4 to £6 10s.—in all, £41 18s. 6d. A letter of Prince Maurice to his brother Rupert—a rare autograph—realized £4 18s. The only letter in the sale in the handwriting of John Pym—one of the scarest of the Commonwealth autographs—was thought to go cheap at £6 6s.; and a letter of Sir William Davenant's—the only letter known to exist of his—cheaper still at £3 5s. A letter of David Leslie's (Earl of Newark)—the only one that has occurred for sale for many years—brought £3 6s. A letter of Col. Hutchinson's sold for £4 4s.; and a letter of the heroic Countess of Derby (lot one hundred and ninety-nine) for £6. The average price of the Clarendon letters (all written when he was Sir Edward Hyde) was about 35s., though the better letters sold for much larger sums. Before the Rupert "find"—for so coin-collectors would term the horde now sold—letters of Clarendon's were rare occurrences at auctions.

*Lynch's Expedition to the Dead Sea* has lately been published in Germany.

Seven translations of *Dickens's* Bleak House have been published in Germany.

The Leipzig correspondent of Norton's Literary Gazette says that Mrs. Robinson (wife of Prof. Robinson) has "become quite the literary heroine of the day in Germany; all her books which have been issued in America are in the course of publication in the German language; some of them have already made their appearance, and are much admired by the numerous friends of the authoress."

The English press advertises editions of Mrs. Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, Dr. Olin's Sermons, Brace's Hungary, and Curtis's "Lotos-Eating," the latter before its appearance in this country. American books are fast becoming staple in the English market.



A correspondent of the N. Y. Observer states that *D'Aubigne* has finished the fifth volume of his *History of the Reformation*, and that it is soon to be published.

Norton's Literary Gazette says:—*Mr. Grote* has already advanced a considerable way in the composition of the eleventh volume of his *History of Greece*. This volume is to appear by itself, and is to conduct the history of the several Grecian States on to that period at which their separate liberties were overborne by the Macedonian energies of Philip and Alexander.

Among the late literary announcements of *Paris* are the following interesting works:—

*Bergeret (Dr.)*.—De l'Abus des Boissons alcooliques. Ouvrage annoté par le Docteur Alzaret-Dugat. In 18mo. *Biechy (Armand)*.—Saint Augustine; ou, l'Afrique au V. siècle. In 8vo. — Saint Louis; ou, la France au XIII. siècle. In 8vo. *Dictionnaire Universel (le.)*.—Pantheon litteraire et encyclopedie illustree. Par Maurice de la Chatre; avec le concours de savants, d'artistes, et d'hommes de lettres. In 4to. de 2 feuilles; to be completed in from seventy-five to one hundred numbers, with wood-cuts. *Drame de '93 (le.)*.—Scenes de la vie revolutionnaire. Vols. 5, 6, 7, now complete. *Figuier (Louis)*.—Exposition et Histoire des principales Decouvertes scientifiques modernes. Tome 3. Grand In 18mo. *Fontanier (V.)*.—Voyage dans l'Archipel Indien. In 8vo. *Garnier (Adolphe)*.—Traite des Facultes de l'ame; contenant l'histoire des principales theories physiologiques. 3 vols. in 8vo. *Gervaz (E.)*.—Histoire de la Litterature Francaise au moyen age, et aux temps modernes. In 8vo. *Krichna et sa Doctrine*. Dixieme Livre du Bhagavat Pourana. Traduit sur le manuscrit hindoui de Lalatch Kab, par Theodore Pavie. In 8vo. *Maistre (J. Comte de)*.—Examen des differentes objections contre la Chronologie Biblique; suivie de leur refutation, a l'aide des decouvertes nouvelles faites dans les histoires de l'Orient, par le chevalier de Paravey. In 8vo. *Marounites (les)*, d'apres le manuscrit arabe du R. P. Azar. In 12mo. *Reuss (Edouard)*.—Histoire de la Theologie Chretienne au Siecle Apostolique. 2 vols. in 8vo. *Souverains et Princes regnans de l'Europe*. Histoire de la Monarchie Europeenne au XIX. Siecle. Par une societe d'hommes politiques. In 4to. Twenty portraits engraved on steel, to be published in three parts. *Vauvabelle (Achille de)*.—Chute de l'Empire. Histoire des deux restaurations, jusqu'à la chute de Charles X. Tome 6.

The French Government has made its usual munificent appropriations for art, literature, &c., notwithstanding the depressed state of its finances. We give the following examples:—\$24,000 for subscriptions to new books; \$36,000 for encouragement and relief to literary men and artists; \$20,000 for the purchase of pictures and sculpture for the Louvre; \$54,000 for encouragement to the fine arts; \$27,500 for relief to artists, dramatic authors, musicians, and their widows; \$185,400 to musicians; \$86,500 to public libraries; \$67,000 to the College de France, schools of eastern languages, &c.; \$24,000 for publication of unpublished historical documents; \$6,000 for learned societies; \$13,000 for scientific

journeys and missions; \$151,000 for the preservation of historical monuments; \$123,000 for Murillo's *Conception of the Virgin*. This is truly magnificent. When shall we see in our own government similar liberality? The reader will notice that the appropriation for Murillo's painting confirms the largest estimate given in our article of last month respecting that work.

A baronetcy has been conferred by the Queen of England on the Scottish historian, now Sir Charles Alison.

The London Gazette says, that during the summer there is to be a "*Studententag*" of the assembled northern universities, in Christiania. The proposition emanated from the students of Upsala, three hundred of whom have chartered a steamer for the voyage. Should the meeting turn out successful, it will probably be repeated annually.

*Professor Liebig*, after long hesitation, has finally decided to give up his Professorship at Giessen, in favor of a similar post at Munich.

*Auguste Comte* has issued the second volume of his *Politique Positive*, embracing Social Statics. A mere indication of its chapters will suggest its importance: 1st. General Theory of Religion, or the Positive Theory of Human Unity; 2d. Sociological Appreciation of the Human Problem, from whence the Positive Theory of Property; 3d. Positive Theory of the Family; 4th. The Positive Theory of the Social Organism; 5th. Positive Theory of Language; 6th. Positive Theory of Social Existence systematized by the Priesthood; 7th. Positive Theory of the General Limits of Variation of which Order is susceptible. The able but skeptical works of Comte are exciting great interest. The very best reviews of them, in this country, have appeared in the Methodist Quarterly, which is conducted with signal ability by Dr. M'Clintock. Comte addresses a letter to the Dr. in this volume.

*M. Thiers* arrived at Geneva lately. He intends passing the year at Clarens, finishing his "*History of the Consulate and Empire*." His family is to join him there. During the stay of M. Thiers at Turin, the Academy of Sciences held a special meeting in his honor, the ministers invited him to dine with them, and complimentary speeches were addressed to him at the Museum of Artillery.

*French Papers*.—While the French Government, as we have shown, maintains its usual generosity to art and the literary press, the political press is being crushed by insupportable restrictions. We learn from the London Gazette that "it (the government) has definitely determined on reducing very considerably the price of the official *Moniteur*, and on giving it all the features of an ordinary newspaper. This will be the last blow to the unfortunate press—not a single newspaper, perhaps, or at best very, very few, will be able to stand against such a terrible competition. The idea, however, of seeing all the newspapers in the land drop off, does not terrify the present rulers of France; on the contrary, it pleases them immensely. A periodical political press, however mutilated and shackled, still represents a cer-

tain degree of liberty, and, above all, it shows that the love of holy freedom is not totally extinguished in the hearts of the people, notwithstanding their present atjeet slavery. For so doing, newspapers are naturally hated by the despots; and the more they are vile, the more they hate them. *En attendant* the complete annihilation of the press, 'warnings' continue to shower on journals, especially in the provinces, like hail. After a 'warning' twice repeated, the government has the right to suppress any newspaper without any form of trial; and this is why it is so liberal with its *avertissements*."

The following are among the most recent German and other continental publications announced in Europe. The French we give elsewhere:—

*Lutterbeck (Prof. Dr. J. A. B.)*—Die neutesamentlichen Lehrbegriffe; ein Handbuch f. älteste Dogmen-geschichte u. system. Exegese des neuen Testaments. *Noak (L.)*—Der Genius d. Christenthums; der Christus in der Weltgeschichte. *Pohl (Dr. E.)*—Die Melancholie, nach dem neuesten Standpunkte der Physiologie u. auf Grundlage klin. Beobach-

tungen. Lex. 8vo. *Reitstab (Lud.)*—Sommer-marchen in Reisebildern aus Deutschland, Belgien, Frankreich, England u. Schottland, im J. 1851. 2 Thl., 8vo. *Reichow (A. L. v.)*—Italienisches Wanderbuch. 1850, 1851. 2 Bde., 8vo. *Schumann, (A.)*—Christus; oder, die Lehre des alten u. neuen Testaments v. d. Person des Erlösers, biblisch-dogmatisch entwickelt. 1 Bd., gr. 8vo. *Schneiderin (F. W.)*—Die Sage vom Oedipus. Gr. 4to. *Thiersch (Dr. H. W. J.)*—Die Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche im Alterthum. 1 Theil, gr. 8vo. *Werner (Prof. Dr. K.)*—System der Christlichen Ethik. 3er Theil, gr. 8vo. *Bruckner (C. A. F.)*—Leben des M. Tullius Cicero. *Dyfflos (Prof. Dr. A.)*—Die Chemie in ihren Anwendung auf das Leben u. de Gewerbe. In 2 Thln. *Ensmoser (Dr. Jos.)*—Anleitung zur Mesmerischen Praxis. *Ewald (Prof. Dr. Heinr.)*—Geschichte des Volkes Israel, bis Christus. Gr. 8vo. *Gladiak (Prof. Aug.)*—Die Religion u. die Philosophie in ihrer weltgeschichtlichen Entwicklung u. Stellung zu einander. Gr. 8vo.

*Wesleyan University.*—The Commencement is on the 4th inst., after we go to press; it will hereafter be noticed.

## Religious Summary.

The General Summary of all the Wesleyan Missions, as given in the last Report of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, is as follows:—

Central or principal stations, called circuits, occupied by the society, in various parts of the world,	350
Chapels and other preaching-places in connexion with the above-mentioned central or principal stations, as far as ascertained,	3,092
Missionaries and Assistant Missionaries, including twenty-one Supernumeraries,	476
Other paid agents, as Catechists, Interpreters, Day-School Teachers, &c.,	782
Unpaid agents, as Sabbath-school Teachers, &c.,	8,477
Full and accredited Church-members, including Ireland, (increase, 3,843.)	108,078
On trial for Church-membership, as far as ascertained,	5,499
Scholars, deducting for those who attend both the day and Sabbath-schools,	79,841
Printing establishments,	8

The funds raised by the Free Church of Scotland the past year, for the four great objects of their association, amounted to more than \$1,300,000.

The enthronization of *Dr. Cullen* as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, took place on Tuesday, June 29, with great pomp, at the Church of the Conception, Dublin.

It appears certain that the *British Government* will rigidly enforce all the clauses of the Catholic Emancipation Act. The Government, through the chief Secretary, Mr. Walpole, have

informed *Dr. Newman* that the recent proclamation referred to all practices contrary to the strict letter of the law. The Irish Roman Catholics declare they will not obey the law, and the priests who conform to its requirements have in several instances been insulted in the streets.

In *Greece* there has been a religious revolt, headed by a fanatic priest, caused by the recent understanding with the Patriarch of Constantinople for putting the Greek Church under his control.

*Progress of Mormonism.*—This enormous delusion seems to possess a remarkable spirit of propagandism. It has spread rapidly in this country and also in England. Elder Curtis E. Bolton, writing from Paris under date of June 14, speaks most encouragingly of his success. He is now holding public meetings, and in the last three weeks had baptized fifteen persons.

Elder Wm. Willis writes from Calcutta, May 2, that since last Christmas day his Indian brethren had increased from six to one hundred and fifty, and "if we," says he, "were to include children, we could show more than three hundred Indian saints of all sizes, colors, and languages, not to say a word about dress and undress." The statistics of the Mormons in India at that date were three elders, eight priests, nine teachers, eight deacons, and one hundred and twenty-two members.

The *German Reformed Messenger* denies that the Rev. A. Nevin and the Rev. C. M. Jamison, who have recently left the German Reformed Church, were influenced in taking that step, as was Dr. Berg, by the present attitude of that Church toward the Mercersburgh Theology.

The *New School Presbyterian Church* now comprises one hundred and forty thousand six hun-

dred and fifty communicants, being an increase of five hundred and seventy-six during the last year. The number of churches is sixteen hundred and two, ministers fifteen hundred and twenty-seven, licentiates one hundred and thirty.

The next *General Conference* of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, meets in Columbus, Ga., May, 1854.

Rev. Peter Percival, of Ceylon, Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Cork, and Rev. Frederick Stevens, of Tralee, have recently withdrawn from the British Wesleyans. Mr. Percival has entered the National Church; the others have joined the Independents.

According to the official reports, six hundred and forty-eight persons renounced Catholicism and embraced Protestantism in *Silesia* last year. Of these six hundred and forty-eight persons, two hundred and ninety-six were adults, and the remainder had already been confirmed.

A paper has recently been printed in England giving the number of *Colonial Bishops*, with their salaries, and whence derived. The Bishop of Quebec has £1,990, which includes the salary to the bishop as rector of the parish; the Bishop of Toronto, £1,250; the Bishop of Montreal, £800; the Bishop of Nova Scotia, £550; the Bishop of Fredericton, £1,000; the Bishop of Newfoundland, £1,200; the Bishop of Rupert's Land, £700; the Bishop of Jamaica, £3,000; the Bishop of Barbadoes, £2,500; the Bishop of Antigua, £2,000; the Bishop of Guiana, £2,000; the Bishop of Sydney, £1,500; the Bishop of Melbourne, £333 6s. 8d.; the Bishop of Newcastle, a similar amount; the Bishop of Adelaide, £800; the Bishop of Tasmania, £800, and £200 for house allowance; the Bishop of New Zealand, £1,200; the Bishop of Cape Town, £800; the Bishop of Colombo, £2,000; the Bishop of Victoria, £1,000; and the Bishop of Gibraltar, £1,200. Some of the salaries are paid by the Imperial Parliament vote, some out of the colonial funds and Colonial Bishops' Fund, the consolidated fund, and in two instances partly by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and the salary of the Bishop of New Zealand (£1,200 a year) is made up by £600 voted by the Imperial Parliament and £600 by the Church Missionary Society to the Colonial Bishops' Fund.

In the canton of *Ticino, Switzerland*, considerable religious agitation is going on. The Bishop of Como, having dismissed four priests of this canton, who had voted as members of the Grand Council in favor of a decree tending to secularize the clergy, the Council of State published a proclamation against the bishop, prohibiting all persons, under a penalty of from 100fr. to 10,000fr., from aiding in the execution of the episcopal decree.

*Bishop Henshaw*, of the diocese of Rhode Island, expired at Frederick, Md., July 20. He was consecrated in St. John's Church, Providence, on the 11th of August, 1843.

In *New South Wales* the members of the Church of England number ninety-three thousand one hundred and thirty-seven; Presbyterians, eighteen thousand one hundred and fifty-six; Wesleyan Methodists, ten thousand

and eight; Roman Catholics, fifty-six thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine.

*Somerset county, N. J.*, is the birth-place of twenty-eight ministers, now in the service of the Reformed Dutch Church. Five others became residents of the same during the period of early childhood. Four more are sons of parents themselves natives and residents of that county till near the nativity of their offspring; and, besides, she has furnished "honorable women not a few" to very many clergymen of other denominations.

The Unitarians of San Francisco have agreed to invite Rev. Mr. Harrington, of Mass., to preach for them one year for \$6,000, and have raised \$1,000 to pay his expenses out, with an agreement to pay his way back if he does not like.

The Old School Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has agreed to establish a mission in California, to labor among the Chinese, thousands of whom are emigrating from their own overflowing country to the shores of the Pacific, in quest of gold. Rev. W. Speer and lady go out as the first missionaries.

The Annual Conference of the *Primitive Methodist Connection* assembled in Sheffield, on Wednesday, June 2d, and after devotional exercises, proceeded to the discharge of its duties. The number of members was reported at one hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-four, and the increase for the year one thousand two hundred and three. The number of traveling preachers was reported at five hundred and sixty; of local preachers, nine thousand three hundred and fifty; of class-leaders, six thousand six hundred and thirty-two; of connectional chapels, one thousand seven hundred and twenty-three; of rented chapels and rooms, &c., three thousand five hundred and ninety-five; of Sabbath schools, one thousand four hundred and sixty-three; of scholars, one hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and sixty-eight; and of gratuitous teachers, twenty-two thousand three hundred and ninety-eight. The number of deaths reported was one thousand four hundred and fifty-one. The funds of the connection were found in a sound and healthy state, and the connectional periodicals were very extensively circulated: eleven thousand five hundred of the sixpenny *Monthly Magazine*, and thirty-one thousand of the *Juvenile penny one*, are distributed over the British Isles and the foreign missionary stations; and the missions in England, Ireland, Scotland, the Channel Islands, South Australia, New South Wales, Victoria or Port Phillip, and New Zealand, were generally in a promising state.

The Southern Christian Advocate says:—"A lady of Charleston—Mrs. Kohno—a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has left upward of \$90,000 to religious and charitable purposes, besides \$70,000 in bequests to relatives, servants, and friends."

*Bishop Sault* visits the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, early next autumn.

*Southern Baptist Board of Domestic Missions.*—Rev. T. S. Curtis has become secretary in place

of Rev. R. Holman, resigned. The Board has sixty-six missionaries, in fifteen States and Territories. The *Southern Baptist* says:—"The fact that four peculiarly *Roman Catholic* cities of the United States—Baltimore, Mobile, St. Louis, and New Orleans—as well as the States where this system has most power, are in the South, has turned the attention of the Board to this class of our population. The proposed plan of action is to seek out converts from Romanism, and employ them in preaching to their countrymen. It is greatly to be hoped that this plan will be carried out."

The *Presbyterian Board of Publication* have employed, during the past year, one hundred and forty-one colporteurs, in twenty-five different States.

The *American Bible Society* has recently shipped to Dr. Stevenson, the Assistant Book Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, one thousand copies of the New Testament, and five hundred Bibles, for gratuitous distribution.

The General Association of *Baptists in Virginia* met at Norfolk, June 4, Rev. James B. Taylor, moderator. Annual sermon by Rev. B. Manly. The report of the Board of Managers, (*Home Missions*), reported:—"Twenty-seven missionaries had been commissioned during the year, who labored in twenty-eight towns and villages, and fifty-two counties. They preached two thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven sermons, baptized five hundred and fifty-one converts, constituted five new churches, organized fourteen Sunday schools, erected seven houses of worship, and are engaged in erecting six others, and distributed many religious books and Bibles. Contributions, \$4,117. Eleven thousand persons had been baptized, and one-fourth of all the Baptist churches of the Church constituted by the missionaries of the Association since its organization. Ten thousand members had been added to the churches by baptism within the last two years. There are now connected with this denomination in Virginia over ninety thousand members." The Board asks for \$10,000 this year, of which \$4,000 was subscribed on the spot. The Education Society assist twelve young men, who are studying to prepare for the ministry. The agent of Richmond College reported that he had collected \$58,500 of the \$100,000 endowment, and that the trustees would commence operations as soon as \$60,000 were obtained. This sum was made up at the meeting, and it is expected the whole \$100,000 will be made up in a few months.

*Systematic Benevolence.*—There have been printed of Rev. Parsons Cooke's "Divine Law of Benevolence," fifty-five thousand; of Rev. Samuel Harris's "Zaccheus, or Scriptural Plan of Benevolence," forty-five thousand; of Rev. Mr. Lawrence's "Mission of the Church," thirty thousand; of Tract on "Religion and Benevolence," one hundred and eight thousand.

The *San Francisco Christian Observer* is devoting several of its columns weekly to religious and useful matter in the Spanish language. San Francisco contains fourteen Protestant congregations, eleven organized churches, with an average attendance of two thousand eight

hundred and sixty-five. There are four hundred and eighty-three Church members.

*All They Asked!*—In the early part of 1851, the American Sunday-School Union issued a stirring appeal to the liberality of the friends of the rising race in the United States, and asked for \$50,000 for their aid. At the close of their fiscal year, they report the receipts of donations amounting to \$50,038 49. It is not often that benevolent institutions receive more than they ask.

The *Presbyterian* furnishes the names of thirty-four ministers of the Presbyterian Church—Old School—who have died during the past year. The average age of twenty-eight, whose names are given, is fifty-seven years and nearly a half. One attained the age of eighty-four; one seventy-nine; two sixty; one eighty-five; and one ninety-six. Eight were doctors of divinity, two professors in theological seminaries, and three presidents of colleges.

*Methodism in England.*—The London *Watchman*, the organ of the Conference Methodists in England, says that the total net decrease in the year, from March, 1851, to March, 1852, is twenty thousand six hundred and sixteen; but that there are thirteen thousand one hundred and twelve persons on trial for membership, who have been admitted into society between last December and March, and it is probable that already nearly all of them are fully accredited members. In not less than thirteen districts, an increase of members appears for the last quarter, whilst in some others, and they too among the more large and influential, the decrease is very trifling. In view of this and other cheering intelligence, the *Watchman* says:—"With such data before us, we think we may with humble confidence draw the conclusion that not only has the downward tendency of our numerical returns been stayed, but also that the tide of spiritual prosperity is again beginning to flow."

*Dr. Russell*, of Maynooth College, in Ireland, made a public declaration that each student of the college had a Bible, and that a whole recess of their library was devoted to Biblical literature, which literature was the subject of their study during their five years' course. In answer to this statement of the Professor, Patrick O'Brien, a converted priest, answers to the effect that he was an alumnus of the college; and he declared, with all the solemnity of an oath, that during his six years' residence in that college, in course of education for the priesthood, he had no Bible in his possession; nor was he aware that any other student had one; nor was it a class-book in the divinity course, even in the dead language; and that as soon as he came to read the Bible he renounced Popery.

The General Conference of the *Mormons*, held in Great Salt Lake City, April 6th, unanimously made Brigham Young "President, Prophet, Seer, and Revelator," of the Church in all the earth, and gave him two counselors. A presiding bishop and five assistants were ordained, and sixty-seven priests. Missionaries were appointed also to Italy, Calcutta, and other foreign countries. The income of "the

Church" from tithes, in four years, has been \$390,260.

The *Governor-General of India* alone costs the East India Company more, annually, than the expense of the whole missionary agency in the presidencies of Bengal and Agra. His salary is *twenty-four thousand pounds per annum*, and his allowance for traveling is *forty-five thousand pounds—sixty-nine thousand pounds*; while the whole expenditures of the *one hundred and fifty-nine* missionaries in the above presidencies are *sixty-eight thousand pounds*.

The *London Times* says that, in the immediate vicinity of Orchard-street, Portman-square, is a platform on which, from time to time, the Protestant Bible is committed to the flames.

The *U. S. frigate Independence*, which recently arrived at New-York, during her absence was the scene of a remarkable religious interest, and has returned with more than a hundred converts.

The *Presbyterian* publishes a letter, said to be from the pen of Dr. Junkin, of Washington, from which we ascertain these facts:—Gen. Scott is a Protestant Episcopalian, and workshops at St. John's Church, in Washington. Mr. Graham is by birth and education a Presbyterian, though not a communicant of any Church, and as his lady is a member of the Baptist Church, he worships, part of the time at least, with that denomination. Gen. Pierce is by education a Congregationalist, though not a member of the Church. Mr. King is a Protestant Episcopalian in his preferences.

The *Missionary Magazine* for July, among other statistics of *Liberia*, states the inhabitants at three hundred thousand, among whom about seven thousand may be regarded as civilized. There are more than two thousand communicants in the Christian Churches, more than fifteen hundred children in Sabbath school, and twelve hundred in day schools. Communicants in the missions on the Gold Coast, about eleven thousand. Funds have been raised in the United States for education to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

The *Wesleyan Times*, London, reports the last Conference of the *Methodist New Conne-*

*tion*, and announces their number as follows: England, sixteen thousand five hundred and thirty-five; Ireland, eight hundred and twenty-one; Canada, four thousand and thirty-four; in all, twenty-one thousand three hundred and ninety. The net profits of the Book Room were announced to be £584, or \$2,500, for the past year. The missions were found to be in a prosperous condition, and the funds were in advance of last year. The Conference deliberated on the best means of promoting a general revival of religion throughout the community, the Connectional officers were appointed, and the stations of the preachers were finally fixed.

The "*Society for the Propagation of the Faith*," in France, has published its financial exhibit for the year 1851. Its receipts, which are some \$48,229 more than those of the preceding year, are as follows:—

France.....	\$397,460
North America.....	15,654
South America.....	5,861
Belgium.....	41,105
Great Britain.....	25,894
States of the Church.....	14,803
Spain.....	1,808
Greece.....	3,397
Sandwich Islands.....	280
Sardinia.....	45,555
The Sicilies.....	13,785
The Levant.....	927
Lombardy, &c.....	11,307
Malta.....	2,879
Modena.....	3,667
Parma.....	1,693
Netherlands.....	16,883
Portugal.....	5,969
Prussia.....	35,947
Other German States.....	3,254
Switzerland.....	8,518
Tuscany.....	8,903

The Society distributed in the year 1851, among its various Missions, nearly \$600,000, and still has in its treasury, after paying all its expenses, a reserve of \$53,196.

The Missions in Europe received.....	\$111,816
The Missions in Asia.....	203,035
The Missions in Africa.....	57,800
The Missions in America.....	149,736
The Missions in Oceania.....	68,516

## Scientific Items.

*Smithsonian Institute.*—Among our Literary Intelligence will be found some animadversions on the literary arrangements and provisions of the Smithsonian Institute, from a correspondent of the New York Tribune. The writer says of that establishment, generally—"I shall pass over the unrivaled bad taste of the building itself; but as yet fears may justly be entertained that the inward soul which is to animate these walls may be as misshaped, as cramped as the external body. I can only hope that I may prove mistaken, and that the spirit of the founder may be satisfied in some future time, that what he wished—the diffusion of useful knowledge—is really the result of this costly

institution. As yet, it is difficult to say what is the fact about it. Aside from the large rooms, there is scarcely anything to be looked at, as an embryo of a great comprehensive scientific establishment. What is here already discloses rather a certain outsidiness and superficiality."

In a subsequent letter, the same writer repeats his attack, and gives some items of specific information, as follows:—"In the *Reading-room* is to be found *less* than the average number of well-known English and American periodicals taken in establishments of the like character. At all events, *less* than in the Boston Athenæum or the New-York Society Library. The selections comprise little more than the principal local



newspapers, some few of little name and influence from other places, some weeklies—as *The Home Journal*, *The Carpet Bag*, and the like—and one or two French and German publications. The *Physical Cabinet*, with all its apparatus, is not to be compared to that of any of the smallest and poorest Gymnasias in Germany or France. A few instruments for philosophical experiments, still fewer for mechanics, or a few for electro-magnetism, chemistry, optics, and acoustics, are all. In a word, it is a very poor collection, and most of the individual articles are the gifts of private individuals. And this is all in this department to serve for the *increase and diffusion of knowledge among men*. Two volumes of the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge* have been published. However interesting their contents may be—especially in that part relating to the celebrated pupil of Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston—I doubt whether, as a whole, they answer to the pompous announcement of them, and the rich and costly style of their publication. I am sure that, did the Directors possess minds of more elasticity, American pens might have furnished contributions far more worthy to be placed in the class of those *increasing human knowledge*. The Smithsonian Institution publishes a list of those foreign institutions with which it is in correspondence, and with which it exchanges publications. Their number is about two hundred and fifty. This has an amazing sound—still, to call things by their right names, it is merely a trap to catch gulls. Out of this great number, hardly one-fifth are really worthy of mention, or possess any consideration in the learned world, and these alone publish anything worthy of an exchange. This is known to all who are at all acquainted with such matters. The rest will never rise from their obscurity and nothingness. But the list astonishes and puzzles the public and the innocent Regents, and gives them a high idea of the activity of the directing mind. In plain terms, let me say, that presumption, fuss, and scientific onesideness, prevail throughout the whole, as if human knowledge were limited in its range of topics, and must be confined to the natural and the more or less practical sciences.”

We can hardly suppose that these repeated assaults on an institution of so much public importance, both to our national honor and the common cause of science, are without some just occasion; but we suspect, as intimated in our “Literary Intelligence,” that the personal views, perhaps prejudices, of the writer, have something to do with them. The last sentence we give from him, and some following passages show that he is himself a stickler for the abstract sciences, and especially the speculative ones. The absence of these from the programme of the institution is the grievance which provokes him. Nothing, however, would be more preposterous than the introduction of these hypothetical and debatable sciences into the inquiries and publications of the institution. It must necessarily keep itself within quite definite limits if it would not have similar attacks multiplied on all sides. The arts and the material sciences constitute its appropriate domain.

*Lieutenant Hunt*, of the American Coast Survey, states that copper-plate engravings may be copied

on stone. To quote his description:—“A copper-plate being duly engraved, it is inked, and an impression taken on transfer-paper. A good paper, which wetting does not expand, is needed, and a fatty coating is used in the process. The transfer-paper impression is laid on the smooth stone, and run through a press. It is then wetted, heated, and stripped off from the stone, leaving the ink and fat on its face. The heated fat is softly brushed away, leaving only the ink-lines. From this reversed impression on the stone, the printing is performed just as in ordinary lithography. A good transfer produces from three thousand to five thousand copies. Thus prints from a single copper-plate can be infinitely multiplied, the printing being, moreover, much cheaper than copper-plate.”

*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* reports the following account of a successful case of transfusion of blood in the human subject, performed in presence of the ablest surgeons of Paris. A woman was taken to the Hotel Dieu reduced by hemorrhage to the last stage of weakness, unable to speak, to open her eyes, or to draw back her tongue when put out. The basilic vein was opened, and the point of a syringe, warmed to the proper temperature, was introduced, charged with blood drawn from the same vein in the arm of one of the assistants. The quantity, a hundred and eighty grammes, was injected in two and a half minutes, after which the wound was dressed, and the patient placed in a comfortable position. Gradually, the beatings of the pulse rose from a hundred and thirty to a hundred and thirty-eight, and became firmer; the action of the heart increased in energy; the eyes opened with a look of intelligence; and the tongue could be advanced and withdrawn with facility, and regained its redness. On the following day, there was a little delirium, after which the pulse fell to ninety, the signs of vitality acquired strength, and at the end of a week the woman left the hospital restored to health. Cases of successful transfusion are so rare, that it is not surprising the one here recorded should have excited attention among physiologists.

A communication has been made to the Geological Society at Paris by *M. de Humboldt*, on a subject which has from time to time occupied the thoughts of those who study the *physique* of the planet on which we live—namely, the origin of the present state of our globe, and its crystal-like cleavage. After a few preliminary remarks about mountains, rocks, dikes, and their line of direction, he shows that the globe presents the form approximately of a great octahedron, (eight-sided figure;) and further, that the three axial planes which such a form necessitates, may be described by existing circles round the earth: the first being Himalaya and Chimborazo; starting from Cape Finisterre, passing to India, Borneo, the eastern range of Australia, New Zealand, across to South America, Caracas, the Azores, and so round to Finisterre. The second runs in the opposite direction; includes the Andes, Rocky Mountains, crosses Behring's Strait to Siberia, thence to the Altai, Hindostan, Madagascar, Cape Colony, and ending again at the Andes of Brazil. The third, which cuts the two former at right angles, proceeds from the Alps, traverses the

Mediterranean by Corsica and Sardinia to the mountains of Fezzan, through Central Africa to the Cape, on to Kerguelen's Land, Blue Mountains of Australia, Spitzbergen, Scandinavia, and completing itself in the Alps, from whence it started. These circles show the limits of the faces of the huge crystal, and may be divided into others, comprising forty-eight in the whole. The views thus set forth exhibit much ingenuity; and when we consider that metals crystallize in various forms, and native iron in the octahedral, there is much to be said in their favor. We shall probably not be long before hearing of another gold field; for Dr. Barth writes from the interior of Africa, that grains of the precious metal have been found in two rivers which flow into Lake Tchad, and that the mountains in the neighborhood abound with it. Should the first discovery be verified by further explorations, gold will be more abundant than it now promises to be, and Africa perhaps the richest source of supply. Apropos of this continent, a French traveler is about to prove from the results of a journey from the Cape toward the equator, that the Carthaginian discoveries had been pushed much farther toward the south than is commonly supposed.

*M. Gruithuisen*, one of the most distinguished astronomers of Germany, died lately, aged seventy-eight. He was for many years Professor of Astronomy in the University of Munich. In addition to his astronomical labors, he effected great improvements in telescopes and in surgical instruments. He was characterized alike by mechanical genius and scientific erudition.

The English papers announce the discovery of another new planet by Mr. Hind. Its position was on the borders of the constellations Aquila and Serpens, about  $5^{\circ}$  east of the star Tau in Ophiuchus. The newly-found planet, to use the words of Mr. Hind, "shines as a fine star of between the eighth and ninth magnitudes, and has a very steady yellow light. At moments it appeared to have a disk, but the night was not sufficiently favorable for high magnifiers. At 13h. 13m. 16s., mean time, its right ascension was 18h. 12m. 58.8s., and its north polar distance  $98^{\circ} 16' 0.9''$ . The diurnal motion in R. A. is about 1m. 2s. toward the west, and in N. P. D. two or three minutes toward the south." Mr. Hind is now the great discoverer of planets—and were it the fashion to confer fortune-names he would infallibly be known as the Star Finder.

## Book Notices.

By the politeness of Bangs, Brother & Co. we have received the "National Illustrated Library" edition of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, in four volumes. It is profusely illustrated with portraits of Johnson's contemporaries, views of localities, and characteristic designs, engraved from authentic sources. Many of the cuts are exceedingly well done, and it may be said, as their highest commendation, that they enhance even the interest of Boswell's narrative—an interest never equaled before nor since in biography. This edition is decidedly the best for popular use which is now extant.

*Cobbin's Domestic Bible*, published by Hueston, 189 Nassau-street, New-York, is one of the best illustrated editions of the Scriptures ever issued in this country. It contains seven hundred wood cuts and steel maps, seventeen thousand critical and illustrative notes, thirteen thousand improved readings, one hundred and forty thousand marginal references, an excellent chronological order, by which the reader may follow continuously the narrative of both Testaments, a division by dates of chapters for morning and evening lessons, a good index, and a metrical arrangement of the poetical books. Sufficient is said, when we give this outline. Prices vary, according to the binding, from \$7 50 to \$10 50.

Mackay's "*Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions, and the Madness of Crowds*," has been published, with numerous engravings, at the English "National Illus-

trated Library" establishment, 227 Strand, London. It is a work of marvelous interest, recording as it does the most anomalous facts in the history of delusions. The alchemists, magnetizers, modern prophecies, fortune-telling, the South Sea Bubble, with other notable "bubbles," and many similar exhibitions of fanaticism, are treated with much detail and most entertaining interest. The wood engravings, illustrating almost every page, are nearly all representations of real scenes and many of them strongly characterized portraits. This work is interesting not merely by its fascinating marvelousness, but for the real and abundant erudition with which it illustrates some of the most remarkable developments of human nature. Bangs, Brother & Co. are agents for it in this country.

*Vestiges of Civilization* is the title of an anonymous work on the "Etiology" of history, religious, æsthetic, political, and philosophical. We have at present room for but three or four remarks upon it. It displays extraordinary intellectual energy and acumen; it presents a remarkable range of erudition, generally accurate, however fallaciously applied; it is thoroughly rationalistic, or even worse. The author is evidently a disciple of Comte, whose Positivism pervades the volume. It is without too elaborate a work for popular reading. Balliere, New-York.

Numerous other books have been received; they will be noticed in our next.

## Editorial Notes.

THE Editor extends his hand with grateful welcome to an unexpectedly numerous company of subscribers. At "this present writing," hardly a week has passed since the appearance of our first number, yet the demand for the work, already on the books of the publishers, amounts to about six thousand, and every mail augments it. In our preliminary reckonings we hopefully calculated on ten thousand, as an encouraging number, for the close of the first year; we will not dissemble that we feel exceedingly complaisant in view of the more gratifying prospect before us.

We have already intimated some of the drawbacks which have beset our undertaking. For the convenience of beginning in July, as a suitable semi-annual period, we have had to work thus far not only in hot weather but in hot haste. Besides the mechanical and artistic preliminaries, most of which have claimed the editor's attention, he has been under the necessity of editing the first two numbers nearly simultaneously, and, before either of them was through, to begin the third. The foreign publications, too, upon which, from the plan of the work, he is so largely to depend, could not, of course, be immediately commanded; his three first issues must, of necessity, be dispatched without them; his only resource, as a substitute, being a batch of such works as he could seize and disenbowel with unceremonious dispatch. We know it is easy, and as natural to reply that we should blame ourselves for such a necessity—but the reader must bear in mind, that we are but editor; and an editor standing between publishers and public, must not unfrequently (as the backwoodsmen tell us of Bruin, in winter quarters) lick his intellectual resources out of his paws. It is usually, we know, irrelevant and sometimes worse, to indulge in editorial apologies; but it is due not only to ourselves but to our patrons, who have so promptly rallied around us, that we should allow them this brief glance at the unavoidable circumstances which have delayed, and otherwise interfered with the publication. Meanwhile we have got along with tolerable good nature, notwithstanding these embarrassments; and we must solicit the same favorable disposition on the part of our readers, till we get fully "under way." Both our foreign and domestic resources will soon be regularly at our command, to the mutual satisfaction, we trust, of editor and reader.

We regret that in several very cordial references to this work, it has been directly or indirectly placed in competition or comparison with some of our predecessors. We have explicitly disclaimed any such pretensions. Our design, size, terms, all give us a distinct character. This publication has been provided to meet a specific want, particularly in the religious community which originated it: that want it can meet with adaptations which may

render it acceptable to the general religious public. In its own peculiar field it need not fear, but may welcome the co-operation of other and more general works. Some of the latter are of established standing, and of extraordinary size and richness; with our different dimensions and pretensions, it would be as absurd in us to attempt to equal them, as it would be contemptible in them, with their established reputation and currency, to resort to any artifices of interference with us. Our own patronage will be, to a great extent, independent and specific; so far as we shall share the general market with our cotemporaries, it will be, we doubt not, without appreciable interference with them. Many who may be unable to meet the larger terms, which their larger expenditures justify, may find ours not inconvenient; this, however, will be no subtraction from their patronage. More on this subject hereafter.

While it shall be our aim to give a *popular* character to these pages, devoting them chiefly to articles which shall be especially adapted to general readers and the family circle, we shall endeavor to present in each number papers which may deserve the attention of the student or the literary man in his leisure, and, in due time, original discussions of leading public questions. There are obvious limits to which the general character of the work will restrict us in respect to the latter subjects; but, nevertheless, there are aspects of them, presented by the exigencies of the religious, the literary, or the social world, which may be legitimately examined within those limits.

Among our present articles, will be found one on the "Buried Palaces of Nineveh." In the Literary Record of our July No. we referred to Bonomi's recent work on the discoveries of Botta and Layard; the above article gives an outline from Bonomi of the history of these discoveries, and the Scripture illustrations afforded by them. The paper on the Rosicrucians will also be of interest to the literary reader. We give several scientific articles, among which are the Natural History of the Silk-worm, Ivory and its Applications, and the elegant essay on the Characteristics of Birds, from the pen of H. T. Tuckerman, Esq. The Defense of Mrs. Fry, from the London Eclectic, will interest the Christian reader, as it vindicates that rare lady from the abuse of a gossiping, but plausible book which has been reprinted in this country, and the misrepresentations of which, respecting the Gurney family, were of such an insidious character as to produce no slight impression. Our juvenile readers will find an article—The Linnet and its Nest—especially suited to their own tastes. The other papers form a somewhat numerous miscellany, which we hope will be found interesting to our readers generally.